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The Rejection of Communism

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH during her career of two thousand years has carried on her Divinely appointed mission under many and diverse forms of government. She is indifferent whether a czar, a king, or a president rules in the land, provided her children are not hindered in the worship of God, in the observance of the moral law and in the exercise of their fundamental human rights. Though the paramount purpose of the Church has been the spiritual welfare of mankind, she has nevertheless indirectly promoted the material welfare of mankind, especially in the fields of education, science and the arts. This is true because religion promotes the normal life on the one hand, and the highest aspirations of man on the other.

The Church has, moreover, always recognized the Divine origin of civil society and thus made citizenship a matter of morals, yea, even of religion; thus has she given stability and sanction to the lawful State, no matter what the specific form of its government. Through the centuries there is one form of government, the Communistic, with which she has again and again been in conflict, because the Communistic form of government logically hinders and antagonizes the spiritual prerogatives of man.

What Communism Means

Communism has for its chief tenets that all property should be owned in common by the community and that private property is the source of all social evil. The first record of a Communistic State is that of Crete in 1300 B.C., where all ate at public tables and slept in public beds. Later the Spartans founded a Communistic commonwealth in which women as well as men were soldiers, and even wives were common. The physical development of the citizen was the goal of the State and, as a consequence, the mental and spiritual values of life were neglected. By way of contrast to the crass materialism of Sparta, their idealistic neighbor, Athens, has bequeathed to the world a golden age of letters and arts, whose lustre still illumines the world.

The early Christians in Jerusalem led a community life and, as we read in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, "had all things common and divided them all according as every one had need." This "Communism," however, was voluntary and was undertaken to safeguard their Faith and in no way did it deny the right of private property. It was done to promote a more perfect life, the same motive that actuates the Religious orders of men and women who lead community lives today as in the centuries past. It is often said that the first Christians were Communists, but this is an exaggeration as common life was limited to the few Christians in Jerusalem, where the experiment did not last long.

Innumerable attempts have been made throughout the centuries to form Communistic communities, which, with the exception of the Religious orders, have all been failures. Too often have they degenerated into strange vagaries of morals as well as of economics and an instinctive opposition to the Catholic Church.

Modern Communism is fully identified with the economic fallacies and false principles of revolutionary Socialism as preached by Marx and Engels and Bebel and in Russia by Trotsky and Lenin. It teaches that private property is robbery and that the fraternal State alone should own all the means of production. It teaches that the laborer alone is entitled to the full profit of production and that in the past he has been exploited by the capitalist, until today he is propertyless and is gradually driven to despair and revolt. With the advance of democracy and the possession of the ballot, the workingman hopes to use his overwhelming numbers as a means of turning upon his oppressors, to seize the gigantic industrial monopolies built up by the capitalistic system. Thus, enriched by the spoils and organization of capitalism, the millennium of the cooperative commonwealth will usher in the golden era of economic as well as of political equality. "Behold," says the Communist, "it is already here in Soviet Russia!"

Affairs in Russia

The Russian people may have been justified in the destruction of the Romanoff dynasty, but they cannot justify the fiendish methods used in that destruction or the principles which have guided their government during the last ten years. During these years nothing has been spared to destroy every religious thought and institution. "Religion is the opium of the people", is the battle-cry of the revolutionist, and the overthrow of all morals and religion is the ultimate aim of its leaders.

The Soviet leaders know the value of youth and are building for the future; hence they have legislated that only the State has the right of education. No child is allowed to have religious instruction, until he is eighteen years of age; he may receive it voluntarily at home, but if he complains against it, his parents are imprisoned. Priests are not allowed to teach religion outside of their pulpits. The schools are used not only to teach the ideals of Communism, but also of atheism, because the prophets of modern Russia consider atheism as the basis of their Communistic philosophy. Every means of coercion and ridicule is used to impress upon the plastic minds of the young the darkest pictures of the past, in which religion is always a monster of ignorance, superstition and oppression. On the other hand, Communism and atheism are set before the Russian of tomorrow as the hope of a new world, a world of equality, liberty and plenty.

The elementary public schools indoctrinate all with Communistic theories and this work is completed, when at sixteen years of age they become Comsomols, who are the Boy Scouts of Russia, and four years later, are formally initiated into the Communistic party. After this, parents have no right to control or even question the conduct of their children and, as a consequence, this demoralizing freedom is seen in the on-coming youth of Russia who speak of God as an exploded myth and of religion as a tonic for weak minds. Economic pressure is also used to the utmost and a non-Communist finds it almost impossible to find or keep employment. Many a man has joined the Communist party and shouted its blasphemies in order that he and his family may live. When religion is once thus spurned, it seldom is recovered.

The Underlying Philosophy

The philosophy underlying this economic nightmare is the denial of God and of a moral order. According to Communistic teaching, economic or material well-being determines not only the physical welfare of a people, but its mental and moral status as well. It determines its gods as well as its government, its religion as well as its politics. This is called the materialistic interpretation of history and hence they say: "When we have freed the world of economic masters we shall also free it from morals and creed and religion." Listen to a few words from these leaders: *Marx* — "Beyond nature and man there is nothing." "Religion is a fantastic degradation of human nature." "The idea of God is the keystone of perverted civilization." *Bebel* — "We wish in politics the republic, in economy Socialism — in religion atheism." *Engels* — "Three obstacles of progress are private property, religion and the present form of marriage." *N. Y. Call* — "Religion is a fantasy for undeveloped brains." *Marx and Engels* — "A new passionate love makes a separation (of husband and wife) a blessing for both parties and for society." No wonder the Catholic Church prays for the rejection of Communism and cries out: "Let it be anathema!"

The answer to the Communist is that from an economic point of view his theory is false, for it is at variance with the facts and the experience of mankind. It is particularly at variance with human nature which is instinctively individualistic and requires the stimulus of private property as an urge to his best efforts for himself and those who are near and dear to him. The hope of possession promotes initiative and the triumphs of civilization which are the inheritance of the ages and which are shared by all, are due more to individual leadership and achievement than to the efforts of the masses.

Pretense of Equality

The boasted equality and liberty of the Communist is a shibboleth and not a fact; under its selfish philosophy the natural inequalities of nature are not relieved by the brotherhood and charity of Christian principles. Its equality is the equality of the full dinner-pail, a poor solace for a personality that craves to be itself, and a soul that yearns for higher things; an equality that denies even the possibility of service and sacrifice — two attributes of man that make him akin to the Divine. Its so-called liberty is at best the liberty of the soldier, regimented in his every act, not by one

tyrant but by many. It is the liberty to think and to do what the leaders command. No one could be more constrained than a non-Communist in a Communistic community. For him there is nothing but imprisonment or exile.

The dreams of a Utopia in Russia were soon dispelled. As a matter of fact, in a very short time her economic machinery collapsed. Both production and distribution were unsatisfactory and wasteful; government stores and labor failed to function and private capital and private shops were introduced to make living possible. These however, could not function without bribes to the Commisars of the Republic who are supposed to lead the Socialistic reconstruction but who are in fact, as a recent "Wanderer in Russia", writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, says, "the rogues and swindlers who fly the Red flag."

Lately a strange paradox has made its appearance, for many of the priests of the Orthodox Church (not connected with the Holy See) are fraternizing with the government which is openly atheistic. These so-called "red" priests are even praying for the success of the Russian rulers, as they once prayed for the despotic czars. The works of Karl Marx they call the Communists' Bible and it is read in the churches in common with the Holy Scriptures. The explanation given is that the priests do not wish to antagonize their people who, while devoutly religious, are also friendly to the government. To them, Christ praying for Antichrist is no anomaly and atheistic propaganda is not considered as dangerous as the accusation of disloyalty.

Persecution of the Church

Nevertheless, in the Uniate Church of Russia, the Catholics who are in allegiance with the Church of Rome, though greatly in the minority, have made heroic sacrifices to preserve their Faith and to practise their religion. Some of their number have given life and all rather than betray Christ, and hundreds of thousands are today suffering a continual and bloodless martyrdom of ostracism and persecution. Like the early martyrs of the Church, they are not hostile to Cæsar as their ruler, but they will not offer incense to him as their god. A better day must dawn and Russia will repent her folly, and then again the blood of martyrs will be the seed of Christians.

Even labor, which is the only thing of value in the Communistic commonwealth, with them is servile and the aim is to have as little of it as possible. In the Christian world labor can be dignified, used to make life worth while for oneself and others. Christ, the carpenter's Son, sanctified labor and made it meritorious in the sight of God. Even poverty, which is the curse of the Communist, is in the Christian philosophy not a disgrace and can be made a source of blessedness. The final answer to Communism is the ethics of the Church, which in recent years can be studied in the Encyclical of Leo XIII on "The Condition of the Workingman", and in the "Social Reconstruction Program" of the American Bishops, issued after the World War. Here we see the laboring man in his true dignity, a child of God, a brother of Christ, and a fellowman with all the world. His labor is not a commodity like steel and stone, but something sacred because of the personality of him who toils.

Socialism and Communism which today are almost identified, still play an important rôle in the politics and economics of many European countries.

This is due to the unfavorable condition of the people, unemployment, militarism, war taxes, the underpaid workman and the simplicity of the peasant. Politicians are not wanting who take advantage of these factors and, through workingmens' organizations and a radical press, Europe must still reckon with the possibilities of the menace of Communism. Propaganda coming out of Russia is seen on all sides and special efforts are made to entice the youths of every nation. National and international congresses are held and invariably the Church is charged with being allied with the capitalist as the exploiter of the workingman and her prelates are accused of being in the pay of imperialists who make for war.

The Catholic Church holds no brief for the sins of capitalism and, just as in pagan times the Apostolic Church stood between the slave and his master, and the Medieval Church between the serf and his lord, so the Church today stands between the exploited laborer and the exploiting employer. She demands a living wage for the worker and a fair day's labor for the capitalist. Yea more! She adds to the thunders of Sinai the counsels of the Beatitudes and asks particular consideration for men, women and children in the inevitable inequalities of life.

The Morning Offering.

O JESUS, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for the rejection of Communism.

The March Mission Intention

Missionaries in Distress.

Who are the missionaries for whom our Holy Father requests in a special way our prayers this month? No indication is given whereby we can decide who happen at the present moment to be toiling under the most adverse conditions. They are, however, known to Almighty God and they will certainly be helped by the united prayers of our Associates, whether they are working for the Eskimos in Alaska, or the negroes of Central Africa, or in the depths of India or on the islands in the Pacific Ocean.

It may, however, add to the fervor of our prayers if we call to mind the special obstacles met with by missionaries in various parts of the world today. Unsettled conditions in China have given rise to difficult situations in which some missionaries have won the crown of martyrdom. Exaggerated nationalism keeps many from giving heed to the preaching of the doctrines of Christ. In other countries excessive cold, excessive heat and diseases that are prevalent wear out the strength of the missionaries. Often the poverty of the people and the lack of funds to provide for native catechists or for Catholic schools bring many a heartache to the zealous laborer for Christ, especially when in his neighborhood Protestant sects have their agents amply supplied with funds. How hard, too, it must be for the missionary, who in spite of heroic efforts makes no impression on the souls of the natives or is forced to witness cases of inconstancy on the part of those who had embraced the Faith!

"SEE, HERE'S HIS BOOK"

The Promise

ETHEL KING

WHEN a telephone bell rings at three o'clock in the morning, it has an ominous sound, for it usually means bad news. That was its message this time, and Hugh Courteney came back into his room from answering it, pale and shaken. Alice, his wife, had been awakened too by the telephone's insistent ringing through the quiet house. She had risen, lit the light, and hastily dressed. Now she was wrapping a shawl about her with trembling fingers.

"Hugh, what's wrong?" she demanded of him in an awed voice, when he made his appearance.

"It's Jim!" he gasped, his face working with emotion. "It's Jim! They just telephoned that they found him on the floor, dead — heart disease, they think."

He slumped into a chair and began to fumble with the laces in his shoes. Alice stopped still in the middle of the floor, the shawl she was lifting to put about her shoulders hung suspended from her half-raised arms.

"Jim! Oh, no, no!" she stammered. "There — there's some mistake, Hugh, some dreadful mistake. We saw him only last week! He was over to dinner. Don't you remember? Why, he was all right then!"

The man rose and walked unsteadily over to a chair where his coat lay.

"I hope there *is* some mistake!" he cried in a broken tone, then added hopelessly: "Oh, but it's the ghastly truth, I guess. MacGregor himself telephoned. They're too sensible and steady to make — mistakes."

At last Alice bestirred herself and from the stiffened image fright had

rendered her she tried to return to her old helpful self again. She first went into the room where the children were. When she saw they were still asleep, she came back and brought out of the closet her husband's hat, overcoat and muffler. All her movements were excited and uncertain. Hugh hurriedly finished his dressing. Once Alice ventured timidly: "Do you — do you suppose?" but there was such a look of anguish on Hugh's face that she gave up.

A tense silence fell between the man and the woman. Each knew the question that was throbbing in the other's mind. This Jim, who had grown careless of his religious duties lately, what of him? Jim, who had hardly been to church at all the last few years, how had he gone forth to meet his Maker, snatched from the world in the twinkling of an eye?

The long, dreadful trip in the Subway to his dead brother's in Brooklyn Hugh had to make alone; for the children needed Alice to stay with them. In the rushing, swaying express train that seemed to take ages he sat stunned.

JIM — lifeless! And it had been only a week before that he had been to dinner with them. He seemed all right then, as Alice said, the very picture of health. And now, tonight, dead on the floor of his room, all alone! Oh, God! Jim, so lovable, so good-natured and young really. Why, how old was he? Must be twenty-nine. Yes, three years younger than himself. Only twenty-nine! Not yet in the prime of life even, and gone, gone forever!

Before Hugh's mind flashed the days of their youth out in the little Pennsylvania town, Jim and he with their widowed mother. And the church out there. Never a First Friday at the Communion rail had they missed then. Series after series of the Nine First Fridays they had completed. How often the dear mother had repeated that Promise of our Lord to those who made the Nine First Fridays — never to die in disgrace with Him, nor without the Sacraments. And now, Jim dead all alone in his boarding-house room!

HUGH told himself that, of course, the old Scotch woman and her son, the MacGregors, where Jim stayed, would never think of calling in a priest. Presbyterians, weren't they? No, Jim must have died alone. Why hadn't he come to live with them as Alice had suggested? But no, young married people were better off by themselves, he had said, and he declared he was very comfortably and nicely fixed where he was.

Jim had been such a fervent boy. He remembered that Thursday long ago in vacation time when they had been camping, and Jim it was who insisted on their tramping almost half the night through, so that they might reach home in time to receive on that First Friday. It was only the last few years, six or seven maybe, that he had become lax and careless about Church and God. It was after their mother had died and he, Hugh, had married, and Jim had been left to shift for himself that his spiritual life had grown dull and tarnished. And now tonight, Jim gone from the world he loved so well! Oh, the awful thought of it! Here one moment, and the next instant before his Judge!

When Hugh reached the pleasant, old-fashioned house in lower Brooklyn where Jim boarded, he found it ablaze with lights. Angus MacGregor, a quiet, youngish man, the landlady's son, let him in. He did his best to be deferentially soothing in his remarks, but Hugh paid scant attention to him, as he raced up the stairs to the second story front where his brother's room was situated.

There lay Jim on a lounge, as they

had placed him, when they picked him up off the floor. His appearance was not in the least changed from the last time Hugh saw him. With his eyes closed he seemed to be but sleeping. Fully dressed he was his immaculate self, even his dark hair as precisely brushed as usual.

In the room, hovering about solicitously, was the elderly Mrs. MacGregor and a professional-looking man, who introduced himself as Doctor Chapin, a physician, living down the block a few doors away, who had been treating Jim lately, it seemed.

"I hadn't an idea that he was ill. He never told us about it!" Hugh exclaimed. "How long has the trouble been going on with him?"

"Oh, he really wasn't ill," the doctor asserted; "simply not feeling up to sorts the last few weeks, that was all. Of course there was a heart murmur, to be sure. But that hadn't appeared to be at all serious. Patients afflicted like that have gone on living for years. I was surprised, yes, shocked indeed, when the MacGregors called me in and I found Mr. Courteney dead. What a pity!"

HE FOUND IT ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS

"And oh, he was such a nice, young man," Mrs. MacGregor was saying, as she beat her hands softly together. "Always so pleasant and never any trouble. And so prompt to pay his bills, too. Oh, there'll be a lot of folks who'll miss his good heart, the tailor on the corner that used to press his clothes, and the laundry, and, oh — lots!"

Angus MacGregor had come into the room. He was a-quiver with a sense of the tragedy that had broken into the quiet orderliness of his life. He told what he knew, panting a little as he talked.

"My room is right in the back, you know. And I could see a light in here shining out through the transom, and I kept wondering about it, because when Mr. Courteney's in, he generally goes to bed early. So when it got to be about two o'clock and the light was still burning I was worried. I came along and I knocked on the door. No one answered. I went in and there was Mr. Courteney, face down on the floor! I — I went over and felt him. I was sure he was dead. I called Mother. Then I ran down the street for Doctor Chapin. When he came and made sure, we telephoned to you."

"Did you send for a priest?" Hugh asked. "You knew my brother was a Catholic."

"It was too late then, we thought," Mrs. MacGregor quietly informed him. "He was dead some time when we found him, the poor, young man."

The doctor nodded.

"Oh, yes, he must have been dead three hours, when I examined him."

A wrath enveloped Hugh. It was against the doctor, against the MacGregors, against the scheme of the world in general. So, poor Jim had been snapped off without a chance! And after all those faithful First Fridays, too! His features were twisting convulsively.

MRS. MacGregor endeavored to help him in her motherly way.

"Oh, Mr. Courteney, I don't believe he suffered at all. See how well he looks. And he must have been reading same as he usually did of nights, when he was at home. See, here's his book. He must have laid it down on the table. There's even a bit of paper in it where he left off. He couldn't have felt so bad, if he did all that. Probably he just began to get a little dizzy or something. Maybe wanting a glass of water and he got up — and — and passed out peacefully — and that's all."

Hugh strode over to the table and picked up the book under the reading lamp. Jim was with an automobile firm and it seemed natural enough that the volume should be one on a new type of gas engine. Hugh took the folded scrap of paper out from between the pages and it opened in his hands. The first time he read it, he could gather no sense from its scrawled, and partly unpunctuated phrases. But the second time his eyes went over the words, their import burned into his very soul. It was a note written in his brother's handwriting, to him, but all straggled out and as though done under a terrible strain. It said:

Hugh
Sick suddenly Heart I think Trying to get help Went to Confession and Communion last First Friday. Still in the state of grace Thank God
Jim.

Hugh folded up the paper carefully and put it away in his pocket. He stood with his back turned. Jim to Confession and Communion the last First Friday, and this was only Tuesday. Jim, back in the fold. Hugh dropped his head in his hands. To think he had doubted Divine Providence. To think he had doubted that Promise for those First Fridays! Of course it had to be fulfilled. Jesus Himself had said so. Neither impenitent nor in disgrace with Him had Jimmie gone away. And he had received the Sacraments, not at the very last moment, to be sure, but such a brief time before that their effort was still strong upon him. Almost his last effort had been humbly to avow himself still in the state of grace. Thank God!

And Jim had not been swept off the earth without a warning. He had felt himself ill enough to see a doctor. That had been his warning. Even if he had not spoken of it to his own people, it only meant he did not want to cause them worry. So like the brave, old Jim to keep his troubles to himself.

AND those attacks of illness, however slight, must have turned Jim's thoughts inward. He had looked into his heart and, not finding it all right there either, he had consulted a spiritual doctor also. He had gone to Confession, received Communion worthily; he had tasted Divine Medicine. And God had done all that for a sinner. Jim had been worth all that trouble to His Creator.

The prodigal had wandered far away but in the end he had heard His Father's voice calling to him and he had gone home. This Father had not forgotten, even if Jim had, those days of childhood and youth, days of sacred trust and utter dependence on His goodness. He had made a Promise long ago with Jim. And it had been kept.

The words of that Twelfth Promise came back with full force in Hugh's mind dinned as they had been into his consciousness in the past by the dear, dead mother.

"I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Fridays in nine consecutive months the grace of final penitence; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving their Sacraments; My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment."

Hugh was sobbing with tears of relief that softened and washed away the icy bitterness that had frozen his soul, when he had heard of his brother's seemingly untimely death. The doctor and Angus MacGregor over in a corner watched miserably the man's heaving shoulders. Mrs. MacGregor also mistaking his emotion for an uncontrollable grief that was unmanning him so, did her best to comfort him.

"Come, come, Mr. Courteney, don't take it so hard" she implored. "I'll run downstairs and make some coffee. You'll all need it, I'm sure."

She was trembling then with a nervous chill herself. As she passed the couch where the dead man lay, she pulled the coverlet tenderly up over him and paused an instant to look down at him.

"He looks so peaceful and secure," she remarked.

Hugh faced about. He came over and knelt down by Jim's side. Calm had descended upon him.

"Yes," he declared with conviction. "He *is* safe and secure now."

Known As I Really Am

Nathanael saith to Him: "Whence knowest Thou me?" Jesus answered and said to him: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." St. John i, 48.

FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.

"I HAVE tried to tell you something in my last letter that I have wanted to say for a long time — and I hope you will understand." What volumes those words spoke! And how unfortunate it is that they must be said, and are said, so often. With the best of will on the part of the one confiding and the one to whom the confidence is given, there is so often a barrier that is not passed. There is something that ought to be told, something that really must be told, else there can be no feeling of being understood. Yet told it is not. Sometimes it is a fear of being misunderstood, again a sense of shame, and at another time a dread lest the good esteem already won might be lost by telling of mean pettinesses. And so the heart and mind have a secluded portion into which no search can go, into which no helping hand can reach.

To have this happen is always a misfortune and oftentimes little less than a tragedy. Yet it so often exists in human friendships and with those whose help we rightly and earnestly seek. But I must be understood, and my fundamental self must be known, or else full contentment will scarcely be mine. Just to have some one know me and thoroughly read aright what I really want to do, what I really mean when I do act, what are my hopes and aims and ambitions! So often what I do

is misread, and what I had in mind is misinterpreted, and my ultimate purposes are so often spelled out incorrectly, that I grow sick and sad at heart. The old cry of beaten men rises to my lips, "What's the use?" and the will to push on in well-doing begins to sag.

IS there no one that reads my life aright? No one who looks straight through all the folds of my character and sees my real self within, and that too without my telling? Yes, there is; and it is the great consolation of my life to know that, even though I say no single word, our Lord knows me adequately and understands me perfectly. Others may misinterpret — but not He. Others may suspect motives that are not there — but not He. But best of all, others need to be told — but not He. Of course, He wants us to come to Him and talk it all out, and it pleases Him much when we do, and it helps us, too.

But even before our telling and without our telling He knows each flash of thought, each spring of the will, each least play of the emotions. The skeins of thought get tangled and the play of the will crisscrosses, and the emotions become much snarled, but swiftly and surely and with unerring accuracy He teases it all apart with the single flash of His omniscience. And we stand before Him, known as we want to be — known as we are, with every virtue and every blemish and meanness, too.

Dear Jesus, it is a goodly thing to know that nothing is ever hidden from You. I do so want to be known and understood. It helps so much to realize that, when others find me a puzzle, yes, even when I cannot quite make myself out, without my telling, You read my inmost thoughts and desires aright. I need You, Lord, for this, if for nothing else; for I must be understood by some one, for I must be known as I really am.

On Good Friday

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

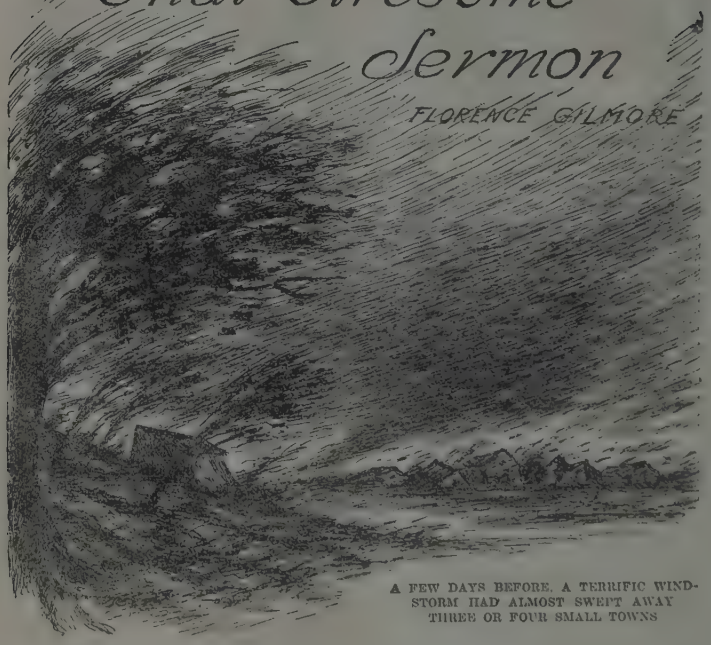
This is the hour and this the day
My Jesus' life-blood drained away.
I see that loving ransom pour,
And deep I bow me and adore.

On that great day my Saviour died,
And spent for me that plenteous tide;
To the last drop He bade it drain
Giving for me that price of pain.

This is the day, and year on year
Unnumbered thousands, thronging here,
In reverent thought, on Calvary kneel
That saving grief again to feel.

That Tiresome Sermon

FLORENCE GILMORE



A FEW DAYS BEFORE, A TERRIFIC WIND-STORM HAD ALMOST SWEPT AWAY THREE OR FOUR SMALL TOWNS

MRS. CUNNINGHAM was as good a Catholic as any of her neighbors, but she believed in moderation: it was so that she laughingly explained matters. One of the things about which she was moderate, and even abstemious, was the hearing of sermons. She was wont frankly to admit that she did not care for them. They bored her, she said, because there was never anything new or interesting in them; and besides, they did not make her — or, she was convinced, any one else — either wiser or better.

Consequently, Mrs. Cunningham was annoyed, when she overslept on the second Sunday of the month and was obliged to go to the half past ten o'clock Mass, instead of the earlier, short sermoned one, which she usually attended.

On that Sunday morning it chanced that the sermon was preached by Father Sweeney, a young and timid priest, fresh from the Seminary. So very timid and so greatly embarrassed was he that he stammered over the brief weekly announcements; and after he began to preach, he more than once repeated himself word for word, and two or three times quoted his familiar text in this wise: "I was hungry, and you gave Me to drink: thirsty, and you gave Me to eat;" and then slowly and painstakingly re-

pouted it correctly. Every word that he uttered has been said in the same connection hundreds and even thousands of times; not even the turn of a phrase was striking or original, or one gesture, or one illustration.

For the first few minutes Mrs. Cunningham was inclined to listen indulgently; afterwards, she was tempted to laugh. She glanced smilingly at little Miss Potter, who sat on her right, but Miss Potter's thin, pallid face was turned toward the speaker, and plainly she was drinking in every word. Past her Mrs. Cunningham could see old Mr. Orcutt, as motionless as a statue; but whether he was asleep or very thoughtful, Mrs. Cunningham could not tell, and with a sigh of resignation she abandoned her quest for a congenial spirit.

For ten minutes, for fifteen, for twenty-five, the young priest talked. Mrs. Cunningham's feeling of amusement and her small store of patience were both exhausted long before he stopped, and she had begun with many distractions, to "squeeze in" her "Our Father" and ten "Hail Marys" for the monthly intention of the League of the Sacred Heart, when, with a palpable sigh of relief, Father Sweeney found a stopping-place, made a large Sign of the Cross, and descended from the pulpit.

As she left the church, after the service, Mrs. Cunningham came face to face with Miss Potter in the vestibule, and said smilingly, but sympathetically, too, as to a fellow-sufferer:

"Wasn't the sermon awesome? I thought it would never end!"

"It — perhaps it was rather long," Miss Potter agreed deprecatingly.

Plainly she had not even been tempted to think so.

"Rather long!" Mrs. Cunningham echoed. "It was endless!" But the next instant she saw one of her intimate friends pass through the doorway, and with a word of good-by to Miss Potter, hurried after her; and from that moment, until she was forcibly reminded of it the next morning, Mrs. Cunningham did not give another thought to the sermon.

A few days later, a terrific windstorm had swept over three or four small towns in the southern part of the State, taking a toll of lives, and leaving hundreds of men, women and children in a pitiable plight, homeless, without furniture or possessions of any sort, and with little or no money. St. Vincent's Relief Society, of which Mrs. Cunningham was that year's President, had volunteered to collect and send money, food and clothing to the sufferers and to send them promptly. The Sunday papers were announcing that donations, of whatever kind, were to be left at Mrs. Cunningham's house on Monday or Tuesday, the members of St. Vincent's Society would pack them, and Wednesday would see them westward bound by mail and express.

On Monday morning, knowing that she had an unusually busy day before her, Mrs. Cunningham got up an hour and a half before her accustomed time. By half past seven she had put only eight hot breakfasts, but had brought down from the attic an old fashioned coat and a hat of other days, as her contributions to the wants of the parish. With the coat across her arm and the hat perched saucily upon her head she was on her way to the seldom-used storeroom, to make place there for whatever donations might come when the doorbell rang so softly that she doubted whether the house maid could hear it.

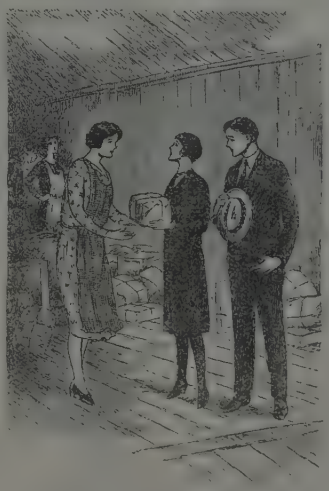
Slinging off the old hat, Mrs. Cunningham went to the door herself and found little Miss Potter standing shyly on the step.

"No, I won't come in; I'm on my way to work, and haven't time," Miss Potter said in answer to Mrs. Cunningham's cordial greeting. "I came to — I only wanted to give you something for the cyclone-sufferers."

To Mrs. Cunningham's amazement Miss Potter handed her a roll of bills. Now, Miss Potter was alone in the world, and poor. She did plain sewing by the day, when she could get it, which was not every day, by any means. Mrs. Cunningham had always compassionated her pinched face and old-fashioned, even threadbare, clothes; and instinctively she was slow to accept the money. With the quick sensitiveness of the gentle poor Miss Potter saw and understood Mrs. Cunningham's hesitation, and her face flushed painfully.

"I have saved for a long time to buy a new winter coat," she reluctantly explained. "But I am a hundred times better off than the poor, stricken people in Nelsonville and Plain City and those other places. I can easily make the coat I am wearing last for one winter more; and —and after hearing that sermon yesterday morning, I could not enjoy a better coat, if I had it. You were there, Mrs. Cunningham; so you understand how I feel about it."

Mrs. Cunningham only half understood, and she could not find a word to say.



"YOU'LL BE VERY CAREFUL IN HANDLING THEM; WON'T YOU?"

"So — so here's the money. I must hurry on my way, or I'll be late," Miss Potter concluded.

She thrust the bills into Mrs. Cunningham's hand, turned quickly, and was gone in an instant.

Still standing in the doorway Mrs. Cunningham stared at the money for a few moments; then she unfolded and counted it: five five-dollar bills.

"Twenty-five dollars — and from poor Miss Potter!" Mrs. Cunningham murmured thoughtfully; and after an instant, she repeated: "From *Miss Potter!*"

Becoming conscious, at last, that cold air was sweeping into the house, she closed the door and went to the sun-room. The bills she dropped into a tin box which stood, waiting, on one of the tables, and laid her own offering on a chair in the most unobtrusive corner that she could find. Afterwards, she set briskly to work to clear all books and magazines from the tables, and to arrange the straight-backed chairs in two lines that they might supplement the tables as places to lay clothing or provisions. Before she had quite finished her preparations, the maid came to the doorway that led toward the front of the house.

"Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. Orcutt is in the living-room. He says he wants to see you for just one minute," the girl explained.

"Mr. Orcutt!" Mrs. Cunningham echoed incredulously.

She had known him all her life, but he had never before set foot in her house, or in any other than his own, so far as she had heard. He was an old man, undoubtedly peculiar and reputed to be both rich and miserly.

AS soon as Mrs. Cunningham had shaken hands with him, and had unsuccessfully tried to persuade him to be seated, or at least to allow her to relieve him of his umbrella, Mr. Orcutt bluntly stated the object of his visit.

"I never make calls," he said. "And I'm not making one now. I hate them. They are utter foolishness. I came because I saw in yesterday's newspaper that you and some other ladies are going to send help to the people in Plain City and those other little towns that were devastated by the tornado. I want to give you my offering for them."

Then, after a slight pause, the old man added, half smiling, half grumbling:

"It was only the week before last that I wrote a check for the Community Chest fund, and congratulated myself that I was done with giving for another year; but the harrowing stories that we all have heard of the suffering caused by the storm, and then that sermon at the half past ten o'clock Mass yesterday ——. Well, it wasn't a fair way to treat us stingy people, and I'll tell Father Sweeney so the first time I see him."

Mrs. Cunningham smiled, in spite of herself.

"I heard Father Sweeney's sermon. I was at the half past ten o'clock Mass, too. The sermon — it ——" she stammered.

Mr. Orcutt understood that she was trying not to laugh about it.

"Oh, I am not saying that young man is eloquent. He isn't. But he is in earnest. Sermons were never meant to be entertaining, as vaudeville acts or concert numbers are. He simply gave us our Lord's own words again and again, unembellished. That was the trouble; there was no evading the issue."

Mr. Orcutt handed her a check, and Mrs. Cunningham smiled delightedly.

"Thank you very much! I am very glad that you heard Father Sweeney's sermon," she said laughingly.

Mr. Orcutt's errand was done, and the words were hardly out of her mouth before he turned toward the hall. As she hurried ahead of him to open the door, she overheard the old man repeat softly to himself: "I was hungry, and you gave *Me* to eat; thirsty ——"

Very gently she closed the door behind him, and instantly unfolded the check. It was for a hundred and seventy-five dollars.

NOT a minute had passed before the bell rang, and on reopening the door Mrs. Cunningham found herself face to face with Mrs. Donnelly, Vice-President and most enthusiastic member of St. Vincent's Relief Society. Mrs. Donnelly, volatile and eager on every occasion, was plainly bubbling over with unusual excitement.

"It's hardly more than nine o'clock," she began ecstatically. "And just peep out and see my machine! It's full of everything you ever heard of: cans of corn and peas and beans, shoes and stockings and mittens and caps and scarfs and blouses and — and everything! As soon as we have unpacked this load, I must go back for as much more. And I have twenty-five dollars and fifty cents in money! People began to send things before I was out of bed. Isn't it wonderful? His Guardian Angel certainly suggested that text to Fath-

er Sweeney for yesterday. There's no doubt we owe nearly all our success to his talk. Mrs. Drew was first to bring me something this morning, and she said she would never have thought of helping people far away, but for that sermon; and Mrs. Kennedy said something of the same sort. Mr. Duffy sent ten dollars; and he sat directly in front of me at Mass yesterday. Once or twice he did doze for a few minutes during the sermon, but, at that, he heard enough to touch his heart."

MRS. Cunningham called her housemaid and the three women were still busy carrying donations from Mrs. Donnelly's car to the sun-room, when another automobile stopped before the house, and the chauffeur came to Mrs. Cunningham to explain that it was laden with groceries and children's wear for the cyclone sufferers: an offering from Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Flynn.

By eleven o'clock not only the chairs and tables in the sun-room, but the floor, as well, was piled high with donations. A place had hurriedly to be cleared in the living-room; and when it overflowed, Mrs. Cunningham arranged to store the last offerings in the unused side of her garage. It was growing dusk, and their task was almost finished, when a poorly dressed, young couple found their way to the garage and stood, hesitating, in the doorway.

Mrs. Cunningham dropped the caps she was sorting and went forward to speak to them; and the man — he was little more than a boy — held out to her the bulky package which he was carrying.

"It — this is ——" he began to explain; but suddenly his lips quivered piteously and he looked appealingly at his little wife.

"It's some baby clothes," she was quick to supplement. "He was born at Christmas last year. We had him for six months. Until yesterday morning we thought that we'd always keep his pretty, little things to look at — sometimes. But since it's like giving them to *Him* — and perhaps some other baby may be cold for need of them; so we decided ——"

Her voice failed her here. She, in turn, looked at her husband for help, but he could not say a word. Mrs. Cunningham laid a tender hand on each one's shoulder.

"I see," she said, very, very softly. "I have a little one, too, — in Heaven."

The young boy swallowed hard, and thrust out his hand.

"Good-by!" he said. "I guess we'd better be going."

The little mother impulsively kissed Mrs. Cunningham.

"You'll be very careful in handling them; won't you?" she whispered.

"SOMETHING more?" Mrs. Donnelly asked eagerly, when Mrs. Cunningham rejoined her.

"Yes; something precious: some baby clothes," she answered, but did not explain further.

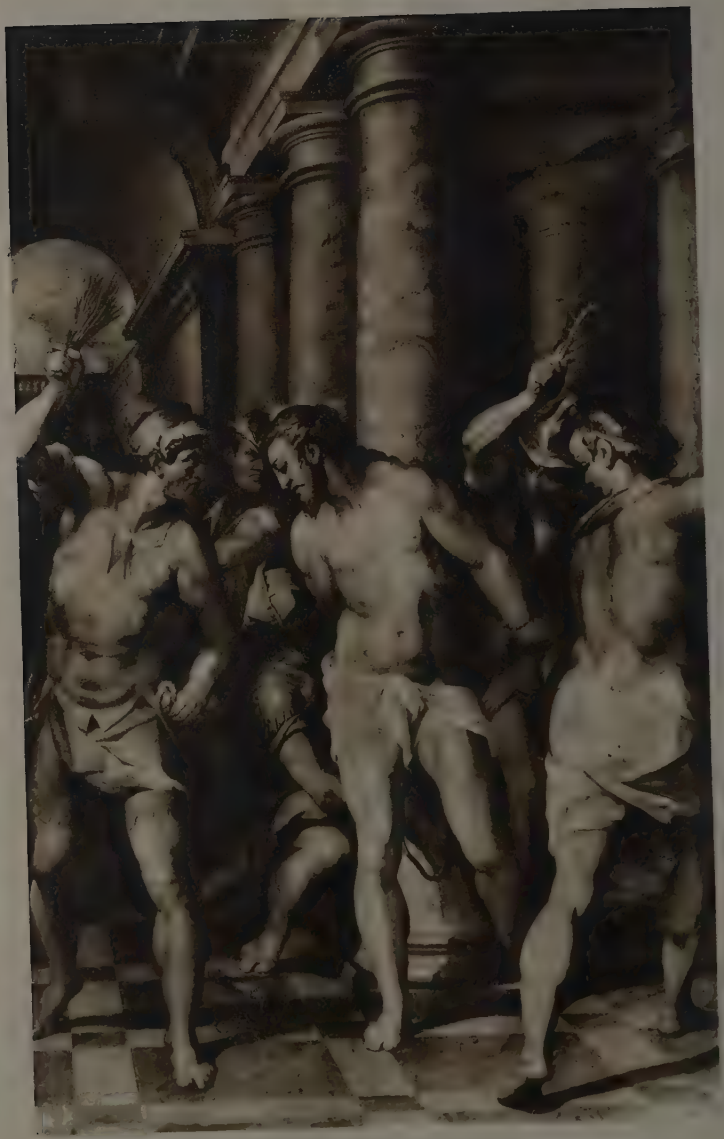
"It has been wonderful! I did not dream we should get any such response," she said then.

"It was Father Sweeney's sermon that did it," Mrs. Donnelly said, for the second time that day. "We wouldn't have had one tenth of our donations if he had not chanced to preach a sermon that helped us. There's no estimating the influence of even one sermon, is there? Usually, we don't see the effect, as we have done today; but it must always be big; or else why would Christ have told His Apostles to *preach* the Gospel?"

"I've been a goose!" Mrs. Cunningham confessed emphatically. "Why, I have always thought that sermons are — I'm ashamed to say what I've thought about them."

E. Hader

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN



Dionisio Caldara

THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR

THE CROWNING WITH THORNS

Van Dyck

Van Dyck

THE CRUCIFIXION

"PRIDE IS THE ANSWER, I THINK, LOIS"

Achievement Bridge

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

LOIS CLAIBORNE, hurrying through the lower floor of Damson's huge department store, paused a little uncertainly and looked for a second time at the tall woman with the slightly askew hat, who was feverishly sorting over odds and ends of hosiery on the bargain counter in the aisle. Surely it could not be Gertrude Charteris, and yet there was something about her, a trick of gesture, a turn of the head. The light fell full across her face, and Lois was sure. A cry of delight came from her lips.

"Gertie! After all these years! Oh, how glad I am to see you!"

"Lois!"

The other woman dropped her handful of hosiery and yielded to her old schoolmate's impulsive, warm embrace. For five minutes there was nobody in the world except those two, exclaiming, commenting, asking questions, answering them, all in one breath. And then a constrained silence fell. Gertrude Charteris became conscious of her shabbiness, her lack of neatness, her run-down-at-the-heelness. Lois Claiborne sensed her old friend's sudden lifting of a barrier between them. For a forgetful five minutes they had been girls again. Now they were back to the present.

"We ought to go somewhere where we can really talk," said Lois. "I am not ready to part with you yet. Come home with me, Gertie! My car is parked back of the City Building. Have you made your purchases?"

She remembered the patient saleslgirl, hovering over the hosiery counter.

"No," said the other woman apologetically. "I'll take these — and these," to the salesgirl. "They go

through stockings so fast — my children do! Stockings and shoes and knickers. I'm always haunting bargain counters. Home with you? Oh, Lois, I don't know. I left the two littlest ones with a neighbor, and the others come home for lunch. Well, perhaps for a half hour. I'll telephone her and see if everything is all right."

"Just you go on, Mrs. Wilson, and enjoy yourself," said motherly Mrs. Murray, when she had her on the wire a few minutes later. "The children are as good as gold. Stay for lunch with your friend. Mary and Lawrence can lunch with mine. It isn't every day one meets an old school-friend and you get away so seldom."

"But do you mean to tell me, Gertie," said Lois across the table an hour later, "that you have been right here in the city all these years, knowing that this was my home, and you have never once called me up, or come to see me, or let me know where to find you?" Her voice was reproachful. "Was that — friendship, Gertie? And I thinking of you and wondering about you, and trying so hard to find out what had become of you. Every time I have returned to the Hill for Alumnae, I have asked about you — and no one ever seemed to know. And you right here in the same place, just across the river Oh, Gertie, why?"

Mrs. Wilson smiled sadly. She looked about her at the silver candlesticks, the hothouse flowers, the exquisite linens, the dainty china, the beautiful furniture. All this was why — all the things Lois had and she had not. But how could one explain to a Lois, who took such things as a matter of course, who had always taken them as a matter of course. But the insistent question must be answered.

"Pride is the answer, I think, Lois," she said. "I wonder if you could ever understand what a bitter thing it is to be poor. I haven't any-

SURELY IT COULDN'T BE GERTRUDE CHARTERIS

thing like this." A little gesture took in the luxury around her. "There wasn't much money, when I was a girl. I didn't know it, though. I went to school at the Hill with girls like you, girls who had everything in the way of worldly goods. That was pride again — my mother's pride. It runs in the family. She wanted me to have everything, and she robbed herself to give it to me. Sometimes I think it would have been better for me, if I had known from the beginning what it meant to be poor. When she died, I had nothing except a little insurance. And then I met Charles."

"Your husband?" asked Lois curiously.

"My husband. I loved him at once. He was a youthful visionary, working on an invention which he fondly believed would make us rich beyond dreams. He still believes it, Lois, after all these heart-breaking years. I believed it, too, at first — and thought that I could make a real home on his pitiful salary. But the babies started to come, and sicknesses and debts and worries. I buffeted the waves for a while, and then I gave up. The struggle seems so futile. When we came here, I thought of you. I knew this was your home city. And how I longed to see you! But I could not look you up, Lois. I knew how successful you were. I have cut every clipping from the paper — every one that told of you or your work. All my children know that the wonderful musician, Lois Claiborne, is an old classmate of their mother's, and are so proud of the fact. But if accident hadn't thrown me in your path, I should never have sought you."

"Oh, you of little faith!" said the other woman softly. "As if I'd care whether the Gertrude Charteris I know had much or little! You were always my dearest friend, Gertie. I used to model myself on you — copy your clothes, your airs, your mannerisms. You were so perfect a student, so perfect in every way. You — oh, Gertie, just looking at you made one realize that you were going to get some place, and be somebody in the world. If you were shipwrecked on a desert island, you'd make the island known to the whole civilized world. That was the way I felt about you. I set out to follow you when we were little tots, and I've been following you mentally all these years. And all the time you have been developing an inferiority complex — Gertie, Gertie!"

Behind the tender raillery there was real sorrow. Her friend flushed. The truth hurt.

"You used to write," said Lois. "What of your talent, dear one?"

"Lost!" said Mrs. Wilson. "Like my ambition! Buried beneath the weight of household cares. One doesn't have much time for seeking inspiration, when babies are having colic and dishes are waiting to be washed."

"I wonder," said Lois musingly. "Oh, Gertrude, don't you think that might be your way out? Gertie, forgive me — but have you forgotten 'Achievement Bridge'?"

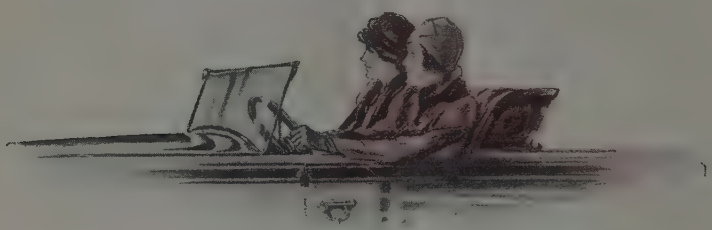
BACK in memory went Gertrude Wilson, back to a November day of long ago, back to the old Junior classroom, where she had been Sister Eloise's star pupil, and class president of the Juniors. She saw herself, a glowing-faced girl, animated, eager, purposeful, talking to her class.

"Beat the Seniors?" she was saying. "Of course, we can! Why not? Aren't we just as clever as they? And if not, why not? A trip to Washington for the class that has the highest general average for the year! It's as good as ours. We'll make a bridge of our achievement. First we will take all the weak timber out and burn it. What's your weak timber,

Loretta? ' Movies, isn't it? Limit yourself to one a week and put in the rest of the time on your Latin. Marie is a star in Latin. She'll help you. What's yours, Leona? Sheer indolence. You'll have to drive yourself to Chemistry. An extra hour each evening will soon put you up

coal, and extra milk, and carfare, never tried to be laundress, nursemaid, cook, accountant, cleaning woman, seamstress — everything at once, when time was the most precious thing in the world. One loses — something."

Perhaps Lois did not hear her.



RIDING HOME IN LOIS'S SMART ROADSTER MRS. WILSON FELT LIKE A NEW BEING

with the class. None of us do our best. No — " at a murmur of dissent, "not even I. I'm content to escape the finals. I could raise my average three per cent. I can and I will. We'll have to give up a lot of good fun, but it will be worth it to build a bridge that the whole school may be proud of. Let's show them what the Juniors can do. No obstacle is too great for a good engineer to surmount. Look at the railroads over the Rockies; look at the water brought into the deserts; look at the Panama canal; look ——"

The picture faded. She was back in Lois Claiborne's beautiful dining-room — she, Gertrude Charteris Wilson, faded, drab, discouraged, beaten by life. Could it be possible that she had been that glowing, dynamic girl? Literally driven by her, the class had built its "Achievement Bridge", and won the Washington trip.

"Achievement Bridge!" she said. "No, I haven't forgotten. But you have never tried to keep house on nothing a week, Lois, never tried to stretch a merely 'groceries' income to cover doctor bills and clothes and She, too, was gazing into the past, looking at the girl she had been: frivolous, fun-loving, a little bit lazy and self-centered — a butterfly of a girl. And it was Gertrude Charteris who had fired her to be something more, had brought out the latent forces in her, driven her on to develop her musical talent, which was, after all, not so much greater than that of the other girls of her class.

Gertrude and her "Achievement Bridge", who had made her see the value of an extra hour a day, of long, weary hours of practice, patient sacrificing of the good times offered her; a resolute turning from the lure of her own indolent flesh. It was so much easier to spend an hour lounging in an easy chair with a good book, than sitting on a piano stool, doing finger exercises: "One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!" It was so much more fun to dash off a bit of ragtime than to stick to the old masters and plod along.

She began to talk, haltingly at first, laying bare her soul that Gertrude Charteris might see — see the worth of struggle without end.

"Of course I could stop," she said, after a while. "It's not so much fun being a celebrity, Gertie. When you have built your Achievement Bridge, you have to use it. Your talent is yours, and it is not yours. The world claims it, too — claims it and you. Many times I've felt like giving up, getting slack, and, sinking to bridge, teas, and golf and theatre parties. I don't think there's anything wrong with that kind of thing. Most of my friends do it. Sometimes I envy them fiercely — the times when I'm tired. But — it's queer, but it was you who first gave me the feeling, Gertie, and I'm trying so hard to give it back to you, to make you feel it again. I think when God gives us a talent he means us to use it, if it's only a talent for making lampshades. And as for inspiration — well, I once read that inspiration is largely a matter of perspiration, and I believe it. I always thought you could write, Gertie. You were wonderful in English class. But perhaps that wasn't your talent, after all. Maybe it's home-making. I'm not complaining because you've neglected your talents, darling, but because you've lost your grip, and your perspective, thinking that what counts is money and material things, when what counts is building your bridge, and putting your best into it, and being proud of your work. I *hate* your kind of pride, Gertie — the kind that's kept you away from me all these years. I — I've really needed you, Gertie Charteris. My fiancé died, and my mother and father, and in spite of all the people I know, I've been terribly lonely. I want you to love me and be my chum again, if you can ever forgive me for lecturing you like this."

"Forgive you?" said Mrs. Wilson, smiling tremulously. "There's nothing to forgive. I'm glad you still love me enough to want to lecture me. If you didn't care, it would be terrible. Dear, I have to go. It's getting late. But I'll see you soon again. It is hard for me to leave the children, but you can come to me. I'll pocket my pride, if you will promise not to look at chipped-off varnish, and threadbare rugs ——"

"I shall see nothing but you — building your bridge, my dear," said Lois, smiling, too. "Oh, Gertie, I'm so glad I found you!"

RIDING home in Lois's smart roadster, Mrs. Wilson felt like a new being. Could she not start over, sloughing off the old cloak of despondency and doubt? Could she yet rise to heights she had long since stopped trying to climb? Could she, too, build her bridge, as Lois wished her to? But at home, with Lois's farewell kiss on her lips and her vivid personality withdrawn from her, Gertrude's heart sank.

Her home, contrasted with Lois's quietly beautiful surroundings, was even worse than she remembered it. Joseph and Jane Frances had been making mud pies. Mud plastered their clothes and their faces. The tank must be lit for hot water for baths, and the mud cleaned from the back porch. Down in the basement laundry-room the week's ironing was piled high in the basket. This day of shopping and visiting must be made up tomorrow. Lawrence's best knickers lay across a living-room chair, with a great rent staring her in the face. He had worn them to school that morning and this was the result. Some one had broken a bottle of ink in the basement entry. Probably Lawrence again, though what he had been doing with ink in the basement entry was more than she could imagine. Some one had presented the children with a bundle of comic papers, and they littered the floor of two rooms. The dining-room was a mess. Evidently the two older ones had lunched, not at Mrs.

Murray's, but at home, and they had not even troubled to clear the table. There were a hundred and one things to be done before dinner, and the dinner itself to be prepared.

"Achievement Bridge!" said Gertrude Wilson bitterly. "It's all very well for Lois to talk — she, who has everything. But what have I? Nothing but weak timber, I guess. I haven't even time to hunt for any other kind, not even time to think where it is."

She sighed heavily, and went upstairs to change her dress. She scolded the children roundly, and sent them out to play. She was too tired to make them do their work over and do it well. She went about her tasks wearily, dispiritedly, as she had done so many times before: laying the cloth for the evening meal, setting the table, getting the vegetables on to cook, picking up the papers, bathing the little ones, cleaning the bathroom and putting in clean towels. Then, while dinner waited, she sat down to patch Lawrence's knickers.

"Mis' Wilson! Mis' Wilson! Telephone!" little Johanna Murray was calling shrilly across her backyard fence.

The sound broke in ominously upon her resentful thoughts, broke in and scattered them to the four winds. Quickly other thoughts took their place — sudden fears of accident, disaster, trouble for Charles. She ran all the way to the telephone and took up the receiver breathlessly, hardly able to talk. But it was Charles's voice. Ah, what a blessed relief to hear it! What a wave of thanksgiving swept over her soul!

"I can't get home for dinner, Hon. Sorry. The boss has some extra work he wants done. He says if I'll work evenings for a while, he'll let me have one afternoon a week in the shop for myself, let me go all over the shop and use any tools I want to work on my own stuff. Great stuff, eh, Girl? If it pans out the way I plan — well — you know."

"WHAT DO YOU CALL THE GAME, MOTHER?" ASKED THE CHILD

His voice was trembling and exultant. Ah, yes! She knew how much this meant to him, always he had been hampered in his work on his invention, hampered by lack of time, lack of tools, lack of the money to buy them. Building his bridge, Charles was. Even if it didn't turn out well, he would tear it down and start over. Charles was like that. No weak timber

there. Good Charles! Dear Charles! Nothing too great to sacrifice. Even his hot dinner, his quiet evening at home, the little recreation he could afford. Thoughtfully she went back home. Mary was in the kitchen, washing up the cooking pots and pans.

"I thought I'd do them now," she explained, "so that you won't have so many after supper, Mother. We're sorry we made you such a mess, darling Mother. We didn't think. Lawrence is downstairs sweeping the basement. We're going to help you a lot tonight — and every night, Mother, if you'll just remind us."

Bless them! They had the straightforward honesty of their father, the ability to see their faults and try to correct them. She should not expect old heads on young shoulders. They were only children and they needed her to remind them, tonight and every night. She kissed the child.

"Daddy's not coming home to dinner," she told her. "Call in the babies and we'll eat. Then you can tuck them in bed for Mother, while Lawrence wipes the dishes. I'm not so tired as I thought I was. I believe I'll try to get most of the ironing done tonight while I wait for Daddy. Then tomorrow I'll have a little time to scribble. I used to think I could be a writer, Mary. Do you suppose I can? I want to write the most wonderful stories in the world."

The child's face was eager, rapt, exalted.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried ecstatically. "That's just what I want to do, too. I love writing things. And you — oh, you can do anything, Mother. *Anything!* Look at our house now. It was all to pieces when you came home — papers and crumbs and up-side-downness, and now look at it! And when Larry and I quarrel, look how you iron us out and make us sweet and good again — and, oh, so ashamed! Why, of course you can write stories, if you try, Mother. You can do just everything you try."

Across the years came the echo of another girl's voice, eager, confident: "Look at the railroads over the Rockies; look at the water brought into the desert; look ——"

"Let's hurry with the dinner, Mary dear," said the grown-up girl. In her eyes were dreams, brooding, mysterious dreams, that had been absent this many a year. "I've a bridge to build."

"Is it a game, Mother?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said her mother. "It's a game. And it's fun. You build a bridge. You don't go hunting over hills and dales, but you use the timber that grows in your dooryard. If you find some that's weak, you burn it. And you make the foundation solid, and you sing while you work, and, if you get stuck, you don't think you know it all, but you go to the Master Carpenter for help. He built a bridge, too, amid jeers and insults from those who did not understand."

"It sounds like a hard game," said Mary. "Can I learn to play it?"

"I'll teach you," said her mother. "And that will be part of my bridge, too."

"What do you call the game, Mother?" asked the child.

"Achievement Bridge," said her mother, and, saying it, smiled.

To join the Apostleship of Prayer apply to the Reverend Director or to a Promoter in a Local Centre. Your name will be registered on your promise to make the Morning Offering. If there is no Centre in your vicinity, write to 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

The Lenten Season

WILLIAM F. CLARK, S.J.

ASH WEDNESDAY, when the Church sprinkles the ashes upon our heads with the words: "Remember, man, that dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return", gives us the keynote to the spirit of the holy season of Lent. But a fuller and clearer expression of that same spirit is found in the Gospel for the first Sunday of Lent, which holds up before us the figure of our Divine Lord, leaving the banks of the Jordan, where He had just been baptized by St. John, and led by the Holy Spirit directing His steps to the neighboring desert, where He fasted for forty days and forty nights. It was not for Himself, since He was the Sinless One, that He spent forty days in the fast of the desert, but for our instruction and example.

HIS example would be a sanction for the precepts of the Old Law, which He came not to destroy but to fulfil. Fasting had been strictly enjoined in the Old Law and our Lord set the seal of His example upon the teaching and practice which had been enjoined by Almighty God upon His chosen people. In the course of His public ministry our Lord had often insisted upon the need of fasting and penance; but before He began His preaching He taught us the need of penance by His fast in the desert.

Lent was instituted by the Church, first of all, out of honor for our Lord's fast in the desert. In all ages of the Church from the days of the hermits and anchorets, who once peopled some of the deserts of the East, down to the faithful of our own day in every walk of life, as they came to know Him a little better, there has been a desire to be a little more like Him, not only in His meekness, humility and charity but in His life of penance, of which He set us the example when He went into the desert for forty days.

The institution of the season of Lent had another object in the mind of the Church and this is to give us a special opportunity to do penance for our sins, by fasting and other kinds of mortification. We are all sinners, and as such we must needs make amends for our violations of God's commandments; and this we can do by fasting and other bodily mortifications, after we have done interior penance by our act of contrition and our purpose of amendment.

And if Lent is a time of penance for sin, this surely implies that it is a time when we should be more than usually watchful to avoid sin. It would be a strange kind of inconsistency, and even of folly, to be making special efforts in Lent to do penance for sin, if we were making no special efforts to avoid the sin or sins for which we were trying to do penance. So, in keeping with the spirit of penance in Lent is the special endeavor to be more than usually on our guard to avoid the occasions of sin.

TO enable us at this holy season to do penance for our sins, as well as to assist us in our efforts to avoid the occasions of sin, it will be very helpful for us to give up even ordinary amusements and entertainments, such as attendance at theatres, moving picture shows, balls and parties, which are sometimes the occasion of sin and, if they do not prove to be an occasion of sin for us, are surely very much at variance with the spirit

of penance and self-denial. Such amusements, as the world goes, are of the world and very worldly and to take part in them or to frequent them is a gratification of self diametrically opposed to the spirit of penance and self-denial.

In imitation of our Lord who went into the desert for his fast of forty days, we should endeavor to foster during Lent a spirit of greater seclusion and retirement. For exterior penance without the interior spirit is worth nothing in the sight of God. Penance and satisfaction for sin consist of two elements, one interior, the other exterior. Exterior satisfaction is made up of acts by which we inflict pain upon the body; but interior penance, without which external penance is of no value, is made up of acts of contrition and purposes of amendment. We practise interior penance chiefly in our spiritual exercises, such as meditation on sin, examination of conscience, and in our repeated acts of contrition together with our purposes of amendment. This spirit of interior penance we may practise in the solitude of our own heart by prayer, spiritual reading and meditation.

Our Cover

OUR COVER is a reproduction of Plockhorst's appealing picture of the "Good Shepherd". Our frontispiece is the "Institution of the Holy Eucharist" by H. Nüttsens. The rotogravure section presents illustrations of our Lord's Passion, some of the most beautiful work of Van Dyck, Dionisio Caldara and E. Hader. The duo-graphs are copies from five Italian master-painters: Guido Reni, Guercino, Lodovico Carrucci, Lucio Massari and A. Tiarini. All combine to make up an attractive and edifying Lenten issue.

Our April Number

Our April number, in harmony with the season, will be an exceptionally charming one, an Easter special. The cover will be "The Resurrection" by Joseph Albrecht. For the frontispiece we have chosen Joseph Wagenbrenner's touching picture, "Pietà". Besides five reproductions of etchings by Rouargue, reflecting the Easter spirit, there will be a rotogravure section containing pictures by Van Dyck, Fra Bartolommeo, Baroccio and Rembrandt.

In the life of every Christian there should be something of the spirit of the desert. One reason why the lives of many Catholics seem to be so much at variance with the spirit of the Gospel is because "no man thinketh in his heart". The foundation of the following of Christ, and this is the essence of a Christian life, is the knowledge of Christ which is obtained by spiritual reading, meditation or contemplation and prayer. And for the acquiring of this knowledge we need to read, to meditate and to pray; for we can master no great truth or principle unless we give time to it.

There are many who consider themselves good, respectable Catholics, who seem to make an effort to avoid sin, who receive the Sacraments now and then during the year, and seem to do their duty at least in externals toward the Church by their readiness to speak in her defence when she is attacked. Yet there is little about their lives that would remind one of the forty days' fast or of the solitude of the desert. There is little or nothing about their lives which bears the stamp of voluntary penance. Their

lives have a clear trait of the man described by Christ, "whose lands brought forth plenty". "They eat, drink and are merry". Their lives would seem to be, if we may judge from external manifestations, a constant endeavor to amuse themselves and to seek in all things their ease and comfort.

When Lent comes and the Lenten regulations are announced, their first thought is to obtain a dispensation.

There are those, who if they are not exempt from the law of fasting by reason of age, weak health or occupation should obtain a dispensation from the law of the Church. But the question for a good Catholic should be, if he is trying to pass the Lenten season in the spirit of the Church, not can I obtain a dispensation from fasting because the dispensation will be granted on the reasons which I present to my confessor; but have I sufficient reasons for asking for a dispensation? Is my health such that fasting would injure it? Is my work of such a nature that it would suffer, if I tried to observe the law? And if before God I judge that it would be more for God's glory that I should ask for a dispensation, when it has been granted, and I am free from the law of fasting, do I still try to foster the spirit of the penitential season by other exercises or practices which will not prove to be an injury to my health or a detriment to my work? In this manner I may be able to keep alive in my soul the spirit of the Lenten season, though I am unable to observe the letter of the law of fasting laid down by the Church.

One Hour

EDITH TATUM

"Couldst thou not watch one hour with Me?"

No, Lord, it cannot be,
For time is flying fast and free;
We need that hour for gaiety.
On Easter, yes, we'll sing, maybe;
But now, we cannot watch with Thee.

"Couldst thou not watch one hour with Me?"

No, Lord, the hours are few,
And there is much that we would do
Before our little lives run through.
Our efforts we must now renew
For pleasure, fame, and money due.

"Thou couldst not watch one hour with Me,
And yet I died on Calvary
Upon a cross in agony
From all thy sins to set thee free
And save thy soul eternally!
Thou wouldst not give one hour to Me!"

Lodovico Carrucci

The Thorn-Crowned Saviour

AFTER the terrible scourging, our Lord was handed over to the sport of the rude soldiers. They platted a crown of thorns and, taking care that the sharp thorns would not injure their own hands, contrived with the help of staves and rods to press the thorns into our Blessed Saviour's flesh and fix the crown on His head. Then they

Guercino

"Behold the Man!"

mocked Him. They bent their knees as if in adoration of a King and spat upon Him. Finally Pilate sent orders to have Him brought forth. He came forth, bearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment. Pilate may have thought that the sight of Jesus would move the hearts of His enemies to pity. Far from it. As soon as they saw our Lord, they cried out:

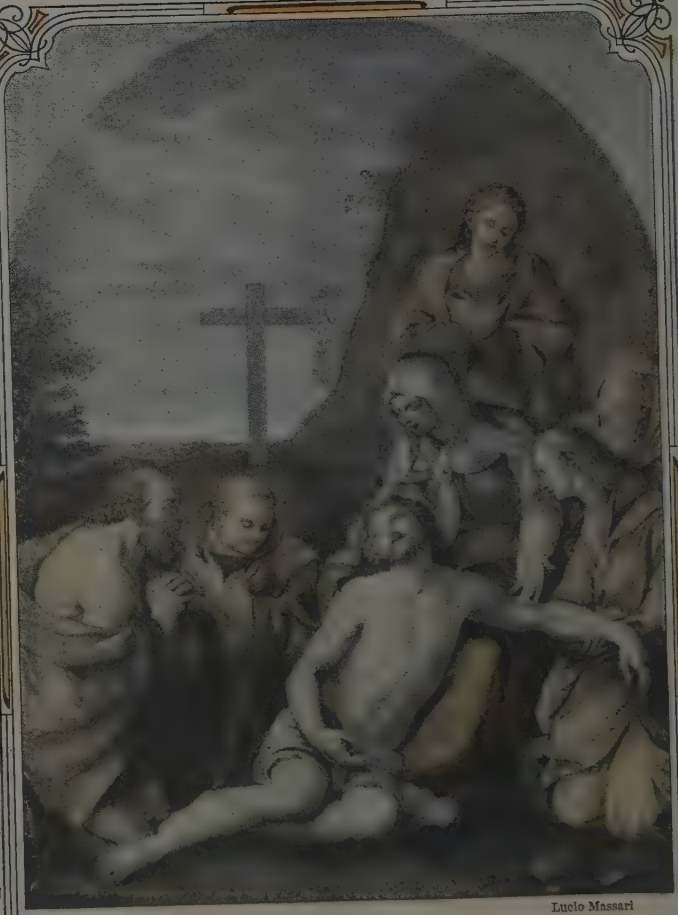
"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

In spite of the governor's protest that he found no reason for putting our Lord to death, they persisted in their demands. The implied threat to carry the case to Rome, when they said that he was no friend of Cæsar if he released our Lord, overcame the reluctance of the governor and he condemned an innocent Man to crucifixion vainly pretending that he could not be held responsible.

Guido Reni

They Crucified Him

For three long hours our Blessed Redeemer hung upon the Cross. They were hours of profound silence on His part, except for the words spoken at the beginning, begging His Father to forgive all who took part in His execution, promising Paradise to the penitent thief and giving us His Mother to watch over us; and the words spoken at the end to reveal the torture of thirst and the desolation from which He

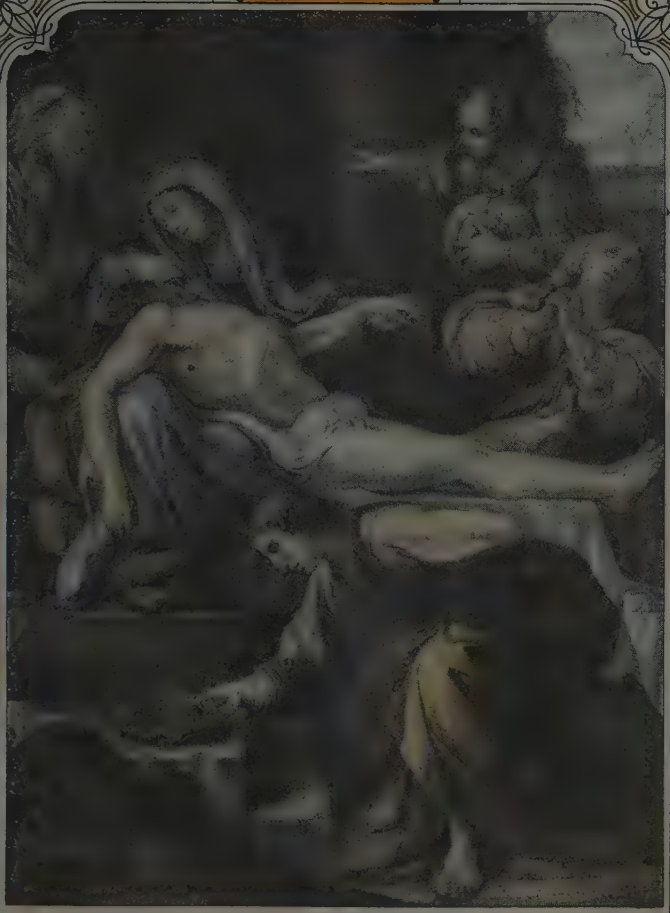


Lucio Massari

The Preparation for Burial

suffered, and to let us know that His work was accomplished, as He commended His soul to His Heavenly Father.

As soon as Jesus was dead, Joseph of Arimathea obtained permission to take away the Body. With him came Nicodemus, who had visited our Lord at night. Together with the holy women they adored the Sacred Body and remained for a while, speechless with grief. Then Joseph informed



A. Tiarini

The Burial

the Blessed Mother that it was for her to decide what must be done and offered her his own tomb in a little garden a few yards away.

Gratefully does our Lady agree to Joseph's plan and with the holy women the Sacred Body is prepared for burial. They are forced to hurry, for the day is nearly spent and the burial must be over by sunset.

THE SISTERS HAD LITTLE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY HER

SHE DISCOVERED THAT HER FELLOW WORKERS WOULD LISTEN TO GOOD-HUMORED PERSONAL GOSSIP

Rose Conroy's Unruly Tongue

ELIZABETH JORDAN

IT WAS once said of Rose Conroy that she would make a good story of the sufferings of her dying father. When a kind friend repeated the remark to her, Rose laughed tolerantly. She regarded that sort of comment as a tribute, inspired partly by admiration and partly by envy. She had always been a good talker and she knew it. As for her father, he was neither dying nor suffering. He was in a condition of excellent health. Both he and Rose were looked after extremely well by the woman, who had been with them at the time of Mrs. Conroy's death, when Rose was twelve.

Conroy was a silent man who rather enjoyed his little girl's incessant chatter. It livened up the house, he thought, during the few hours a day when he was at home. He knew the child was well fed, well clothed and clean, and that she regularly went to Mass and Confession and Communion. Anything else she required in the way of education and training would, he assumed, be supplied by the Sisters in the convent where she was at school.

The Sisters gave Rose an excellent education. They would have given her the discipline she needed, if they had discovered her one serious fault. But she was somewhat in awe of them and in their presence she was usually silent. They knew she was popular with her schoolmates and

that she was the chosen spokesman, when any special appeal was made to the faculty; also that she was gay and talkative with her companions during recreation periods. She was a day pupil, however, and the Sisters had little opportunity to study her outside of class-hours.

Rose herself soon discovered that, as her silent father put it, she "had an unusual gift of gab". She could out-talk any of her schoolmates and, when their opinions conflicted with hers, she could usually bring them around to her point of view.

After her graduation at seventeen her tongue became more fluent than ever. In her social life she traded on her reputation as an entertaining talker. She broadened her effects and became more careless about her facts, failing to observe the meaning nods and smiles exchanged by her hearers, when she over-embroidered her stories. What she increasingly wanted was her effect, and as a rule she got it.

WHEN she entered business life, as a stenographer in a big publishing house, her new associates were more critical about conversation and less easily pleased than her schoolmates and earlier friends had been. Some of them were also good talkers. Scenting the rivalry around her, Rose redoubled her efforts to interest and please. She discovered that her fellow-workers would listen to good-humored, personal gossip, when they were too busy or too self-centered to listen to anything else. She made a point of knowing what was going on around her and of retailing the affairs of her colleagues with various spicy comments, which her hearers enjoyed, even while they realized that their turn would soon come to figure in her tales. When they spoke of her, their comments usually took some such form as this:

"Rose Conroy is the worst gossip in the department, but what she says is usually funny and it's never really malicious."

ONLY one of her friends seemed uninterested in her talk, though he was obviously very much interested in her. Puzzled by this lack of response to her best gift, as she considered it, Rose exerted herself in his presence to be even brighter and more amusing than usual. She had known George Wilson all her life, as playmate, neighbor, friend and counselor. It was George who had secured a position for her, when she finished her busines course. He himself was with the same firm and was considered one of the brightest men in his department. He kept a steady, observant eye on Rose, came to see her two or three evenings a week, and often walked home from work with her. Rose was sure that he loved her, but he never told her so. Instead he talked of work, prospects, his personal ambitions. He never discussed others and their affairs. When Rose gossiped he listened in silence, or changed the subject, as soon as he could do so without rudeness. Rose could not make him out. She spent hours wondering why he did not tell her what she already knew — that he loved her and wanted her to marry him. She finally decided that he meant to postpone marriage till he had a larger income.

After Rose had been eighteen months in her new field, one of her associates, Mary Hannan, made a comment which was subsequently as much quoted as some of Rose's best stories.

"It's mighty hard to draw the line between gossip that hurts and gossip that doesn't," Mary said one day to a group of girl friends who were lunching with her. "I'm sure Rose Conroy doesn't mean to hurt any one by the things she says, but you know what different impressions different

persons will get from the same story. I know that Rose does harm sometimes by suggesting a whole lot more than she means."

"She doesn't always merely suggest, either," Bessie Cramer contributed. "She suppresses some things and adds others until one doesn't know where the truth is. She may not mean to be malicious, as you say, Mary, but she does a lot of harm just the same. For instance, she told that cat, Jane Richards, who's in Mr. Bosworth's office, that Nora King went to dances four or five nights a week. Jane Richards hates Nora; so she passed the story right on to Mr. Bosworth in that sneaking way she has. You know what Bosworth is. He means well, but he's an awful pussy-foot, and he wants to know everything that is going on in the offices. So he listened to Jane putting Rose's gossip over in her nasty way. She spoke first of how popular Nora was and how much she liked her and then went on to say she was afraid Nora would ruin her health by late hours. You know — that kind of thing. Bosworth called Nora down for it the very same day. Told her she simply couldn't do good work, when she was dancing all night every night and that she'd either have to cut out the work or the dancing. The truth was that Nora had been out dancing just four times this whole winter, but it was all during Christmas week. Her brother came on to spend his college vacation with her and Nora and her friends were entertaining him. Nora saw that Mr. Bosworth got this straight, but she was so furious with Rose Conroy that she hasn't spoken to her since."

"Rose was never very careful what she said," remarked a girl who had been at the convent with Rose.

LIKE MOST REFORMERS GEORGE WAS OVERZEALOUS

"And she's getting less so all the time. All she thinks of now is making peoples' eyes stick out, and she doesn't seem to care how she does it."

"She's going to get into a lot of trouble, if she keeps it up," muttered a girl who did not like Rose; and several others in the group nodded their assent.

THE same suggestion was at last conveyed to Rose by the one person from whom she would accept anything in the nature of a criticism — her friend, George Wilson. Like most reformers George was overzealous and rather tactless. Having made up his mind to tell Rose "where she got off", as he put it to himself, he went at the task with hammer and tongs.

"Look here, Rose!" he began abruptly one evening, when they were walking home from work together. "That tongue of yours is going to get you in bad some day, if you don't watch out."

It happened to be the day that Nora King had taken Rose into Mr. Bosworth's office and had forced her to correct her statements about Nora's night-parties. Rose was not in a mood for fault-finding, even from George, and her pretty face hardened.

"Since when," she asked coldly, "have I had to cut my words to suit your pattern, George?"

"Now, don't get on your high horse," George advised. "This time I've got the goods on you. I know all about that little affair with Nora; and now you've been spreading it around that Kate Dunn spends all her money on her back, and you've got Jim Desmond so scared that he wants his ring again from Kate. He had a big set-to with Kate this noon, and she traced the story to you. It seems that most stories that are floating around the office can be traced back to you," George interpolated. "So Jim came to me, knowing that I — that I — well, that I'm your friend," George finished self-consciously. "And Jim wants to know the truth of that yarn."

That momentary embarrassment of his banished Rose's wrath. She knew what it meant. She knew, too, that he did not enjoy calling her down. She stole a look at him and her expression softened.

"I never said Kate spent all her salary on her back," she told him. "At least, I never meant that. What I meant was that she'd have to spend it all and more, if she had to buy the clothes her aunt sends her from Chicago."

"You may have meant that, all right, but you didn't say it," George sternly pointed out. He, too, was conscious of that moment of weakness and was determined to be judicial. "For the love of all that is good, Rose, why don't you say what you mean instead of hinting at something else? Now, please tell me the exact words you used about Kate's clothes. I promised Jim I'd get to the bottom of this business."

ROSE hesitated. Then, meeting his anxious eyes, she answered quickly and truthfully:

"Well, all I said was that it looked queer for a girl earning twenty-five dollars a week to be dressed like a princess," she explained. "I was afraid folks would misunderstand Kate. I know that her aunt is rich and that all the clothes Kate wears belonged to Kate's cousin that died, and that the aunt sent them on to Kate, so that she'd not be reminded of her daughter by seeing them around. But others don't know that, and what will they think ——"

"They wouldn't think anything about it, if you didn't put suspicion in their minds," George exploded. "Great Scott, Rose, it seems as if you were looking for trouble for your-

self and others. What made you talk about the clothes and leave out the aunt's share in them, anyway? Did you *want* to make Kate's friends think she was a fool or worse? I don't know what to make of you.

and that she has six hundred dollars in the savings bank. He'll want to marry her before breakfast tomorrow morning, when he hears that," she added bitterly.

George was not surprised to hear

"I HAVE BEEN MEANING TO SPEAK TO YOU"

Upon my word I'd think twice about trusting you with anything important."

He had said too much, and the high-spirited girl beside him was furiously resentful.

"You're making a big fuss over nothing," she flashed back. "So is Jim, but at least he has some right to do it and you haven't. It's none of your business what I say. Now you can run to Jim and tell him Kate hasn't spent a cent for clothes in a year,

within the next few days that Jim Desmond was a "tight-wad", interested in Kate Dunn only because she had a nice, little bank-account. Knowing the probable source of the story, he sighed. Rose was riding for a fall He knew that. He would go mighty slow about tying his future to hers.

"So you're at it again," he said reproachfully, when he met her on the way home from the office the next night. He had not wanted to meet

her, and he had deliberately dawdled at his desk after closing time. Perhaps Rose had dawdled, too. Anyway, here she was, and his new grievance burst forth at sight of her.

"Even after what I said, you couldn't let Jim alone," he rushed on. "You know as well as I do that he isn't marrying Kate for her little savings. He's marrying her because he loves her. But he couldn't afford to marry an extravagant girl, and he was right to stop and look into that story, when he heard it on every side. Now you've started another. By Jove, Rose, I'm getting to be afraid of you. You're making a lot of trouble for yourself already, and if you don't control that tongue of yours, you'll be making trouble for every one that knows you. Some of these days I'll be hearing some gossip of yours about me," he ended with a smile, intended to point the joke.

FOR the life of him he could not be angry with Rose very long. But again he had said too much, and again Rose was furiously angry. The eyes she raised to his were as cold and hard as agate.

"I'll never talk about you, my lad, because I'm not enough interested in you," she flashed. "I don't know any one else that's interested in you, either, and I think I know why. It's because you're always criticizing and fault-finding. You want to pass on your own perfections. All right! Do it, but hire a hall and call in a crowd. You need a bigger field. Let me alone hereafter."

The next minute she was gone and George looked after her with a forgiving grin. She had one bad fault, but aside from that she was all right and he loved her. As soon as he dared to do it, he'd tell her so, and they'd work out her problem together. In the meantime he'd let her cool off for a few weeks.

The following Sunday, however, he followed her out of church after Mass and taking her arm in an unnecessarily firm grip he led her into a quiet side street. There he stopped and faced her, tight-lipped and resolute. Rose had tried to pull away from him at first, but now she stood silent and frightened. This was a new George, and that new George had some desperate grievance.

"See here, Rose!" he began quietly but underlining every word. "Your stock has always been pretty good with me, as you know, but there are some things I don't stand for. Some one has been spreading stories about my invention, and Bosworth has been told that I've offered it to another publishing house. You're the only person that knows anything about it. I mean, you're the only person I've ever talked to about it." His eyes searched hers with black conviction in their depths. "Was it you started that gossip?"

"It was *not!*"

Rose spoke fiercely, but truthfully. She had never gossiped about George. Least of all would she have gossiped about his invention which, though he had not yet asked her to marry him, she knew they both regarded as the foundation of their future fortune.

"Can you imagine I'd talk about you?" she went on hotly.

THEN, as she met the look in his gray eyes, the words died on her lips. He did believe just that, she realized. He did not believe her denial.

"You're such a gossip I don't suppose you know what you're saying half the time," George muttered with something like a groan.

But the words added fuel to her resentment.

"Have it your own way!" she said passionately, and turned to leave him.

His voice stopped her.

"Before you go, you may be interested to know you've cost me my

job," he said coolly. "Bosworth called me into his office at closing time yesterday and fired me. I had to admit I had invented a new currency carrier and hadn't shown it to him. The reason is that I was still experimenting with it, and it's just finished; but he wouldn't believe that. He's been told I took it to the Dixon offices and he believes it. So now you can go home and think of the job your tongue has done for the man that loved you. If I were you, I'd cut it out," he finished recklessly.

George was very young and very wretched over the joint collapse of his love affair and his business career. He turned on his heel and left her with that, but Rose stood still, staring after him in utter misery. All her anger was swallowed now by love and sympathy. He had lost his job and he blamed her for it, and she was blameless and he did not believe her, when she told him so. And he had at last said he loved her and in the same sentence had let her know he loved her no longer. The moment was the bitterest of her life. She must do something to put things right — but what? She walked home slowly, wondering if the weight on her heart would ever lift. How could she make George realize that she had nothing to do with his tragedy?

Monday underlined her misery. George's discharge and her assumed share in it were the chief topics of the day in the offices. In vain she protested to her friends that she had no part in his troubles. In their eyes and on their lips she saw the incredulity that so often greeted her stories. Sometimes it was mingled with pity; but most of her friends, she saw, felt that, as Kate Dunn frankly expressed it, "Rose Conroy was getting what she deserved."

SHE SAT STARING UNSEEINGLY AT HER TYPEWRITER

That afternoon she summoned all her courage and sent a note to Mr. Bosworth, the general manager, asking for a five-minute interview. The boy brought back a verbal answer that Mr. Bosworth would see her at four o'clock. She entered his office on the stroke of the hour and approached his desk with shaking knees. Even now she hardly knew how she was to begin the interview. But Bosworth was a busy man, without much sympathy for nervous callers, and his brusqueness made her task easier than she had expected.

"I suppose you've come to intercede for young Wilson," he said at once, and she answered with equal brusqueness.

"No, Mr. Bosworth, I haven't," she told him. "I haven't any right to intercede for him. Besides, I don't think he needs it. The whole thing is a mistake. What I've come for," she went on quickly, as his eyebrows rose, "is this. George thinks I started the gossip about his showing his currency carrier somewhere else. I didn't, and I want him to know I didn't. Will you tell me who told you that story? That's what I came to ask."

BOSWORTH shook his head. He seemed mildly amused.

"I can't do that," he told her. "But I will say that the person who told me thought it came from you. He didn't say he'd got it straight from you," he added conscientiously. "But he said you were supposed to be the source of it. I can't say that surprised me, Miss Conroy," he went on, taking up a pencil from his desk and looking at her. "I understand that you're the source of most of the gossip in these offices. I've been meaning to speak to you about that and this seems a good time." He laid down the pencil and his next question struck her like a bullet. "What do you get out of it?"

Rose stared at him, unable, for an instant, to speak. This, coming on top of her other troubles, seemed more than she could bear. Something in her expression touched the manager. He went on more mildly.

"IF you had been a mischief-maker, we'd have got rid of you months ago," he said. "But I've always been told that there was nothing deliberately malicious in your talk, and your record as a worker is excellent. You simply have a loose tongue that you seem to be unable to control. A tongue of that kind is often dangerous, however, and in this instance you've talked too much for your friend's good. As it happens, I was glad to know the facts about what he was doing with that carrier," he added deliberately. "But for your own good and the good of the office I suggest that hereafter you talk less. That's all, I think, Miss Conroy."

Rose found her wits and her voice. His words had scorched her to the soul, but she could think of that later.

"Mr. Bosworth," she said steadily, "you haven't had the facts in this case, whoever told them to you. I never spoke of George's invention in this office and I don't know who did. But I do know about the invention itself, because he told me about it. I know that he meant to show it to you as soon as it was ready to be shown, and I am absolutely certain that he hasn't taken it to any one else and that he never even dreamed of doing such a thing."

Bosworth was looking at her now, not unkindly but critically, as if studying some new phase of her, as indeed he was. His next words sent her into the deepest pit of humiliation she had yet reached.

"I'm sorry," he said, and his voice sounded as if he meant it. "But I'm afraid I can't take your word for that. You see, the fact is"—Bosworth was human and this girl

was a good worker and in trouble — "the fact is," he went on, "your reputation for veracity isn't very good around these offices. And in this case you're not disinterested."

Mercifully he turned his glance from her face as he finished, but the girl before him did not cringe. She took the blow with shoulders up and head erect.

"That means that you think I'm a liar," she said slowly. "But if you think I'm a liar and if you think I started this story about George, why are you so sure the story itself is true?"

Bosworth smiled at that, but rather bleakly.

"I've been pretty frank with you, Miss Conroy," he reminded her. "I don't want to hurt you any more than I have to to bring you to your senses. The answer to your question is that your gossip is sometimes true and that this seems to be one of those cases. There are corroborative details or I'd not have dismissed Wilson so promptly. I happen to know that his invention is in the Dixon offices right now, and that it has been there since last Wednesday."

THE interview had brought several revelations to the girl before him. His last words brought another. She knew now how complete was her faith in George Wilson. George was a person one could trust absolutely. The next reflection followed at once. How wonderful to be such a person, and how appalling to be a person in whose word or good faith no one could believe!

"Mr. Bosworth," she said quietly, "I know you think you are right. But that invention can't possibly be in the Dixon offices, and it has never been there."

He made no answer to this and she realized that the interview was over. Nothing she could say to Bosworth or to any one else would help George. She left the office with a sinking sensation at the pit of her stomach and when she reached her desk she sat staring unseeingly at her typewriter and trying to direct her chaotic thoughts Only two things were clear. George had lost his job and his big chance and he blamed her for the disaster. At last the clatter of typewriters around her recalled her to her duty and she resumed her work; but she had a persistent feeling of being in a nightmare. The keys of her typewriter seemed to pound out two words and two words only: "Liar, liar! Gossip, gossip!"

WHEN the office closed that afternoon, she went directly to George's home and asked to see him. His mother, who had admitted her, called George into the living-room and then showed a disposition to linger and hear what the two young things had to say to each other. For a few moments they exchanged commonplaces. Then George got up.

"Let's go and take a walk," he muttered, and led the way into the hall, taking his hat and coat from a rack as he passed it. Once outside they turned by common consent toward the nearest park and Rose began her story with the words she hoped would banish that strange look of his and win his immediate attention. They did.

"I saw Mr. Bosworth this afternoon," she began. Then she repeated the interview in detail without interruption from George.

That repetition, she had decided, should be a test. She would give it word for word, to the very best of her ability, not sparing herself in the least; and, if George believed her, they might be able to reconstruct their tragic love-affair and go on toward some sort of happiness. If he did not, she would resign her position and go away and begin a new life somewhere else, as far from

George as she could get. When she had finished, she held her breath till his comment came.

"By Jove, Rose, that was most awfully hard on you!" he cried. And he added in a lower voice: "You were a trump to go through it for me."

The tears rushed to her eyes and for a moment she could not speak.

"I deserved it all, and more," she confessed, when she could go on. "But that isn't the point. Neither you nor he believes I didn't start that gossip, but I had nothing to do with it and what I want to know now is who did. Who stole your invention and took it to the Dixons?"

She never forgot the shining eyes he turned on her.

"You don't think I took it to them?"

"Why, George, I *knew* you didn't! Who did? Have you found out?"

"Yes, it was a fellow in my office," he told her. "My invention is safe at home. But I had been keeping it in my office-desk, which was foolish of me. This fellow caught on, stayed after hours, opened my desk, copied the carrier, and had the nerve to take it to the Dixons as his. He said another chap in the office had a similar idea, but that his carrier was the first. Can you imagine it? When I got there today, they were all ready to give him a check! I showed them my carrier, proved that I had it patented, and they got out from under. They don't want a lot of trouble and lawsuits. They even wrote me a letter explaining how the carrier came to them. I have the letter in my pocket and I'm going to take it to Bosworth tomorrow morning with my carrier. He's fair-minded. He'll take me back and give me a decent royalty on the carrier. I was coming around to see you after supper and tell you all this," he ended; and again she was conscious of the softness of his shining eyes.

Rose drew the first deep breath she had been able to draw for days.

"Then it's all right. But why did you look so queer, when I first saw you at your house?"

"Things weren't all right between us then," George explained. "And nothing else could be all right till they were. Let's go in here."

He slipped his arm through hers and drew her into the park they had reached and they sat down together on a sheltered bench under a snow-laden tree. On a branch above them a sparrow cocked a hungry eye, but there were no human beings in sight.

"We can be married now," George was saying.

"I haven't been fit for you," Rose sobbed. "But I will be. Oh, George, I *will* be! This terrible experience and the talk with Mr. Bosworth has cured me. The mere thought of gossip makes me sick. I'll break myself of it, if I have to wear a muzzle!"

The Feet

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

So many feet upon the street,
Hark to their thudding trod.
How fleet they rush at last to meet
Before the throne of God!

The Rules of the Game

JOHN X. PYNE, S.J.

I REMEMBER reading years ago an editorial in a newspaper, which was then popular, about man's origin and destiny. On first reading the editorial, it appeared to me exceedingly thoughtful, and perfectly correct. But after a second reading I became suspicious of its soundness. The editorial began with an allegory, a conversation between two drops of sea-water that had been stranded on a rock, when the tide ebbed.

The First declared: "I do not know the least thing about myself — whence I have come, nor whither I shall go."

The Second replied: "I will tell you something about yourself. We were both part of the Great Ocean, and were carried up here by the tide. When the waves receded, we were left behind. But we shall not remain here forever. The sun will soon appear from behind the clouds, and, under the heat of the sun's rays, we shall soon evaporate, rise into the air, and become part of those golden clouds we see above us. After a space the cloud will descend in the form of raindrops, and we shall return to the Ocean from which we came."

THE editorial applied the lesson to the life of man. The editorial recognized an important truth, that we have an origin and a destiny. But the illustration might mislead. What is this Great Ocean from which we come? If you were to have put this question to a pagan of the olden times, he would have replied:

"The Great Ocean from which we come is Matter, or possibly a combination of Matter and Spirit, both eternal and self-existing."

The same answer will be given by the modern pagan.

The Catholic reply is:

"The Great Ocean from which we come is the Ocean of Nothingness through the exercise of the Creative Power of God."

ACCORDING to Catholic teaching both the matter and the spirit in man are created. The matter of the human body was created at the beginning of time. The soul is created at the moment each individual is conceived. The matter of the human body remains after death. The body crumbles into dust. But the matter is not destroyed. There is no force in nature capable of annihilating matter. The spirit of man, endowed with intelligence and free will, is naturally immortal. At death it separates from the body, but it does not cease to exist.

Thus, according to Catholic teaching, the human body at death is resolved into particles of matter which once more take their place in the universe and pass through cycle after cycle of change. The human soul lives on, a disembodied spirit. But neither body nor soul at death returns to the Ocean from which it was drawn forth, the Ocean of Nothingness.

We cannot trace the migrations of a particle of matter. All we know of it is that it will continue its existence in the universe, constantly acting upon other particles, and constantly subject to the influences which other particles exercise upon it.

But the Spirit of man will continue its individual existence after death, and at the end of time will be reunited with matter, in the resurrec-

tion of the dead. At that time all who have ever lived will be assembled into two groups. To one group Christ will say:

"Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." (St. Matt. xxv, 34.)

To the other group He will say:

"Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels." (St. Matt. xxv, 41.)

WHAT rule are we to follow if we wish to find ourselves in the group of "Blessed"? The philosopher, Kant, lays down a rule which is very popular today. It runs somewhat like this: "So act that the maxim of thy will may be capable of becoming a universal law for all men." Whenever we act, we are acting upon some principle. Sometimes we act on bad principles; we lie, steal, do all sorts of things that are considered immoral. At other times we act on good principles; we help others in distress, pay our debts, perform acts that are considered morally good. Kant tells us that we should so act that a good moral person placed in the situation in which we are placed might do just what we are doing. This is an excellent rule, so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. It does not tell us what is good, and what is bad. Kant's rule leaves it to us to determine for ourselves what is good and what is bad.

It is true that each of us is morally obliged to follow his conscience. But among the many obligations to which we are subject is the obligation of enlightening our minds upon the subject of good and evil. What is good and what is evil is a world-old problem, first proposed in the Garden of Eden.

Are there any rules that we should know? Has God any plan for the government of the universe? Has He any design in relation to man? Does He expect that we shall act in any particular way? Will the judgment which He pronounces at the end of time be a judgment according to law? What is this law? Why are some rewarded and others punished?

"I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink."

"Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

Read for yourself the whole of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew. It will give you some of the rules. Then read the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of the same Gospel, where the rules are given in great detail.

God, like a king, makes laws for His subjects. In action each subject is guided by his conscience. Conscience is not a substitute for law, as Kant would seem to make it. Conscience applies the law to the case before it. Conscience is a judge, not a legislator.

THE statement of the law can be very much condensed. Thus in St. Luke x, 25 - 28, we read:

"And behold a certain lawyer stood up, tempting Him, and saying, 'Master, what must I do to possess eternal life?' But He said to him: 'What is written in the law? How readest thou?' He answering said: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.' And He said to him: 'Thou hast answered right. This do and thou shalt live'."

It is common today to speak of the "Game of Life". There is a good suggestion in this title. It suggests the idea of several players, of scorers, of rules, of an umpire, of victory or defeat. Life is a game, in which all of us must take a part. The

Angels are the score-keepers. Christ is the Umpire. And the rules of the game? You can find them in the Rule-Book, the Gospels. And if you wish to know what they mean, re-read your old catechism, listen to the Sunday sermon, consult the priest, when you go to Confession.

Generally we Catholics are well acquainted with the rules. Our difficulty consists in observing them. Yet it is very important for the Church and for ourselves that we observe them. One of the greatest obstacles to the conversion of the world is the violation of the rules by Catholics who profess to prize their religion. Non-Catholics cannot understand the value of a religion which is profaned by its adherents. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The individual Catholic can aid in bringing non-Catholics to recognize in the Catholic Church the Spouse of Christ, the Light of the World, if he will only keep the rules.

And for ourselves what is the importance of keeping the rules? The joy of triumph is always sweet. But to earn a victory in the Game of Life is to win plaudits that will thrill forever.

The Master

J. Corson Miller

There is no chain of hate,
Conceived and made by man,
That cannot be destroyed
Through Love's supernal plan.

Love works, but not with hands,
To break proud evil's power;
Nor looks for any wage,
By day or week or hour.

Love enters at the door
Of sorrow, loss and pain,
And where the losers lie,
His bounty falls like rain.

Love has his couriers sent
To all the earth — each part;
Their hearts burn red with fires
That fuel the Sacred Heart.

As heat from heat breeds flame,
When flowers spring from the sod,
Love, mastering hearts of men,
Makes burning blooms for God.

"HAVE YOU FINISHED YOUR SERMON?"

The "Pagan Hottentot"

CHARLES J. MULLALY, S.J.

JACK BRICE switched on the lights in his little home; for the place was in pitch darkness. The dark house told him clearly what he was to expect. Three times this week he had found the same conditions and the same brief note:

"Dear Jack:

"I shall be awfully busy this evening, but you will find enough in the icebox to keep you going.

"Edith."

There was not even a change in the wording of the note. It seemed to be the very same that in disgust he had tossed into the waste-paper basket three times. Well, he would not toss it a fourth time; so in fuming indignation he tore it into pieces and left the fragments on the table. Edith was so systematic. She would leave a note on the dining-room table, just as she would hang the cardboard sign on the porch to let the iceman know that he was wanted. That was what was now arousing Jack to anger; he was being rated on a par with the iceman.

The dining-room table was not even set for him. He would have to forage in the refrigerator for something to eat. He knew there would be nothing there except some cold ham bought at the delicatessen store and maybe an orange or two. His dinner for three nights had been cold ham and some rolls from the bread-box. He had washed down the un-

savory meal with a glass of milk. He had been too tired to heat water to make himself a cup of tea. He had had a week of hard work at the office and today had been harder still; for he had been three hours in the Surrogate's court arguing the case of old Mr. Murphy's will, and it had been a trying ordeal for a young lawyer to match brains with Coates and Wilson, two of the cleverest lawyers in the town. He was brain-tired and bodily weary. In his nervousness today he had even omitted to go out for lunch, after working all morning retouching his first really important case before he appeared in Judge Meyer's court to argue for the claims of the children who had been disinherited because they would not side with an eccentric, old man in a peevish quarrel with his wife.

"Edith ought to be considerate," he muttered as he opened the icebox and found only the same familiar dish of cold ham and half a bottle of milk. "I told her this is getting on my nerves and can't go much further. If this is married life, then I'm sick and tired of it and the sooner a break comes the better for both of us. Things can't go on in this way. Ham and milk!"

IN a burst of indignation he slammed the door of the refrigerator. His head was throbbing from the strain of the day and from lack of food. He had looked forward with pleasure to telling Edith of his success in the grinding battle against the clever and relentless Coates, who had thundered in a deep voice and tried to becloud the issue. Time and again Coates had sarcastically referred to him as "a very young man". It was the well known policy of the old lawyer to browbeat an opponent and make him ridiculous in the eyes of a crowded courtroom. He had beaten Coates at his own game. He had come home eager to tell his young wife how he had turned the tables on the older man and caused the sympathetic crowd to roar with laughter when, at the conclusion of the famous old lawyer's vigorous and thundering speech, he had risen quietly and began his defence by telling the story of an old negro who, lost in the forest on a dark, rainy night and with heavy crashes of thunder reverberating above him, had knelt down and prayed the Lord to send "less noise and a little more light." Even staid Judge Meyer had smiled, when Jack had turned to him and said:

"Now that we have had nothing but darkness and noise, it is time to bring in some light."

HE had argued his case well and had won. He had come home triumphant, well pleased, knowing what it meant for a struggling, young lawyer to conquer the redoubtable Coates. It meant a brighter future both for him and Edith, a future with less stinting and financial worries of how to meet office-rent and the expenses of their little home. And in the hour of his triumph Edith was not even at home; she did not seem to care; she did not bother whether he came weary and strained to a house in darkness and without even a dinner awaiting him. He might overlook this one evening, if there were some reasonable excuse, but this was the fourth time in one week and all because she had become interested in Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann's pet hobby of children's recreation-centres. The thought of Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann made his head throb with renewed pain.

"That publicity-seeker is probably ruining more than one home in her continued efforts to have her picture in the newspapers. Edith is not the same girl since she came under her influence. She will have to break with that Montgomery-Holzmann woman or we break. I can't and

won't stand this any longer. Recreational centres for children! Love of children! And here our own little home is childless, because that woman has filled Edith's head with pagan ideas and caused her to renounce the teaching of the Church that a married couple must accept the children whom God sends; must realize that God raised marriage to the dignity of a Sacrament that children may be brought into the world and educated for Heaven. The mutual help and love intended by God can only be had by obeying God's laws. No wonder Edith has not gone to the Sacraments!"

Instead of being a spiritual help to him in saving his soul, she was becoming a danger to his eternal salvation.

Putting on his coat and snapping off the lights, Jack Brice left his house to seek his dinner in a more cheerful atmosphere. He would talk with Edith in the morning. He would make her see her duty or ——. His brain refused to work; he was too dizzy, too nervous to try to think. Yet in a half-dazed manner he was thinking, recalling the day that he had married the bright and pretty girl, with whom he had expected happiness and to have an ideal Catholic home. Had he been a fool in marrying her? That was two years ago and it had been at their marriage-breakfast itself, arranged by Edith's mother, that he had met Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann, one of the social leaders of the town and a new friend of Edith's family. He had disliked the woman from their first meeting.

"THINGS CAN'T GO ON IN THIS WAY. HAM AND MILK!"

He disliked her more when, with her ingratiating sweetness, she had told him that she was stealing his young bride away for a few minutes to give her some motherly advice on how to manage a husband. That advice he had recently discovered was nothing but rotten paganism and yet the woman posed as a Catholic, though she did not know the meaning or the sanctity of marriage. Her influence over Edith had increased during the past two months. It had been the cause of bitter quarrels with Edith, when he had denounced the woman as a "pagan mountebank".

But now things were going from bad to worse. Yes, tomorrow there must be a clear understanding on Edith's part or — Coates and Wilson would have a case of legal separation. He could not go on with this and risk his eternal salvation with an un-Christian wife. He would request the ecclesiastical authorities for permission to settle the whole matter in a civil court.

A brooding, sullen Jack Brice sat for an hour at a quiet table in the soothingly lighted dining-room of the Hotel Winthrop. He ate little, for he was too weary, too sick to eat even the tempting dishes ordered by him. The soft music of the string orchestra seemed to intensify his suffering, and make him

more miserable. He had not noticed a group of women at a large table further down the beautiful dining-room. Had he known that Edith was there with Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann and the latter's coterie of assistants, there would have been a scene. Jack was quick-tempered and, in his present condition, the sight would have thrown him into an uncontrollable passion. Fortunately he did not see them. Edith and Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann had not seen him or had given no sign of knowing that he was there.

TWO hours later, after walking the streets in restless nervousness, he returned home. More than once he was tempted to spend the night at a hotel; to send Edith a note to tell her that he would stand her neglect of duty no longer; that she could choose between Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann and him; make her choice of leading the life God intended a young married woman to lead or expect a notice that he was seeking a separation. There could be no absolute divorce with the right to remarry. His religious instruction told him that, and he knew, independently of the teaching of the Catholic Church, that the natural law itself forbids remarriage while both of the contracting parties are still living. He was trained in civil law, but he knew from his course in ethics that divorce, with the right to remarry, is against the natural law; for it is contrary to the very object of marriage as instituted by the Creator. Divorce with the right to remarry militates against the procreation and proper education of children, and against the mutual help and love of the married couple. No civil law could make moral what was immoral by the natural law. Separation was all that he could ask, unless he would stifle conscience and cast aside both natural law and God's revealed command contained in the Holy Scripture and interpreted by His Church. He would not lose his soul for any woman. He had put from his mind the thought of sending Edith a note. He would not be so cruel as to let her spend the night alone in the house. Again, Edith was quick-tempered, too, and her wounded pride, aided by Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann's ever ready advice, would make any hope of reconciliation impossible.

He decided to say nothing tonight in his present angry mood. He would sleep over the whole matter, allow his brain to cool and his feelings to subside. In the morning he would be calmer, have more poise and self-control and be able calmly to show Edith the actual state of their married life, and then put the question of a separation before her, not in any burst of anger, but after explaining the Catholic Church's teaching on marriage and the duties of both husband and wife. He would ask her seriously to think over the whole matter and to recall the prayer of the Church, when her marriage-ring had been blessed and he had put it upon her finger. He could even now recall the words:

"BLESS, O Lord, this ring which we bless in Thy Name, that she who is to wear it, keeping true faith unto her husband, may abide in Thy peace and obedience to Thy will and ever live in mutual love. Through Christ our Lord."

He found himself back at his own house. A light was burning in the hallway, another in the front bedroom upstairs. Edith was at home. Now he must hold his temper, keep his resolution to say nothing until the morning. As he entered the hallway, he heard the light snap off upstairs and Edith appeared on the stairs dressed for out-of-doors and carrying his traveling bag.

Was she going out at this time of

the night, ten o'clock, for some new talk-gathering of Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann? He would say nothing. He would let Edith have her full fling at this recreational idea — then tomorrow morning would come the full accounting. Now he would go quietly to bed and rest.

"Oh, I am glad you came in. I was just going to leave you a note, though I do wish that, when you tear up notes, you would put the fragments into the wastebasket and not fling them over the dining-room table. You might be thoughtful of others sometimes."

He would say nothing. Moodily he glanced at her and felt as if this attractive, vivacious, young woman was tonight a stranger to him. Tomorrow morning, maybe, they would come to an understanding. Let her have her way tonight. He walked toward the dining-room.

"I wished to tell you that Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann and I are going to New York, Philadelphia and eastern cities to study recreational centres. The committee pays our way and we are leaving on the midnight train. I shall be away about two weeks. I suppose you can make out without me."

"Make out without you? Yes, that is just about what I had concluded to tell you in a little note, too, but I thought it would be brutal. So you will be away about two weeks?"

A BROODING, SULLEN JACK BRICE SAT FOR AN HOUR AT A QUIET TABLE

It was the way he said it that frightened her. Something snapped in him; the pent-up anger of the past two months, the hatred of this Montgomery-Holzmann woman who had changed Edith and ruined his married life suddenly flared up. It was not an outburst of anger that frightened her, that caused her own proud nature to assert itself. She did not know this new man who stood looking at her with a look of scorn. It was not the patient Jack she had known so well; it was a face calm like Jack's, but the eyes held a deadly penetrating look, a withering contempt of her. She bristled with anger before those eyes.

"I said I shall be gone from you for two weeks."

"And I say you have long been gone from me," came that chill voice, filled with accents of deepest sorrow and yet with a biting, rasping contempt. "Ever since you came under the influence of that woman, Montgomery-Holzmann, you have been gone from me. When I stood at the altar with you, we made a sacred pact to be kept by both of us until death. The priest read to you and to me the 'Instruction before Marriage'. That instruction told you and me that our union was most sacred and most serious, because it was to bind you and me together in a relationship so close and so intimate that it would influence our whole future. We did not know what that future held in

store for us. It was a beautiful tribute to our undoubted faith in each other that, recognizing the full import of our promises, we were nevertheless, so willing and ready to pronounce them. But there was one thing in the instruction that hit me hard and still clings to me. It was those words: 'It is most fitting that you rest the security of your wedded life upon the great principle of self-sacrifice'."

"Have you finished your sermon? If so, I will go along to the train. The taxi will be here in a minute."

"Yes, my sermon, as you call it, is finished. We were told that day that if true love and the unselfish spirit of perfect sacrifice should guide our every action we could expect the greatest measure of earthly happiness."

He saw her smile, a withering, proud smile, and he stopped. His voice changed, it was now like rasping metal that causes the nerves to quiver.

"Edith, you need not limit your trip to two weeks. Either you and I fulfil together our marriage promises and together try to serve God and save our souls by mutual self-sacrifice or — or you need never come back to me. This Montgomery-Holzmann woman has changed you and now she must go from your life. Yes, I love you, but I don't love you enough to go to hell for you."

She had not answered him; had merely swept past him; had slammed the front door so violently that the glass quivered and cracked. Two weeks away? No, he knew that, under Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann's sympathy and advice, she was gone from him forever.

* * *

EDITH Brice sat on a bench overlooking the Hudson River. The towering mountains rising from the opposite bank stood out bleak and bare under an overcast April sky. She was bitterly unhappy. Her long talk on the train with Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann had steeled her heart; she would never return to Jack Brice. However, the decision had been a hard one. Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann had soothed her and had promised that she would give her the secretaryship of the local group for advancement of recreational centres. The salary would be sufficient to bring her "economical independence" until, as Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann had whispered, "we make that unappreciative husband pay alimony."

IT had been a long ride and one severe on taut nerves. Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann had talked almost incessantly about her own personality, the greatness of her life-work, on "the new woman and her visions". She had cheerfully suggested many activities for "new freedom". But above all she told her over and over again that her great work now would be to love children as she, herself, loved them, to study their open minds, to guide them amid the "rapid disintegration of the day" and to note the "psychological tendencies" of the age in which they lived.

Edith had scarcely listened to the continued flow of words, for her brain was in a turmoil. She had loved Jack, but yet wasn't he really narrow-minded in comparison to Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann who, though a Catholic, followed the "new thought of the day" and seemed so "liberal in her social ethics"? Jack was clear-minded, keenly so, and logical. She knew that well. He scoffed at Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann's Catholicity; had termed her an "ignorant, big noise" who knew nothing of ethics and less of the catechism and who ranted on social ethics without knowing the meaning of the terms she used, or that the principles of ethics must be built on natural law; that moral conduct is not based

on mere convention but on the laws of the Creator. Was he right in saying that Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann was no more a Catholic than is a "pagan Hottentot"? Edith had felt completely bewildered after her long ride and talk with her companion.

After two days in New York she was gloomy and introspective. Had her married life brought the happiness that should have come to her? "Self-sacrifice", that was the term Jack had used in their last interview. "Happiness is based on self-sacrifice". The thought was ever recurring now and had caused her, this afternoon, to feel miserable. She had snatched at the pretext of running out from New York to see Sister Clare, a girl friend who was teaching at an academy on the banks of the Hudson. Sister was in class and would not be free for an hour; so Edith strolled down to the high promontory, overlooking the beautiful river. She had not noticed three children playing nearby on the school lawn, with a man of refined and cultured manner. He was evidently the father of the children and a visitor to the school.

SUDDENLY one of the youngsters ran toward the bank and stood near the bench, timidly looking at Edith in a friendly way.

"That's Daddy and he came to see us and he gave me fifty cents all for myself. I love Daddy, so does Margaret and Mary."

"And what is your name?" Edith asked, now aroused from her moodiness.

"I'm Catherine and I'm six, and Margaret is eight and Mary is ten. We all go to school here and Daddy lives in New York. Now I've told you my name, what is yours?"

"My name is Edith. Don't you think it a pretty name? I was called after St. Edith."

She was a sweet, attractive child. How true Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann's words now seemed, that there was a great field for activity open in the social uplift of children! The other two little girls were equally attractive in their neat school-uniform. Yes, it would be a pleasure to work for the education of children, if all were as sweet as these three little ones.

THE father of the children drew near as he saw a spirit of friendship so quickly growing between his little Catherine and the strange, young lady.

"Oh, Daddy, do you know St. Edith? She's my new friend."

The gentleman greeted Edith courteously.

"This is a lovely view, and a charming school. I feel my little ones are so safe here with the Sisters, who have been as mothers to them. I suppose you are familiar both with the view and the school."

"No, I am a stranger from the West; this is my first visit to the Hudson and its charms. I am in New York in connection with recreational work with one of our well-known woman-leaders in our home-city. You may have heard of her — Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann, a great lover of children and one who untiringly gives herself to their welfare."

Edith had not noticed the change of expression that came over the face of the father of the three little ones, but his words startled her.

"A lover of children!" he exclaimed bitterly, but in a low voice. "She is a selfish, vain, worldly woman — a cruel, heartless mother who deserted her own Heaven-sent babes that she might shine in the limelight of cheap publicity."

"What are you saying? Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann is ——"

"Is my wife and the mother of these three children, whom she deserted and whom the Court gave to me,

because she was not fit to have such sweet and innocent souls under her care. You say you are a friend of Mrs. Montgomery-Holzmann. Then tell her from me that I forgive her for wrecking my life and those of these three young ones. Marriage is sacred and is founded on self-sacrifice, and she does not know the meaning of the word."

He was gone and the children with him. It was later that Sister Clare reluctantly told her the story of the Montgomery-Holzmanns: how that vain, selfish woman had neglected her home and family and how a separation had been granted and she had gone out West and opened a palatial home on the money allowed her by her husband.

In Edith's astonishment the very sky seemed to fall upon her. She found herself telling the story of her own married life to Sister Clare and of her quarrel with Jack and all that it meant.

"Come, dear, up to the chapel and tell Him who waits there — your real Comforter. Then send a brave telegram to your husband and tell him you are coming home to him immediately."

"Coming home? Yes, I will tell him I am coming home and just to be as he wants me, and that 'pagan Hottentot' is out of my life once and for all. Sister Clare pray hard for me to understand that marriage is sacred and is founded on self-sacrifice."

Achievement

C. A. Burns, S.J.

"Tap-tap" sounds the hammer,
And "buzz" goes the saw,
As Joseph, the Just Man,
Fulfils the whole law.

Proud Rome's to the north,
With her head in the sky,
But God weighs her worth,
And He passes her by.

And cold, classic Greece
With her cultural stare,
God heeds her no more
Then the ambient air.

But this lowly man,
Toiling hidden from sight,
Is a shaft of pure praise
Rising white in the night.

"Tap-tap" sounds the hammer,
And "buzz" goes the saw,
As Joseph, the Just Man,
Fulfils the whole law.

Father Doran's Travels

FRANCIS E. BOWEN, S.J.

EAST meets West near the equator at Singapore; for this city is large and modern in its buildings and streets and, if you were approaching it by water, you would think you were about to visit one of our American cities. In passing through its streets, however, you would be viewing an endless procession of Orientals. The Chinaman trots along, drawing the jinrikisha. From nearby Borneo and Java and Sumatra yellow traders have come to buy and sell. In the crowds are seen the black sons of Mother India and the tawny Malay. Some of the Indians wear turbans and long, white gowns. Others are bareheaded, the hair shaved as far as the crown and the remaining hair growing long and hanging down their backs.

THE mingling of all these peoples with the chattering of different tongues and laughter, the yellow and black faces, the light-colored clothes, the shining dark arms and shoulders of the toiling Indians, the jinrikisha noiselessly moving through the noisy streets — all of this in the blazing sunlight of the equator makes a brilliant pageant.

"What a seething throng we saw in Singapore, Father!" said Mr. Cornell to Father Doran, as they sat on the steamer deck.

The night was starry and, as the boat made its way along the Malakka Strait, the hills on the shore passed by like a caravan in the dark.

"Did you notice, Mr. Cornell, how courteous all of those Orientals were, with whom we came in contact, and how graciously they treated us?" Father Doran remarked. "I often think of all the good there is in mankind. Although there is ignorance in the world, much misunderstanding and passion, still there is not much malice. Small wonder that the Son of God, enamored of mankind, assumed human nature and liked to call Himself the Son of Man. The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us in order that all men might become the sons of God.

"And what means did He take to make men the sons of God, Father?" asked Mr. Cornell.

"He died for man to make reparation for the sin of our first parents, to reopen Heaven to us and to store up sanctifying grace for us, which, when infused into our souls, raises us from the ranks of mere creatures to the dignity of the sonship of God," the priest replied.

"Your doctrine is sublime, I admit, Father. But did not Christ institute some practical means whereby man might know how to become a son of God?" urged Mr. Cornell.

"Yes, He instituted a Church which is holy," Father Doran answered.

"But that word 'holy' is rather vague to me," said the young man.

"WHEN I say that the Church is holy," Father Doran explained, "I mean that the teaching and ruling power of the Church, as well as its doctrines, Sacrifice, Sacraments and counsels are dedicated to God and suitable for causing sanctity in man and his actions. That man might attain this sanctity Christ instituted one Church. In this Church Christ intended certain aspects of holiness to be so conspicuous that by seeing them any man might recognize the Church, which produces them, as the true Church."

"I am anxious to hear you prove your last statement, Father," said Mr. Cornell.

"In the first place, the perfecting of the saints is expressly mentioned in Holy Scripture as part of the Church's mission," the priest began. "Hence, since Christ has promised His perpetual Divine assistance to the Church, there will always be in that Church many members who in their lives are conspicuous for eminent holiness. Secondly, Christ gave to His Church the gift of miracles, by which its holiness is Divinely approved. 'He that believeth in Me, the works that I do he also shall do; and greater than these he shall do', are His words. I assert, therefore, on the testimony of Christ Himself that He intended that there should be external manifestations of the holiness of His Church, easily visible to those seeking to find that Church. These manifestations are the eminent holiness of many of its members and the gift of miracles."

"BUT is there not truth and holiness in the teachings of Protestantism?" Mr. Cornell inquired.

"Whatever truth the Protestant denominations teach, Mr. Cornell, that truth they have borrowed from the Catholic Church, which alone has kept all the teachings of Christ," Father Doran asserted. "On the other hand, Protestantism admits divorce which is expressly against the teaching of Christ and is one of the greatest evils in the world today; it preaches faith without good works at one time and at another good works without faith; its scandalous dissensions on the Divinity of Christ and other fundamental doctrines are leading millions into agnosticism. Penances, vows, the Sacraments, the practice of the evangelical counsels, are all lightly rejected as if they did not pertain to the teachings of Christ. Hence, in no sect can the constant and heroic sanctity, apparent in many members of the Catholic Church, appear. Lastly, miracles are conspicuously absent for the simple reason that God cannot place His seal on what is false."

"THEN how does eminent holiness manifest itself in some members of the Church?" asked Mr. Cornell.

"In every century we find in the Catholic Church Saints who in their lives of continuous prayer and penance were notable for heroic sanctity. In the last century there were three hundred beatifications and seventy-eight canonizations of such holy people. Through the intercession of each one of these Saints God has worked remarkable miracles and has thus attested the great holiness of their lives and the holiness of the Church which produced them.

"Consider all the ancient Religious Orders still flourishing. Add to these the Religious Congregations of which one hundred and seventy-six were founded in the nineteenth century. Think of the constant and heroic sanctity of many of our lay people. To this I am witness. By the union of all these people with the Catholic Church, by their faith in its teachings, by their observance of its laws and precepts, they have attained an extraordinary degree of holiness.

"In the Catholic Church alone, then, is found the heroic sanctity which Christ intended there should be in the Church He founded. In this Church have been constantly found the miracles, which Christ promised there would be in His Church. Hence, if any one desires to join the true Church, he may easily find it by observing these visible marks of holiness which Christ promised. The true Church every man must join, if he would save his soul. In the Catholic Church alone are found these visible marks of the true Church; in this Church alone can man serve God as he should; in this Church he can find true peace of soul here and salvation hereafter."

Interests of the Sacred Heart

The Novena of Grace

The chief event in March is the Novena in honor of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of the Apostleship of Prayer, held from March 4 to March 12. On account of the numerous and striking favors granted through the intercession of the Saint, implored at this time, the Novena is known as "the Novena of Grace". Many of our Associates belong to Local Centres at which public services are held. In some Jesuit churches as many as twelve services are held daily during the Novena. All, however, of our Associates can join by making the Novena privately. The members of their families might unite in the daily recitation of the prayers. Leaflets can be obtained from the National Office, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y., at the rate of ten cents per dozen; forty cents per hundred.

Novena exercises in honor of St. Francis Xavier were held from the time of his canonization in 1622, but "the Novena of Grace", strictly speaking, came into existence late in the seventeenth century. It had its origin as the result of a miraculous cure of Father Marcellus Mastrilli, a Jesuit Father, who had been seriously injured in 1633. Whilst supervising the removal of some altar decorations, he was struck on the right temple by a heavy hammer, which slipped from a workman's hand and fell some distance. Father Mastrilli recovered consciousness only to find that he was paralyzed in the left arm and was unable to open his mouth. His condition grew worse until, given up by the physicians, he promised to devote himself to the missions of the Indies, if God through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier, should restore his shattered health. The granting of this favor led to public Novenas in honor of St. Francis Xavier.

The Novena may be made at any time of the year, but it is customary to select the period from March 4 to March 12, the latter day being the anniversary of the canonization. Countless favors, spiritual and temporal, have been granted in response to the prayers of the faithful during the Novena, and we urge all our Associates to have recourse to our holy patron.

The following prayers are usually said during the Novena:

Prayer to St. Francis Xavier.
Used for the Novena from the beginning, and attributed to Father Mastrilli.

Most lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life and of thy glory after death, fills me with joy; and I unite with thee in offering to Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession, the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain the favor I ask in this Novena (make some petition). But if what I ask is not for the glory of God, or for the good of my soul, do thou obtain for me what is most conducive for both. Amen.

V. Pray for us, St. Francis Xavier.

R. That we may be worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let Us Pray.

O God, who didst vouchsafe by the preaching and miracles of St. Francis Xavier, to join unto Thy Church the nations of the Indies, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who reverence his glorious merits, may also imitate his example, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The Saint's Prayer for Unbelievers.

Eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that the souls of unbelievers have been created by Thee, and formed to Thy own image and likeness. Behold, O Lord, how to Thy dishonor hell is being filled with these very souls. Remember that Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, for their salvation suffered a most cruel death. Do not permit, O Lord, I beseech Thee, that Thy Divine Son be any longer despised by unbelievers, but rather, being appeased by the prayers of Thy Saints and of the Church, the most holy Spouse of Thy Son, vouchsafe to be mindful of Thy mercy; and, forgetting their idolatry and unbelief, bring them to know Him, whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who is our health, life and resurrection, through whom we have been redeemed and saved, to whom be all glory forever. Amen.

Let Us Pray.

O Lord Jesus Christ, love of my heart, by Thy holy Cross and by the Five Wounds which Thy love has inflicted on Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious Blood. Amen.

On March 23, 1904, Pope Pius X granted to all who would make this Novena either publicly or privately the following Indulgences, which may be gained twice during the year:

1. 300 days on each day of the Novena, provided they recite piously and with contrite heart the above prayer attributed to Father Mastrilli or, if they have not the prayer, five times "Our Father", "Hail Mary" and "Glory be to the Father, etc."

2. A Plenary Indulgence, if within eight days after concluding the Novena they confess, receive Communion and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

The Beatification of Venerable Claude de la Colombière

Early in the year announcement was made from the National Office of the Apostleship of Prayer that on January 29 the Congregation of Rites at Rome was to hold a "Preparatory" Congregation on the three miracles, said to have been wrought through the intercession of the Venerable Father Claude de la Colombière, S.J., and presented with a view to his Beatification. Following a favorable decision, the "General" Congregation will be held shortly thereafter before the Holy Father and the Beatification will soon follow. The National Office issued an appeal to all the members of the League of the Sacred Heart to pray for the successful outcome of the meetings in Rome. The notice was sent out by the N.C.W.C. News Service and was widely printed in our Catholic weeklies.

Father Claude de la Colombière, S.J., was the spiritual director of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque at Paray-le-Monial, France, when our Lord revealed to her His desire to have the Feast of the Sacred Heart established. He was born in 1641. Having completed his studies in the Society of Jesus, he was ordained in 1669. After several years as teacher of rhetoric and preacher, he made his profession in February, 1675, and was named Superior of the Jesuit Resi-

dence at Paray. St. Margaret Mary records that, on his first visit to the monastery, she was informed by our Lord that this was the Father whom He had appointed to guide her.

In September, 1676, Father de la Colombière was sent to England as chaplain for the Duchess of York. There he was falsely accused, arrested and imprisoned. He returned to France an invalid in January, 1679, and died three years later on February 15, 1682. The cause of his Beatification was definitely introduced by the Sacred Congregation of Rites on January 8, 1880.

The Pope's Jubilee On December 20, 1929, the Holy Father will, please God, reach the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. This whole year is to be celebrated as a jubilee year and press dispatches in January announced the proclamation of a jubilee. At the present writing the conditions have not yet been published in the United States. To open the year the Holy Father said Mass on Thursday, December 20, in the Basilica of St. Peter. A large number of children from the Oratory of St. Peter, seven years of age, received their first Holy Communion at this Mass. It was an object-lesson showing to all how earnestly the Pope desires to have the Church's law of early Communion obeyed in every country. Children from all the schools in Rome were present at the Mass. Some of the first communicants were so small that they had to stand to receive Holy Communion. A jubilee year is usually made memorable by canonizations and beatifications. Americans will look forward with hope for the canonization of the martyrs of New York and Canada.

Jamaica Missions On January 6 the care of the Jesuit missions in Jamaica was taken over by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus, the Provincial of which resides at Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. The first Jesuits to go to Jamaica belonged to the English Province. These Fathers served the missions until 1893, when Jamaica was transferred to the Maryland-New York Province. When the latter was divided into two Provinces, the missions remained under the joint care of both. Henceforward they belong to the New England Province. Besides the missions attended from Kingston, there are seven residences from which the Fathers go out to various stations. From July, 1927, to July, 1928, there were 740 conversions.

The Next Eucharistic Congress The attention of the Catholic world is already drawn to the next Eucharistic Congress which will be held at Carthage, in the north of Africa, in 1930. The dates have not as yet been announced, but preparations are under way. At Carthage itself, which is a small place a few miles from Tunis, the only ceremonies to be held will occur on the last day and include the great procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Most of the conferences and religious ceremonies will be held in Tunis, which has a population of 180,000. Many of the visitors will retain their lodgings on the steamers that will bring them to La Goulette, the harbor of Tunis.

The Congress will coincide with the fifteenth centenary of the death of St. Augustine of Hippo, the great Doctor of the Church. In his honor the general theme of the conferences will be "St. Augustine and the Holy Eucharist."

Cardinal Cerretti, who served as Papal Legate in Sydney visited Washington and New York on his way back to Rome, and in an interview said that the outlook for next year at Carthage is most promising, as France is deeply interested in its success. "Eucharistic Congresses," he continued, "are of tremendous

importance to the Catholic Church. To pay honor in such public and great manifestations to the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, which is the centre of the vitality of the Church, must bring grace to many souls. And the discussion by representatives gathered from all parts of the world of various phases of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, affords occasion for widespread dissemination of knowledge concerning the Sacrament. International Eucharistic Congresses may be called missions to the public conducted on a grand scale."

Irish Censorship

The vast majority of the Irish people are resolved to protect themselves and their children from filthy literature and to effect this a bill for the censorship of publications has passed its second reading. An N.C.W.C. News Service letter from Dublin reported recently the vigorous words used by Bishop Fogarty of Killaloe in denouncing the opponents of the bill:

"Every honest man knows the foul stuff against which that bill is directed. Nevertheless we have papers like the 'Irish Times' in a scream about the bill, as if liberty were dead. There is no fear of decent liberty in Ireland except from the so-called advocates of liberty themselves. Nor is this country going to be intimidated by the pompous pretensions of a little clique of intellectuals in Dublin, whose heads are swelled by mutual admiration and who think we should all blush at the frown of such great Olympians as themselves. . . . Good law can do much in the way of preservation, but it cannot do all. An energetic public opinion, operating conscientiously and firmly with the law, is also necessary, if we or any other people are to be saved effectually from social defilement."

The Irish bill has met with adverse comment in the United States from the small class of people who are like those whom the Bishop denounces. Even reputable papers, that exercise a rigid censorship to keep indecency out of their columns, allow their editorial writers, correspondents and reviewers to advocate the license to disseminate wickedness. No man has the right to poison his neighbor either physically or spiritually.

Subscribers who have changed their addresses should send word immediately to The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Give both the old and the new address.

Important Notice

In recent years hundreds of letters addressed to us have failed to reach our office. Why? Because some people still persist in sending cash in ordinary letters and put temptation in the way of Postal clerks and carriers. Letters containing cash ought always to be registered and a return card demanded. As the theft of our mail injures our work seriously and causes disappointment to subscribers, we urge all our readers to follow instructions and make sure that their letters reach us.

League Activities

Promoters' Receptions.

SECRETARIES and Local Directors of the League of the Sacred Heart should be looking forward during the Lenten season to the Promoters' Receptions which are usually held during the month of the Sacred Heart. Every Local Centre should be constantly recruiting new Promoters. It is a sign of stagnation, when no opportunity is offered zealous members to become Promoters. Those who already enjoy this privilege should be on the lookout to enlist the services of young men and young women, many of whom are merely awaiting the invitation to become active workers for the interests of the Sacred Heart. The progress and the prosperity of our League depend on zealous Promoters.

NEW LEAGUE CENTRES.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	NEW LOCAL CENTRE.	DATE.
Amarillo	Amarillo, Tex	St. Anthony's Hospital	Dec. 12, 1928.
Brooklyn	Syosset, L. I., N. Y.	Our Lady of Mercy Academy	Dec. 21, 1928.
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Cajetan's Church	Dec. 12, 1928.
Chicago	Lombard, Ill.	Sacred Heart School	Dec. 28, 1928.
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	Our Lady of Lourdes' Church	Dec. 12, 1928.
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	Benedictine High School	Dec. 18, 1928.
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	St. Mary's Institute	Dec. 18, 1928.
Cleveland	South Euclid, O.	Notre Dame College	Dec. 12, 1928.
Galveston	Austin, Tex.	Our Lady of Guadalupe's Church	Dec. 18, 1928.
Lafayette	Maurice, La.	St. Alphonsus' "	Dec. 18, 1928.
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis.	St. Veronica's "	Dec. 12, 1928.
Omaha	Omaha, Nebr.	Notre Dame Academy	Dec. 18, 1928.
Rochester	Geneva, N. Y.	St. Stephen's Church	Dec. 18, 1928.
Rochester	Rochester, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception "	Dec. 12, 1928.
St. Louis	Neier, Mo.	St. Joseph's "	Dec. 18, 1928.
San Francisco	San Jose, Cal.	Bellarmine College Preparatory School	Dec. 12, 1928.
Trenton	Trenton, N. J.	Holy Angels' Church	Dec. 4, 1928.
Winona	Dundee, Minn.	St. Mary's "	Dec. 18, 1928.

Total Number of New Centres, 18; Churches, 10; Academies, 2; Schools, 4; Hospital, 1; Institute, 1.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	LOCAL CENTRE.	NO.
Boston	Chestnut Hill, Mass.	St. Lawrence's Church	30
Manila	Manila, P. I.	Ateneo de Manila	100
Providence	Providence, R. I.	St. Sebastian's Church	25

Total Number of Receptions, 3; Diplomas issued, 155.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

1. Acts of Charity	3,487,115	11. Masses heard	4,356,762
2. Beads	3,417,892	12. Mortifications	1,611,395
3. Way of the Cross	3,469,209	13. Works of Mercy	1,530,608
4. Holy Communion	4,270,130	14. Works of Zeal	2,850,113
5. Spiritual Communion	3,200,167	15. Prayers	5,501,769
6. Examen of Conscience	2,079,584	16. Kindly conversation	685,864
7. Hours of Labor	673,103	17. Suffering, Afflictions	3,729,147
8. Hours of Silence	694,867	18. Self-conquest	1,786,102
9. Pious reading	588,749	19. Visit to Blessed Sacrament	3,946,701
10. Masses read	7,415	20. Various good works	6,890,117

Total Good Works, 54,296,595.

Our Question Box

Why is the Circumcision of our Lord celebrated as a holyday of obligation?

Because on that day He received His Name and shed His Precious Blood for the first time. It was probably retained when the obligation was removed from other days, because it coincides with the New Year and that is observed as a civil holiday.

When was the Feast of the Circumcision first celebrated in the Church?

It is mentioned in a Council of Tours held in 567. In the early centuries of persecution only a few holydays were kept. Later on the Bishops prescribed holydays for their dioceses and the number greatly increased. In later centuries the obligation of hearing Mass has been limited to a small number of days. At present the law prescribes only six holydays in the United States, four less than the list in the Code of Canon Law.

When taking out a life-insurance policy, is one obliged to give one's correct age?

Certainly. As the correct age is one of the elements of the contract, there is an obligation to tell it.

When is the proper time to go to the altar-rail to receive Holy Communion?

When the bell rings as the priest says: "Domine, non sum dignus, etc.," before his Communion.

If a man thinks he is not bound to fast, must he mention his failure to do so in Confession?

The law exempts certain people from fasting. If a man belongs in any of these classes, he may take his three meals on fast-days. If he is doubtful, he should ask for a dispensation, or get a declaration from his parish priest or confessor that he is exempt. One who knows he is exempt is not obliged to mention the matter in Confession.

Is there any objection to using in the sanctuary or on the altars flowers that have been sent for a funeral?

None at all. It would seem a more pious way of using them than to allow them to decay in the cemetery. Nowadays Catholics prefer Masses to flowers.

Why must an offering be made, when a dispensation is granted?

No offering is made to pay for the dispensation. Reasonable people will understand that some provision must be made for the support of the chancery office and the officials who have to give their time to the consideration of cases in which people ask for exceptions from the ordinary law and procedure. That support is provided by asking an alms of those who request dispensation.

Is there any book that contains a list of all the different Orders of women in the United States and the work in which they are engaged?

The addresses of all convents in the United States are given in the "Official Catholic Directory", published each year by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 44 Barclay Street, New York. It does not explain the works done by the Religious. A book entitled, "Religious Orders of Women in the United States", was compiled some fifteen years ago by Mrs. Elinor Tong Dehey and published by W. B. Conkey Co., Hammond, Indiana. The compiler did

not succeed in getting information about all the Congregations. We do not know whether it is still on the market. "Convent Life" by Father Martin J. Scott, S.J., gives information about many of the Congregations.

Is one obliged to offer Sunday Mass for oneself or may one have other intentions?

The Church's law in regard to hearing Mass on Sundays says nothing at all about the intentions for which the Mass is offered up. The law is complied with, if one is present and attentive to the Mass. Hence one may offer it for as many intentions as one wishes.

Would it break the fast to smoke before receiving Holy Communion?

No. Ordinarily it would be recommended to abstain, but cases might arise in which a man who is accustomed to smoking would find it difficult to abstain, especially if he could not receive Holy Communion until a late hour on Sunday morning. To smoke is not a violation of the fast.

Are prayers said silently as pleasing to God as those said aloud?

They may be more pleasing. Even vocal prayers need not be said aloud. It is sufficient to form the words with the lips without uttering any sound. This pronunciation of the words, as we have frequently noted, is necessary when prayers are prescribed for the gaining of Indulgences.

Is there any benefit when saying the Rosary, if one uses a pair of beads not blessed?

Certainly. This question has been put by a person who does not distinguish between the merit of the prayers said and the Indulgences granted for using blessed beads, whilst saying these prayers. If the beads are not blessed, they serve simply as a convenience to count the "Our Fathers" and the "Hail Marys". One could use one's fingers instead. The prayers have their full merit before God and, combined with meditation on the mysteries, constitute the beautiful devotion of the Rosary. The use of beads that have been blessed and to which special Indulgences are attached adds to the merit of the devotion itself the benefit of the Indulgences granted by the Holy See for those who use such beads.

May the special Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart be said on the First Friday, if the devotions are held in the evening?

No. The privilege of saying a single Votive Mass on First Fridays when ordinary Votive Masses are not permitted is granted only to churches and oratories in which with the Bishop's approval peculiar exercises of devotion in honor of the Sacred Heart are held in the morning. It is allowed to add the Votive Mass to these morning devotions. Only one such Mass is allowed in each church.

Do Catholic parents commit a mortal sin, when they refuse to send their children to a Catholic school?

According to God's law, set down in the law of the Church, parents are bound under mortal sin to provide for the Catholic education of their children. The children are not allowed to go to non-Catholic or neutral or mixed schools. And no one but the Bishop of the diocese has the right to decide, when with due precautions such attendance may be tolerated. Parents who neglect their obligations may be guilty of mortal sin and, if they refuse to amend, a priest cannot give them absolution in Confession.

May a man who was killed instantly, after having neglected Mass and the Sacraments for years, receive Christian burial?

It is possible even for a sinner whom we regard as having been "killed instantly", to make an Act of Perfect Contrition and thus to gain the state of grace and save his soul. Hence the Church grants Christian burial to all who are not expressly excluded by law and even adds that these may not

be deprived of it, if they give some sign of repentance before death. In cases of death without the Sacraments, when people have neglected their Church duties, the priest makes inquiries about the person. If he doubts whether Christian burial can be granted, he refers the case to the Bishop.

What is the obligation of fast and abstinence of a convert living with her non-Catholic family?

In some cases, such families make no difficulty at all about providing food in accordance with the Church's law. Hence the law should be exactly obeyed. When difficulties arise, the convert should obtain an explanation from the parish-priest or confessor. Much will depend on the special circumstances of each case.

Where can one find the local regulations of a diocese on fasting and abstinence?

These regulations are read out in every church on the Sunday before Lent. They are also printed in the diocesan weekly newspapers, and in the parish bulletins. Every Catholic family in our parishes should take the diocesan weekly.

May a person who is ill, although not in danger of death, receive Holy Communion after breaking the fast?

Canon 858, §2 of the Code of Canon Law allows those who have been ill a month without certain hope that they will soon be well, to receive Holy Communion according to the prudent judgment of the confessor once or twice a week, even though they have previously taken some medicine or something in the form of drink.

Where may one obtain information about making a private vow of chastity?

Such a vow should not be made except after careful deliberation and the approval of one's confessor. If the confessor deems it prudent, he will explain how and when to make it. We know of no book treating of the subject.

Where can I get a book that will help me to answer the questions of my Protestant relatives?

A book entitled "The Question Box" is published by the Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y. It is made up of questions asked by Protestants at missions given by the Paulist Fathers and covers almost all the topics about which inquiries are made. Send 30 cents to the address given for a paper-covered copy. Bound copies cost 75 cents.

How can I convince my brother-in-law, a Protestant, that his wife is not allowed to join a lodge that is allied to the Masons?

We do not know how you can convince him, if he is unwilling to believe your assertion that the Catholic Church forbids all her members to join the Masons or any similar society. This prohibition includes the lodges of women that are allied to the men's societies.

Does a priest, who is to say a second Mass, take wine and water at the end at the first?

No. He receives the Precious Blood, of course, at the Communion of the first Mass, but to drink the wine and water would break his fast. He purifies the fingers that have touched the Sacred Host by washing them in the water and takes the wine and water at the end of the second Mass.

N.B. Before sending in questions, inquirers are requested to read over recent issues. Many questions are sent that have already been answered. It is impossible to answer all of the hundreds of questions received. Questions will not be answered by personal letter. All personal questions, especially about sins or marriage, should be submitted to some priest who can learn the details. Always sign your name and give your address. Write on a separate sheet of paper, apart from all other business and send the letter to "Our Question Box".

Thanksgivings

Total Number of Thanksgivings for the Month: 3,590,608.

Reunion

Union City, N. J.—"For a long time my wife and I had been slowly drifting apart. For the sake of our baby boy, and because I really loved my wife I tried to keep our home together. Finally, things came to such a pass that we separated, and for weeks I was very unhappy, because I could not effect a reconciliation. During this time I prayed fervently to all the Saints and to the Sacred Heart that my wife would come back to me, and again be the happy wife and mother she had been before our trouble. I promised the Sacred Heart I would send a public acknowledgment, if our trouble could be adjusted and the divorce averted which my wife was seeking. Thanks to His most gracious mercy in hearing my prayers! My wife and I are together again, and are happier than ever before in our lives; for there no longer hangs a cloud of misunderstanding over our heads."

Two Weeks Before Death

New York, N. Y.—"My daughter had been ailing for many months, and about two months before she died had been given up by the doctors. She had definitely left the Church, and it was my constant prayer, and the prayers of my friends, that the Sacred Heart would bring her back. It seemed hopeless, but I was confident that the prayers would be answered. A Badge of the Sacred Heart was pinned to her pillow, as a petition for Divine aid, and a miracle of grace was performed. She received the last Sacraments less than two weeks before her death. I am enclosing an offering for a Mass for the soul in Purgatory that needs it most."

Financial Help

Cincinnati, O.—"A few months ago we were very unfortunate and had considerable worry and grief. My husband lost his position which necessitated our moving our furniture to another city, and the company from which we purchased the furniture had a chattel mortgage on it. After we moved they brought suit against us and were fast gaining ground. They had notified the sheriff to take a lien on the furniture and advertise the same for sale. They were just about to strip us of everything, which would mean the breaking up of our home and placing of the children in an orphanage, when I implored the aid of the dear Sacred Heart and the Blessed Mother, to do something whereby we could raise the money and save our home for the sake of our little children. Unexpectedly a friend and relative came to our rescue with a great deal more money than we needed. We were successful in getting the judgment set aside, and settling with the furniture company. I promised I would send for a picture to consecrate the family to the Sacred Heart, and also publication of this favor."

A Criminal Helped

——, Cal.—"For many years I had led a very bad life, and was finally sent to prison for a number of years. After being there for a few weeks I began going to Mass, then to Confession and

Communion. From then on I never missed Mass, Confession and Communion, when it was possible for me to go. I made a promise of publication, if my time in prison would be shortened, or if I would be released before my time was up. I believed that with the help of the Sacred Heart and by saying many prayers this would be granted me, and it was."

Able to Confess

——, **Cal.**—"A woman whose husband was very cruel was in the county hospital in a serious condition. She had been half paralyzed for about fifteen years, and for about six years stayed away from the Sacraments, because her husband refused to let her go. As they were about to take her to the asylum for the insane, a priest was called but she remained in delirium. We pinned a Badge of the Sacred Heart on her, as a petition for Divine aid, and when the priest called again she had the use of her mind and made her Confession."

An Old Soldier

St. Benedict, La.—"For many years we had been praying for the conversion of my grandfather who had not received the Sacraments since before leaving for the Civil War sixty-seven years ago. Two years ago he became seriously ill, and as he had not yet returned to the Church I promised publication. Shortly afterwards I received the news that he had received and welcomed the priest, had gone to Confession and had received Holy Communion several times. Two weeks later he died."

At a Catholic School

Gueydan, La.—'I had been going to a Catholic boarding-school. This year my parents told me they could not let me go back. I prayed, and I am back."

GENERAL FAVORS

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others, the Badge or Promoter's Cross was used as a petition for Divine help; for others, the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

Africa.—Return to Sacraments, conduct improved.

Alabama. — Two recoveries, three successful operations, return to Sacraments, escape from hurricane, children preserved from plague, strength to return to school.

Arizona.—Recovery, two situations, peace of mind.

Arkansas. — Six recoveries, relief from pain, trip made possible, child spared, protection from storm, life spared.

Bermuda. — Situation, success with studies, loan secured, success in position.

British Guiana. — Recovery, no ill feelings, return to Sacraments.

British Honduras.—Recovery.

California. — Sixteen recoveries, five situations, three safe deliveries, two operations avoided, successful operation, help in illness, property sold, safe journey, ring received, baby spared, money obtained, reconciliation, cessation of storm, flat rented, articles found, stiffness lessened, sight retained, trouble settled, temperature reduced, relief from scruples, drinking stopped, help secured, happy marriage, house found, damages collected, arm correctly set, conversion, successful deal, out of debt, disagreeableness avoided, removal of evil influence, preservation from contagion, temper controlled, success in contests, Sacraments received.

Canada.—Four recoveries, four situations, successful examinations, operation avoided, safe journey, scholarship won, brother's return, repairs made, faith strengthened, comfortable home, promotion, better work, successful undertaking.

Colorado.—Five recoveries, two situations, two safe deliveries, successful operation, operation avoided, healthy baby, crops saved, frequent Communion, chickens saved, position regained, scalp not injured, games won, car started, successful journey, on time for school, home sold, steady employment, life spared.

Connecticut.—Six recoveries, six situations, two successful operations, safe delivery, operation avoided, success with baking, amputation avoided, difficulties ended, temptation resisted, patience in trial, bill paid, steady work, preservation from illness, work out on time, financial aid, return to Sacraments.

District of Columbia.—No ill consequences, reputation not lost, publicity avoided, able to continue college course.

Florida.—Seven recoveries, safe delivery, position restored, relief from pain, finances improved, trouble averted.

Georgia.—Successful operation, settlement out of court.

Idaho.—Four recoveries, news from parents, money received, married before priest, financial aid, farm sold, satisfactory settlement, peace in family, success of play.

Illinois.—Forty-two recoveries, nine situations, five successful operations, four safe deliveries, three operations avoided, successful examinations, help with lessons, saved from embarrassment, disgrace averted, preservation from illness, safe return, Catholic husband, relief from worry, house rented, arm set, protection, radio not damaged, cause of trouble located, no rain, wheat sowed, saved from injury, return to Sacraments, intemperance overcome, fingers saved, daily Mass and Communion, hearing restored, amputation avoided, money not lost, article found, health improved, flat rented, friendship renewed, store rented, nervousness overcome, letter received, difficulty settled, mind restored, relief from scruples, saved from fire, accident avoided, not sued, friends made, favorable diagnosis.

Indiana.—Seven recoveries, situation, safe delivery, relief from pain, perfect baby, purse found, use of arm, able to walk, enjoyable time, friendship gained, grades passed.

Iowa.—Sixteen recoveries, six situations, six successful operations, four operations avoided, three safe deliveries, two successful examinations, no serious injuries, hand saved, life spared, protection in danger, sight improved, good sale, conduct improved, letter received, no loss in business, help secured, preservation from illness, corn sold, happy death, new home, no serious results, reconciliation, tooth extracted, domestic happiness, financial help, houses rented, brother-in-law's return, help with car, favorable diagnosis, night's sleep, home for baby, insurance paid, courage, cessation of hail, lessons learned.

Kansas.—Ten recoveries, four successful examinations, two safe deliveries, situation, Catholic friendship, deal closed, preservation from illness, health improved, safe return, hogs saved, relief from temptations, ring found, successful recital, temptation overcome, reconciliation, car protected, expense saved, trouble averted.

Kentucky.—Four recoveries, four operations avoided, three situations, three successful operations, two safe deliveries, salary increased, promotion, saved from disgrace, place sold, cows saved, a daughter, preservation from disease, home not broken up, happiness in family, protection from fire, letter received, positions held, sight saved, return to Sacraments.

Louisiana.—Four recoveries, four successful operations, three safe deliveries, situation, successful examinations, article found, perfect baby, relief from nervousness, game won, safe return, not injured, rooms rented, free to follow vocation, error adjusted.

Maine.—Recovery, safe delivery,

money replaced, job saved, a start in business, home kept together, happy death, home rented, preservation from illness, financial difficulties removed.

Maryland.—Five recoveries, not expelled, teeth saved, relief from pain, conversion, intemperance overcome, illness no worse.

Massachusetts. — Twenty recoveries, eight situations, four successful operations, four operations avoided, three safe deliveries, two successful examinations, not injured, ability to handle position, preservation from contagion, able to pray, no ill results, return to Sacraments, out of danger, financial aid, happy death, relief from suffering, scandal averted, work near home, happy vacation for family, health, injury not serious, peace in family, permanent appointment, friendship renewed, happy marriage, steady work, sister's return, protection from accident, loan secured, disappearance of blemish, property sold, apartment rented, success in work, healthy baby, correct diagnosis, able to work, accepted in normal school.

Mexico.—Business improved.

Michigan. — Fifteen recoveries, five situations, two safe deliveries, two operations avoided, two successful examinations, article found, doctor obtained, money refunded, promotion, favorable diagnosis, safe return, use of arm, good crops, friendship not broken, no serious illness, financial aid, success in business, pain lessened, return to Sacraments after thirty years, peace between relatives, friendship renewed, particle removed from eye, reinstated in position, success of play, tooth extracted, help in affliction.

Minnesota.—Sixteen recoveries, nine successful examinations, seven situations, three successful operations, three safe deliveries, protection from storms, position held, health improved, business sold, safe return, school secured, no serious developments, entered nursing profession, cow saved, return to Sacraments, fire extinguished, hemorrhages stopped, ulcer healed, disgrace averted, peace restored, preservation from illness, lawsuit won, happy marriage, horse saved, favorable settlement, prize won, release from confinement, sleep procured, favorable X-ray, reconciliation, release from debt, help with work, trouble averted, position not lost, not sued, peace of conscience, loan secured.

Mississippi. — Recovery, return to Sacraments, safe delivery, case not tried, trouble averted.

Missouri. — Eleven recoveries, three situations, two operations avoided, safe delivery, preservation from illness, successful undertakings, safe return, relief from scruples, cough relieved, saved from accident, home sold, habit overcome, reconciliation, arrival of parents before death, fears groundless, news from relatives, attendance at Mass, articles obtained, financial aid, Confession, convulsions stopped, no infection, not laid off.

Montana. — Three recoveries, two successful examinations, fears groundless, doctor not necessary, taxes paid, saved from fire, safe trip, finger saved, conduct improved, cause of trouble removed, pin found, temptations overcome.

Nebraska. — Eight recoveries, four situations, two safe deliveries, successful operation, successful examinations, financial help, no serious injury, return to Sacraments, eye saved, watch found, intemperance overcome, reconciliation, crops saved, washing-machine obtained, tests passed, chickens saved, Sacraments received, steer saved.

New Hampshire.—Recovery, two situations.

New Jersey. — Nineteen recoveries, seven safe deliveries, six situations, two successful operations, operation avoided, successful examinations, undesirable friendship discontinued, injuries not serious, return to Sacraments, marriage rectified, perfect child, protection in storms, special assignment, house secured, teeth extracted, relief

from pain, saved from accident, cessation of rain, ability to follow vocation, infection avoided, scholarship procured, reconciliation, able to take examinations, no dentist required, house sold, permission to entertain friends, caught train, consciousness regained, money to pay bills, housekeeper obtained, favorable report, conduct improved, not expelled, lives saved, salary increased, position regained, disgrace avoided, desire for liquor overcome, license obtained, car returned.

New Mexico. — Two recoveries, two successful operations, situation, peace of mind, Confession, articles sold, preservation from contagion, disgrace avoided.

New York. — Thirty-six recoveries, twenty-three situations, eight successful examinations, eight safe deliveries, seven successful operations, two operations avoided, lawsuit settled, apartment rented, property leased, chance of advancement, sight preserved, financial improvement, conversion, disagreement settled, article found, flat rented, license obtained, trip avoided, salary increased, success in school, graduation, saved from embarrassment, anxiety relieved, wounds healed, relief obtained, child normal, protection during fire, separation avoided, growth removed, pleasant home, treatment helpful, coughing stopped, peace of mind, success in music, property sold, daughter's return, return to Sacraments after forty years, scandal avoided, saved from disgrace, reconciliation, intemperance overcome, satisfactory decorations, pride banished, consent to marriage, sight saved.

New Zealand. — Husband's safe return.

North Carolina.—Recovery, successful examinations, illness averted.

North Dakota. — Three recoveries, letter received, happy marriage, good crop, trouble and accident averted, good radio reception, rid of serious headaches, return to Sacraments, note cancelled, financial aid.

Ohio.—Fifteen recoveries, four situations, four operations avoided, four safe deliveries, three successful operations, successful examinations, preservation from illness, safe trip, return to Sacraments, swelling reduced, maid secured, peace in home, articles found, saved from disgrace, financial aid, not required to testify, no serious results, opportunity for children to attend instructions, learned to drive, turkeys saved, attendance at Catholic school, salary increased, Catholic marriage, rugs returned, success in studies, relief from worry, consolation, settlement received, good tenant, loan received, reasonable rent, saved from fire, hemorrhage averted, decision reached, favorable diagnosis, daughter's return, courage to go to Confession, motherhood, promotion, life saved, not discharged, contagion avoided.

Oklahoma. — Four recoveries, safe delivery, operation avoided, illness not serious, protection in storm, transaction legal, mind regained.

Oregon.—Four recoveries, two situations, letters returned, vocation decided, situation changed, favorable diagnosis.

Pennsylvania.—Twenty-seven recoveries, twelve situations, eight reconciliations, six safe deliveries, four successful operations, operation avoided, successful examinations, opportunity to receive Sacraments, safe journeys, life spared, able to walk, relief from pain, work changed, case withdrawn, cessation of storm, position regained, tests passed, happy marriage, husband's return, lawsuit averted, peace restored, favorable answer, successful party, extraction avoided, opportunity to attend college, removal avoided, article found, enjoyable evening, returned to Sacraments, peace of mind, relief from scruples, apartment rented, position held, steady work, acquaintance made, protection from harm, preservation from illness, success in business, foot helped, conversion.

Philippine Islands. — Two safe de-

liveries, peace and happiness in home, means to pay debt, perseverance in grace, sailing stopped, improvement of brother, safe trip, no fatal consequences, satisfactory settlement, teeth extracted without pain and serious consequences.

Rhode Island. — Three recoveries, successful operation, decision reached, satisfactory tenement, house sold, return to Sacraments, safe return, promotion, not expelled, safe trip, saved from drowning, matter dropped, business sold.

South Carolina. — Two recoveries, baby baptized, glasses returned.

South Dakota.—Recovery, operation avoided, successful examination, favorable diagnosis, illness averted, friends obtained, prayer-book found.

Straits Settlements. — Success in examination.

Tennessee.—Two recoveries, two operations avoided, successful operation, accident avoided, Confession, peace of mind, articles found.

Texas.—Five recoveries, three operations avoided, three successful operations, two safe deliveries, Catholic marriage, perfect baby, protection in storms, financial aid, trouble averted, help received, house rented, return to Sacraments, help in illness, expense saved, success in business, debts paid, trees grew, contagion not spread.

Vermont.—Four recoveries, two situations, two operations avoided, two safe deliveries, health, success, ability, normal baby.

Virginia. — Three recoveries, seven successful examinations, two situations, preservation from disease, home found.

Washington. — Six recoveries, two situations, successful operation, trouble averted, reconciliation, letter received, friendship formed, returned home, position retained, clothing found, book purchased, burn healed, property sold, escort obtained, means to carry out plans, no fatality, books balanced, relief from infection, work arranged, favorable settlement, mortgage paid, invitations received, cattle saved.

Wisconsin. — Fifteen recoveries, five successful operations, three situations, two safe deliveries, two successful examinations, operation avoided, protection in storm, good crops, money refunded, peace of mind, relief from pain, use of arm, financial help, accident not serious, disappearance of rash, happy marriage, fair weather, preservation from disease, son spared, saved from disgrace, conversion, rent obtained, letter received, foreclosure averted, pardon obtained, home-sickness overcome, trouble avoided, position saved, drain opened, help in studies, mind restored, flat rented, difficulties overcome, return from hospital, office obtained, articles found, mother spared, peace among girls, amputation avoided, successful outcome.

Wyoming.—Safe delivery.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters, Associates and readers, for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

All Thanksgivings must be sent to the Thanksgiving Department, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Write in a separate letter on one side of the paper stating the special favor received and give the name of the sender, the town and State. The names of senders will never be published, but if the names are not given no attention will be paid to the Thanksgiving. Thanksgivings contained in letters about other business will not be recorded. If no particular favor is mentioned, or expressions are used such as "a great favor," "a spiritual favor," "a temporal favor," "the granting of a wish," the Thanksgiving is included in the general Thanksgiving at the end. The work of preparing letters of Thanksgiving for publication is very burdensome; so we ask all to follow the rules. Promise of publication is fulfilled by sending the letter to our office. So many letters are now received that it is not possible to record them all.

Some Good Books

The Life and Letters of Walter Drum, S.J. By Joseph Gorayeb, S.J. The America Press, 461 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. $3.00.

Father Walter Drum, S.J., the subject of this biography, was Professor of Sacred Scripture at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, from September, 1908, until his death, December 10, 1921. In addition to his work in the lecture-room he spent all the time he could spare in writing, preaching, giving retreats and correspondence with those who put themselves under his spiritual direction. He was an untiring worker for God, a faithful Religious in his community life, an ardent lover of the Sacred Heart, filled especially with a priestly appreciation of Holy Mass.

As the son of a Captain in the U. S. Army, Father Drum's boyhood was spent in many places. The frequent change of schools, was not conducive to the laying of a thorough foundation in the classics. He had marked ability, however, and was graduated from Boston College in June, 1890, and on the following September 7, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, Md. The biography tells of his training in asceticism and studies, his work as a teacher for five years, stressing especially his success as a dramatic coach and a director of altar-boys.

After the completion of his theological studies and the third year of probation, during which he was permitted to vow the perpetual observance of the Jesuit rules, Father Drum was sent to Europe to devote himself to the study of Semitic languages and Sacred Scripture. One year was spent at Beirut and a second at Innsbruck, Austria. During the first year he had the chance to visit Egypt around Christmas, to spend Holy Week in Jerusalem, the following month in Palestine and several weeks in July, traveling in Northern Syria. On his journey to Beirut, during these trips and on his way to Innsbruck, he kept a diary which was afterwards amplified and sent to his family. It has been used to furnish some interesting chapters. The years at Woodstock are illustrated from the notes of preparation for lectures, sermons and retreats and from the comments of those who lived with him or came within the sphere of his influence. The few letters that are quoted make one doubt as to the aptness of the book's title.

The chief attraction of the biography will, no doubt, be felt by those who knew Father Drum personally. Others, however, will be interested in this record of a busy life spent by one who had early grasped the seriousness of his Jesuit vocation. Some will deem that the biographer has exaggerated Father Drum's attainments and traced too lightly or tried to explain away the oddities and affectations that were characteristic. If a second edition is called for, some blemishes that have crept into the printing should be corrected.

A Short Life of St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus. By Father Antonio Astrain, S.J. Translated by Father Robert Hull, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. 85 cents.

During the year, 1921, occurred the fourth centenary of the conversion of the soldier, to whom the Church owes

the Society of Jesus. As a tribute to the Saint, Father Antonio Astrain, S.J., known throughout the world as the historian of the Society in the Spanish Assistancy, published in Spanish the brief sketch which we have now in English. Its chief value lies, we believe, in the last fifty pages in which the writer reviews the sixteen years that passed from the Papal approval of the Society in 1540 to the death of its founder. He shows in particular the Saint's contribution to the spiritual reform of the Church. The teaching of catechism, preaching and the frequentation of the Sacraments were the means he employed; but the unique power of Ignatius is found in his "Spiritual Exercises" and in the consecration of his followers to the education of youth. The work of the Society on the foreign missions and against heretics is also explained and the exaggeration corrected that it was founded to combat Luther, though no one can fail to recognize how providential was its establishment, when the faith of Catholics was so imperilled. This book should be read by all who are interested in the Society of Jesus.

A Week of Communions. An Aid to Frequent Communicants. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. 65 cents.

Any book by Father Rickaby deserves careful attention. This little collection of seven considerations on various aspects of Holy Communion will well repay reading. The titles of the seven chapters are: Communion of Perseverance in Grace, Communion of Apostleship of Prayer, Communion of Incorporation in Christ, Communion of Reparation, Communion of Adoration, Communion of Thanksgiving and Communion of the Holy Souls. It will be readily perceived that these topics are fruitful of pious thoughts. Especially valuable for Associates of the Apostleship are the second and fourth chapters in which the ideas underlying our Apostleship and the devotion to the Sacred Heart are lucidly set forth. They will help Local Directors and teachers in our schools to promote frequent Communion.

The First Disciples of Saint Dominic. By the Very Rev. Victor F. O'Daniel, O.P. The Dominicana, 487 Michigan Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

The writer of this book of over five hundred pages is well known for his timely contributions to the history of the Church in the United States, portrayed in the biographies of distinguished Dominicans. Condemned to invalidism by a serious automobile accident which all but resulted in death, as soon as he could sit up, he began the adaptation into English of a French work on the early Dominicans. It was written by Father Anthony Touron, O.P., in the eighteenth century. The English adaptation contains some original sketches of men omitted by Father Touron. All whose lives are sketched belonged to the Order during the lifetime of the founder; two are canonized Saints and eleven have been beatified. The Saints are Peter Martyr (of Verona) and Hyacinth. Their biographies give an inspiring picture of the work they accomplished for the Church and besides setting admirable models before their confrères of today, were needed to furnish English readers with a record of the early history of the Order. We hope the Very Reverend author will soon be able to resume the publication of his researches in the American records of the Dominican Fathers.

A Dictionary of the Psalter. By Dom Matthew Britt, O.S.B. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. $4.50.

Those who wish to make a present to a priest could not select a more useful book than this new "Dictionary of the Psalter" . It ought also to be at the disposal of every community of

Religious. Day after day thousands and thousands of priests and Religious recite the Psalms. Every one who does so will find in this "Dictionary" a practical aid to understand better these hallowed prayers. It gives the various meanings of the 2,700 words that make up the vocabulary of the Psalms, hymns and canticles of Breviary Psalter. When we consider that the Latin (or Vulgate) version of the Psalms is St. Jerome's revision of the translation of the Greek version, we are not surprised at finding in it many obscurities. Dom Britt's book, prepared originally for the Benedictine novices, will help to clear up many of these difficulties. Every English-speaking cleric who is preparing to recite the Divine Office should go through the Psalms with this book at hand, so as to acquire as accurate a grasp as possible of their meaning.

With Saints and Sages. By Father Lasance. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. $4.75.

The purpose of this book of reflections and prayers in prose and verse is to furnish the pious reader with material for a short daily reading and consideration on spiritual subjects. Even a cursory examination reveals that it is well adapted for such daily use.

Our Priestly Life. By the Reverend Joseph Bruneau, S.S. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md.

Invited to contribute a series of papers to "The Homiletic Review", a monthly magazine for priests, Father Bruneau, a Sulpician professor in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, based his articles on the doctrine regarding the priestly life outlined by Father Olier, the founder of the Society of St. Sulpice. Thousands of the American clergy have been trained by these Fathers to lead lives of holiness and zeal in the ministry. Every priest and every seminarian will read with profit this exposition of the high ideals that should guide his life.

The Reign of Christ. The Immortal King of Ages. By Joseph Husslein, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. $2.15 postpaid.

Our Holy Father announced when he issued his Encyclical establishing the Feast of our Lord, Jesus Christ King, that he wished to bring home to men's minds the rights of Christ, the God Man, to complete dominion over all the human race. All power or authority has been given to Him as man and all in every relation of life are subject to his rule. Father Husslein bases his exposition of this doctrine on the Encyclical of Leo XIII on the consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart and the two recent Encyclicals of Pope Pius XI on Christ the King and on the reparation we owe to the Heart of Jesus. The text of these two Encyclicals is given in the Appendix. We recommend the book to all Catholics, but especially to the clergy who are called upon by the Pope to make known to the people what the Kingship of Christ really means. The connection between the devotions to our Lady and to St. Joseph and the Kingship is expounded in a new way.

The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y., has recently issued a number of timely pamphlets. "The Triumph of Failure: Governor Smith, the True Victor" is a reprint of an editorial by Father James M. Gillis, C.S.P., which appeared in the December, 1928, issue of "The Catholic World". A collection of twenty pamphlets suitable for Lent, treating on various phases of the Passion and Death of our Lord and containing beautiful Lenten prayers can be had for $1.00. Timely pamphlets can also be obtained from the America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York. "The Catholic Mind", is full of useful articles ($1.00 per year).

Obituary

The Rt. Rev. Michael J. Crane, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.
The Rev. George A. Connors, S.J., New York, N. Y.
†The Rev. Pliny F. Cooney, New Canaan, Conn.
The Rev. Richard A. Crean, Long Branch, N. J.
The Rev. J. S. Cuddy, Gaithersburg, Md.
The Rev. John H. Fasy, S.J., New York, N. Y.
†The Rt. Rev. John F. Fox, Trenton, N. J.
The Rev. W. S. Hogan, Valparaiso, Ind.
†The Rev. John E. McCann, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Rt. Rev. Bernard Moeller, Cincinnati, O.
The Rev. Edmund Ryan, S.J., Santa Clara, Cal.
The Rev. Aloysius Vrebosch, S.J., Tacoma, Wash.
‡The Rev. Henry Welch, S.J., Hollywood, Cal.
Thomas Brannen, S.J., Los Gatos, Cal.
Brother Anthony Poggel, Cincinnati, O.
Sr. M. Agnes, W. Hartford, Conn.
Mother Baptista of the Precious Blood, Alhambra, Cal.
Sr. Magdalen Sacred Heart Burns, Newark, N. J.
Sr. M. Cecilia, Manitowoc, Wis.
Sr. M. Delphine, Manitowoc, Wis.
Sr. M. Eudora, B. V. M., Waterloo, Ia.
Mother Germaine, Scranton, Pa.
Sr. M. Imelda, Cedarburg, Wis.
Sr. M. Juliana, O.S.F., New York, N. Y.
Sr. M. Thomasine Looby, Manchester, N. H.
Mother M. Immaculata McHugh, Enniskillen, Ireland
*Sr. M. Vincent Teresa McIntyre, Chicago, Ill.
Sr. M. Aquina Quinlivan, Rochester, N. Y.
Sr. M. Vincent Rowland, Denver, Colo.
Sr. M. St. Anthony, Manitowoc, Wis.

Arizona
McNally, Dr.

Connecticut
Canty, Michael
Casey, Mrs. T.
Dalton, Mrs. C.
Farrell, John
Fortier, Frederick
McNally, John F.
Mooney, Bridget E.
Mulligan, J.
Sullivan, John
Shaughnessy, E.
Sweeney, John

Georgia
Blackwell, Marie
Cook, Winifred
Dulohery, Mrs. M.
Goubeaud, Mrs. K.
McCarthy, Jeremiah F.
Reardon, Mrs. A.

Illinois
Berthold, Mrs. E.
Coleman, John S.
Dale, Mrs. M.
Desmond, Mrs. A.
Hines, Cathrine
Stevens, Mr.

Iowa
Dietz, Mrs. L.

Ireland
McLaughlin, George
Slater, Rachel

Kansas
Hagan, Mrs. A.

Kentucky
Erpenbeck, Charles
Kimmich, Otto
Oldendick, Frances
Pulsfort, Everett
Schawe, Mrs. F.
Scheller, Mrs. R.
Schmees, Mrs. G.
Schmidt, Helen
Schnurr, Peter
Schwegel, William
Sheehan, Mrs. E.
Tegenkamp, Mrs. A.
Votel, Mrs. M.

Louisiana
Glaeser, Mrs. H. L.
Haydel, Elyseé
Livaudais, D.
Montegut, Fernand
Prats, Mrs. C. M.
Verne, Mrs.
Wiltz, Mrs. S.
Wiltz, William

Maryland
Baker, Mrs. M. R.
Fisher, Mrs. S.
France, Mrs.
Herrman, Mrs. E.
Roerger, Mrs. M.
Schaefer, Mrs.
Schäfer, Marie
Zeiler, Mrs. C.

Massachusetts
Barry, Mary
Bauer, Lena
Buck, Mrs. P. C.
Carey, Edward
Clifford, Agatha
Conely, Clara F.
Conely, Nellie M.
Fink, Mrs. M.
Fletcher, Jennie
Foley, Ellen
Gallagher, Mrs. L.
McDonald, Kathryn G.
Mulligan, Francis J.
*Nugent, Mrs. K. T.
O'Neill, Catherine
Sidebottom, Sarah
Snyder, Mrs. R.

Michigan
Delaney, Margaret
King, Mr.

Minnesota
McGuire, Phillip
Thompson, George

Missouri
Ahrens, Anna
Ahrens, Mrs. B.
Crowley, Tienie
Ecker, Mary E.
Fecherty, Mrs. M.
Gudisivetz, Marie
Kunm, Edward
Kurtz, Mrs.
McCoy, Warren

Montana
Adams, Sam
Thibodeau, Jeanette
Walterskirchen, Mrs. T.

New Hampshire
Foley, Mrs. B.

New Jersey
Keegan, William
O'Leary, Anna
O'Leary, Mrs. A.
Waters, Mrs. A.
Weirsbach, Josephine

New York
Bossong, Mrs. M.
Burns, Mrs.
Ciocco, Philomena
Claar, Mrs. M.
Degnan, James
Dunseith, Patrick
Fagan, Mary E.
Fanning, John P.
Flynn, Annie
Ford, Mrs. A.
Geary, Mrs. M.
Havens, Mary E.
Havens, William A.
Hickey, Joseph
Jessup, Mrs. J. J.
Mulholland, Jennie C.
Murphy, Veronica
O'Donahue, Hugh
Traynor, Cecilia
Woods, Mary A.

Ohio
Angeres, Mrs. L.
Armacost, Mrs.
*Bellert, Katherine
Bentz, Mrs. B.
Blubaugh, Mrs. E. R.
Brennan, Mrs. C.
Curry, Mrs. T.
Frank, Teresa
*Measle, Rose
Pohlabeln, Katherine
Welsh, Edward

Oklahoma
Goetzle, Francis

Oregon
Gorham, Mrs. N.

Pennsylvania
Peters, Mrs. J.
Salker, Anna
Schenkel, Charles
Sullivan, Mary A.

* Promoter † Local Director ‡ Diocesan Director

Kind reader, pray for their souls and for the souls of all the faithful departed.

Calendar of Monthly Intentions

MARCH, 1929.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for the **rejection of Communism.**

The Calendar of Feasts and Patrons includes also the virtue to be practised each day by our Associates and the petitions for which our Associates desire the members of the League to pray. These petitions are sent to us each month by Secretaries of Local League Centres. Teachers in our schools will find the virtue marked for each day useful in the training of children.

DAYS.		FEASTS AND PATRONS.	VIRTUES.	PETITIONS.
1	F.	**First Friday.**—St. Albinus, Bp. C. **1st D.**	Charity.	3,590,608 for thanksgivings.
2	S.	St. Charles of Flanders, C.	Almsgiving.	3,609,842 for the afflicted.
3	S.	**3d in Lent.**—St. Cunegundes, V.	Detachment.	3,589,347 for the sick, infirm.
4	M.	St. Casimir, C. (Novena of Grace.)	Guard of chastity.	3,650,189 for dead Associates.
5	T.	St. Adrian, M.	Fortitude.	730,012 for Local Centres.
6	W.	SS. Perpetua and Felicity, MM.—St. Colette, V.	True reform.	693,197 for Directors.
7	Th.	St. Thomas Aquinas, C. D. **H.H.**	Understanding.	548,095 for Promoters.
8	F.	St. John of God, C.	Mercy.	4,726,902 for the departed.
9	S.	St. Frances of Rome, W. **Pr.**	Devotion to the Angels.	538,210 for perseverance.
10	S.	**4th in Lent.**—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.	Endurance.	531,705 for the young.
11	M.	St. Eulogius, M.	Spirit of martyrdom.	520,916 for First Communions.
12	T.	St. Gregory the Great, P. D.	Zeal.	639,745 for parents.
13	W.	St. Euphrasia, V.	Self-sacrifice.	749,228 for families.
14	Th.	St. Matilda, W. **H.H.**	Patience.	794,116 for reconciliations.
15	F.	St. Longinus, M.	Repentance.	5,196,279 for work, means.
16	S.	St. Abraham, C.	Pity for sinners.	474,210 for the clergy.
17	S.	**Passion Sunday.**—St. Patrick, Bp. C. (Apostle of Ireland.) **C.R.**	Spirit of faith.	532,693 for religious.
18	M.	St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. D.	Hatred of Arianism.	543,275 for seminarists, novices.
19	T.	**St. Joseph, Spouse B. V. M.** (Patron of the Church.) **A.I. Pr.**	Justice.	703,116 for vocations.
20	W.	St. Cuthbert, Bp. C.	Joy in adversity.	732,608 for parishes.
21	Th.	St. Benedict, Ab. F. **H.H.**	Peace.	593,410 for schools.
22	F.	The Seven Dolors of B. V. M.—St. Catharine of Sweden, V.	Chastity.	552,716 for superiors.
23	S.	St. Victorian, M.	Confessing Christ.	535,901 for missions, retreats.
24	S.	**Palm Sunday.**—St. Gabriel, Archangel.—St. Simeon, M.	Reverence.	777,895 for societies, works.
25	M.	St. Cammin, Ab.	Unworldliness.	895,109 for conversions.
26	T.	St. Ludger, Bp. C.	Liberty of Spirit.	3,701,207 for sinners.
27	W.	St. John Damascene, C. D. — St. John of Egypt, C.	Retirement.	1,088,674 for the intemperate.
28	Th.	Holy Thursday. **H.H.**	Paschal Communion.	499,712 for spiritual favors.
29	F.	Good Friday.	Sorrow.	4,388,950 for temporal favors.
30	S.	Holy Saturday.	Silence.	6,026,758 for special, various.
31	S.	**Easter Sunday.** **A.I.**	Spiritual joy.	For "Messenger" readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Decree; Pr.—Promoter; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence.

Correspondence

REV. dear Father:

What do you think I ought to do? I am twenty-seven years of age and have been taking care of my sick mother for three years. I am at home all day with her, do not have much company except one of my sisters. I never go away except on business. My father is at home evenings. I do not have much recreation or amusement. I just go to a movie on Sunday night and am always home by 9:30 or 10:00 o'clock. I have given up all my boy friends on account of Mother. I go with two girls, and they are both girls that can be trusted. Now when I want to go out one night during the week until 9:30, she scolds for a long time. My father is at home and is willing to wait on her, but she just wants me. I try to be patient, but sometimes it is too much. So will you please answer in the "Correspondence" whether I am bound to stay at home all the time.

A Faithful Reader.

Answer:

Your mother is without doubt unreasonable in demanding your constant attendance and depriving you of recreation and company. It is not likely that you will be able to convince her that she is selfish and unkind. Neither, we suppose, would she listen to your father, if you could persuade him to speak to her. In cases of this kind the help of the priest should be asked. If there is a Father whom your mother esteems and will obey, arrange with him to call some evening after you go out in spite of your mother's protest. When he calls, he might ask where you are. This may provoke adverse comment on the part of your mother and give him the opportunity of explaining to her how selfish and unreasonable she is. Meanwhile pray for the gift of patience and offer to our Lord the sacrifices you have to make in caring for her. He will surely reward them.

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Dear Father:

Recently an engagement was announced here between a woman of forty-two and a man of thirty-three. It has caused a good deal of discussion. Some say it is wrong for a man to marry a woman so much older. Both of these persons are serious-minded, sensible, good Catholics, "two beautiful characters". Has the Church any legislation on this point?

Curious.

Answer:

The only Church legislation about age in reference to Matrimony refers to youth. A marriage is not valid, if the contracting persons have not reached the ages fixed by the Church. There is no age-legislation for older people. Hence, if two persons who are of age, and to whose marriage there is no Church impediment, agree to marry, it is none of anybody's business how old they are or what difference there may be between their ages. Much harm may be done, and many sins committed, by unkind criticism.

Dear Father:

Please try to help me through the prayers of the League. My husband and I have been married over fifteen years. We have four living children and three little graves in the cemetery. I suppose my main trouble is jealousy. On Christmas morning my husband and I had a few words about a woman, of whom I have no reason to be jealous. It is just my nature. Since then he has not spoken to me. Last night (New Year's Eve) I said to him: "Happy New Year!" He barely answered: "The same to you!" When I said: "Let bygones be bygones!" he answered: "No!" Will you kindly pray for a speedy reconciliation between us? I feel very badly about it now.

A Sad Wife.

Answer:

This case was recommended at once to the prayers of the League. It is clear that the husband was sorely hurt by the unjust remarks of his wife.

(Continued on page 92)

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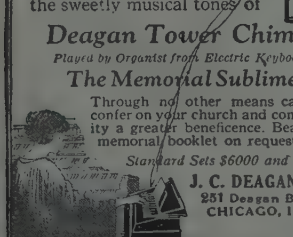

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 90)

We trust that by this time the wound has healed. The letter is printed as a warning to married people to be guarded in their words. No doubt when both prepare to go to Holy Communion, the grace of Confession will restore the harmony that should reign between husband and wife.

Rev dear Father:

I am a convert to the Faith, the first Catholic in our family as far as I can find out. Two who married Catholics were disowned. I, too, was "disowned", but since it was found that I did not care and was glad to be disowned for the sake of the Church my family reluctantly "forgave" me. I want to tell you how afraid I used to be of priests and Sisters. I would run, if they came near me. Though I had the desire all my life to be a Catholic, when I undertook to see a priest about it and was waiting for him in the parlor I was frightened to death, and prayed he could not see me. When he did appear, I was completely disillusioned. I do not know what the end will be or whether I shall always have to face problems in regard to the practice of my religion. but I am glad that our dear Lord chose me to be a Catholic.

Answer:

It is well for Catholics to know how the minds of their non-Catholic neighbors are affected by prejudices, ingrained from childhood and fomented by such misrepresentations and lies about the Catholic Church, her priests and her Sisters, as were circulated during the recent campaign for the Presidency. Such distressing delusions cannot be removed by priests. That task belongs to our Catholic lay people, who should spread Catholic literature broadcast, and should deem it a sacred duty to understand the teachings of their Faith and to enlighten the minds of those with whom they come in contact. To do this they must study their religion.

(Continued on page 94)

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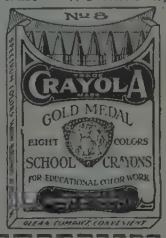

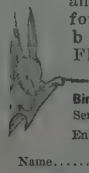

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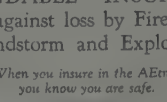

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 92)

Rev. dear Father:

A Sister gave me some back copies of THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. In one of them I read an article on Spiritism, and promised, if my health was restored, with peace of mind, I would send you an account of my experience. Five years ago I had an operation and then a nervous breakdown, which forced me to go to the home of my sister. Imagine my surprise when I found that both she and her husband were Spiritists. I was an invalid, dependent on them, and they brought in a medium who told their fortunes and mine also. My sister's home is now broken up as the result of quarrels, because she listened to one medium and he listened to another. As for myself, I have never had a contented mind since until today when God gave me the grace to see Spiritism in its true light, as the work of the evil spirits.

Answer:

Every Catholic should know that it is forbidden to have anything to do with Spiritism. Catholics are not allowed to be present at séances, even as mere spectators. Though it is generally admitted that many of the manifestations are fraudulent tricks, the whole proceeding is so involved in superstition and in supposed or real dealing with devils that it is sinful to have any share in them. Our Catholic Faith teaches us the existence of Angels and of Saints (the souls of the just) in Heaven, and of souls in Purgatory awaiting their time of deliverance, whom we can help by our prayers. All these three classes can help us by their prayers. Besides these there are devils, who are fallen Angels condemned to hell, and their companions, the souls of human beings who died in mortal sin. The devils are constantly seeking the ruin of our souls.

Reverend and dear Father:

I am a young woman twenty-five years of age and do not know what

(Continued on page 96)

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 94)

path to choose in life. I have never received any attention from any man. I am considered good-looking and have had a good part of a college education. The so-called "pleasures" of the world, dances, theatres, etc., have no great appeal for me. I love children and think I would make a good mother, but as I have no men friends, it looks as though Matrimony were not my vocation. I love Divine services and all things connected with the Church. I am strong and healthy and have no one dependent on me at home. Do you think I would be happy in the convent?

Answer:

Our opinion as to your happiness in the convent should not influence in the slightest degree. As you live in Chicago, you should arrange to make a spiritual retreat at the convent of the Religious of the Cenacle, the purpose of which would be to ascertain God's will. The Director of the retreat will set before you the principles laid down in the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius and by prayer and reflection you can come to a calm decision about your future. The responsibility of decision rests with yourself. No one can assume it for you.

Dear Father:

I have a question which I cannot decide for myself; so I turn to you for the answer. I was baptized in another Church, but about two years ago I became intensely interested in the Catholic Faith. I have studied catechisms, books, and pamphlets on all its phases and feel that I am well instructed in your doctrines. But my puzzle is: How shall I go about joining? I am in doubt about speaking to a priest, whom I do not know. Please tell me what to do, Father, as I would so much like being a true Catholic.

Answer:

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(Continued on page 98)

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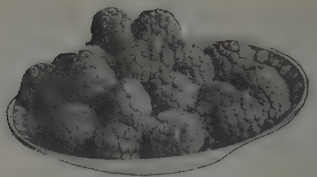

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 96)

this letter did not send the full address, as this is one of the cases in which we should make an exception to our rule of not answering inquiries by personal letter. Any non-Catholic, who feels interested in the Catholic Church or thinks that perhaps it is the true Church of Christ, need have no hesitation in applying at any Catholic rectory and asking to see the priest. Our priests are always ready to help such inquirers to obtain whatever instruction may be necessary to prepare them for their entrance into the Church and for receiving the Sacraments. In the case of women it is easier for them at times to apply to some convent of Sisters. In all large cities there are usually several convents engaged in the work of instructing converts.

Dear Father:

I have read in one of your issues about a young woman who lost a non-Catholic young man because he asked her to give up the Church. I doubt if he really loved her, and she is well rid of him. I, too, have had to give up a wonderful chance to marry a young man who is now a naval officer. He insisted that I should leave the Church, to which I had been converted. I figured it out that God could give me another man just as good, with peace of mind, happiness and even material things, if such was His holy will. I have not found any other young man yet, but as long as I have the Church I need nothing else.

Answer:

Would that all of our Catholics appreciated the gift of faith as highly as this young woman! The way for people in the world, who are called to the married state, to safeguard their faith is to marry a Catholic. The Church wishes all of her children to know that marriage with non-Catholics is looked on by her as full of peril and only tolerated to avoid greater evils. Hence our Catholic young people ought not to keep company with non-Catholics.

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Catholic Teaching

Religion and Science.

HIS EMINENCE Cardinal Hayes preached a most timely sermon on the last Sunday of the year, 1928, which received wide publicity as an emphatic denial that there is any warfare between true religion and true science. Its timeliness was due to the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science which was held in New York during the Christmas holidays. A professor in one of our American colleges for women had proclaimed at one of the side-meetings, not directly connected with the Association, that science compels us to give up the old-fashioned notion of God and the sensational character of his remarks had caused them to be widely copied in the newspapers. The character of the professor's scholarship can be gauged from the fact that he appealed to a thoroughly discredited book on the warfare between science and theology A few weeks later the same professor read a paper before an antichristian association in which he amplified his denial of all supernatural revelation.

It may happen that some non-Catholics who have received little or no instruction on religious questions may be upset by such attacks on Christian belief, but we are quite confident that no Catholic will look on professors of this stamp other than as men, who assume an authority they do not possess and are supremely ignorant about the very matters they discuss. We know that, using the data of true science, human reason can come to the knowledge of the One Supreme Being whom we call God. We know, moreover, that to make it possible for all men to arrive at a true knowledge of God, He deigned to reveal to mankind what we are to believe and to do in order to attain the end for which He created us. The culmination of that revelation was the appearance on earth

(Continued on page 102)

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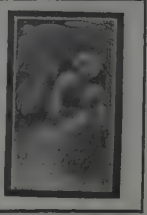

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Catholic Teaching

(Continued from page 100)

of Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, who founded a Church and endowed that Church with all the qualities necessary to safeguard and promulgate the doctrines revealed. In her teaching she cannot err.

Hence, too, we know that no discovery of scientific research can in any way clash with the doctrines of true religion. As the Cardinal said in his sermon, "by its very essence, truth excludes all possibility of contradiction. Distinction exists with regard to the different orders of truth, but there can be no contradiction, no conflict. Truth, whether it be of the finite or the infinite, whether it be human or Divine, has God for its author and God cannot contradict Himself."

Furthermore, His Eminence pointed out that the search for knowledge has always enjoyed the patronage and help of the Church. "The Catholic Church has never protested against human reason functioning in its proper sphere of action. The Church insists that the scientist sin not intellectually, which he would do by failing to follow the guidance of reason or by ignoring true and solid principles of eternal truth."

Here are the words of Pope Leo XIII:

"Divine Providence itself requires that in calling back the peoples to the paths of faith and salvation, advantage should be taken of human science also—an approved and wise practice which history testifies was observed by the most illustrious Fathers of the Church. They, indeed, were wont neither to belittle nor undervalue the part that reason had to play, as is summed up by the great Augustine when he attributes to this science 'that by which the most wholesome faith is begotten, is nourished, defended and made strong'."

"The attitude of the Catholic Church," said the Cardinal, "on all questions and problems, whether religious, scientific, economic, political or social, is determined by one sole norm — and that is, the truth as revealed by God in nature and in faith."

John Corbett, S.J.

MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

Vol. LXIV — GENERAL INTENTION — No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1929.

The Upholding of the Church's Rights in Education

THE RT. REV. EDWARD A. PACE, PH.D., D.D.

Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of America.

IN THE matter of education there is general agreement on some points. That schools are necessary, that subjects of study should be chosen with care and that teachers should be properly qualified — no one questions. Everybody prefers well-constructed school-buildings to those that are unsafe, and well-written texts to those that are slipshod. In a word, we are agreed that education should be as perfect as possible. The reason is obvious. We are concerned for the welfare of our children and education is the means of securing it. Also we realize that the welfare of society depends upon the education of its members and the perpetuity of our national institutions upon the education of our citizens.

What is Education?

AS to what we are to mean by education, opinions differ. It has been defined as adjustment, as the transmission of our intellectual inheritance, as preparation for complete living. A definition now widely accepted states that education is the direction of human development. To educate, then, is to guide the developing mind toward some end, the attainment of which will give life its greatest value. And since our estimates of life, of its purpose and ultimate meaning are so various, it is not strange that the "directions" which are given to human development should diverge so widely.

Hence a further divergence as to what education shall include. Shall it be merely a quickening of intelligence? Shall it give any moral training? Shall the morality, if any at all, have religion for its basis? According as we answer these questions, we declare what we understand by "complete living". At the same time we open the way to the consideration of a no less serious question.

Who has the right to educate? And why? It will be admitted that this right belongs to the parents. They certainly exercise it, when no one else can. Wisely or unwisely, they are the first to give direction to the child's

development. Since they bring the child into the world according to the natural order, they are responsible for its physical and mental well-being. They, therefore, have both the right and the duty to educate it.

Now in a higher sense the Church also is a parent. Baptism is the Sacrament of regeneration, the new birth through which the child enters the supernatural life. And it, therefore, is significant that the command which Christ gave to His Apostles to baptize is linked with the command to teach: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (St. Matthew xxviii, 19, 20).

The Church, then, has a right to teach which she cannot waive, because Christ's command laid on her a lasting obligation. The fact that even those, who have fallen away from Catholic unity and rejected the authority of the Church, nevertheless claim the right to teach the religion of Christ, neither diminishes her right nor lessens her obligation.

The first school and the first social unit is the home. To safeguard it, material wants — food and shelter and clothing — must be supplied. But there are greater needs. Love must reign there as the dominant factor in parental authority, filial obedience and all the relations that bind the members in one family. For this reason, it is the duty of parents and consequently their right, to train their children in the practice of those virtues upon which the security of the home depends.

The Church's Right

BUT the Church is also the Christian's home, the household of the Faith. If they who dwell therein are to be united in belief, religious practice and discipline, they must be instructed regarding all things whatsoever that Christ enjoins. And this means, obviously, that they must learn from the Church the truths which they are to believe and the laws which they are to observe.

The education begun in the home is continued in the school The State, it is true, does not bring children into the world. Still, it must preserve itself. It does not create knowledge, but it can aid in the diffusion of knowledge. Hence it has a right to see to it that its citizens get such an education as will make for peace among them, secure them in their rights and further the arts which are essential to progress. In a word it has a right and a duty to provide for the temporal welfare of the people under its authority.

The Church is concerned, primarily, with the eternal welfare of her members. For these are citizens of the City of God, both here and hereafter. But to fulfil their destiny, they must shape their lives in this present time with constant reference to the life which is to come. If education is direction, its ultimate aim must be the attainment of life everlasting This is the final graduation.

Thus we reach a standard by which the relative value and validity of the right, on one hand of the Church, on the other of the State, may be correctly defined. It is a standard of proportion: as the importance of this life is to the importance of eternal life, so is the right of the State in education to the right of the Church.

This is not to say that education for citizenship on earth is a trivial affair. On the contrary, it becomes immeasurably more serious when viewed in the true perspective, that is, when it is considered not merely as a prepara-

tion for complete living in this world but also as a means of attaining ultimate completeness in the next. In fact, for the Christian mind there is no complete living even here on earth unless child and youth and adult be trained to walk in the way of God's commandments. An education which teaches the pupil much about nature and physical law, yet has nothing to say about the Author of it all, is on purely logical grounds, one-sided and misleading. The same must be said of an education which goes deeply into history, literature, political institutions and other achievements of man, but excludes any mention of God, of His providence and of the moral order which He has established. If knowledge of these higher things is essential, and if the Church has no right to educate, it is hard to see how human development is to get a direction in accordance with the most vital of human needs.

State Schools Without Religion

THE difficulty increases when, as is the case in this country, the State makes no provision for the teaching of religion in its schools. By excluding this all-important subject, the State does not proclaim that religion is useless, though the inference often has been drawn that, as every other subject of any account finds a place in the curriculum, the absence of religion indicates that the study of it, in the judgment of those who arrange the curriculum, is of little or no consequence. Other explanations of the omission are given, but they need not be discussed here. The fact remains that religion is not taught; and this justifies the Church is maintaining schools which make it an essential part of education.

In so doing her primary aim, of course, is to preserve the Faith of her children and train them in the practice of Christian virtue. This surely is no violation of any right. On the contrary, it is the most efficacious means for securing the rights both of the individual and of the community. Right is a moral prerogative. The recognition of it presupposes a sense of justice. The exercise of it is possible only where the people, each and all, have been taught to respect the rights of their fellowmen. By teaching her children these essentials of citizenship, the Church does more for the real prosperity of the country than can be done through any system of purely secular education.

Moral Principals Needed

NO one possessed of common sense denies the importance of wealth, commerce, industry and invention as factors in national progress. Nor does any one question the right of individuals or of groups to engage in such pursuits. The State quite properly regulates them by law and this has its sanctions. What the Church aims at is the inculcation of moral principles which will lead men, in all their dealings and undertakings, to observe the precepts of justice and charity. In such matters there need be neither clash nor encroachment; there is, rather, ample opportunity for cooperation toward the attainment of high purpose for the benefit of mankind.

It may, however, be urged that the right of the Church is confined to religious education. She can teach her doctrine from the pulpit and instruct children in Sunday-schools and train her priests in seminaries. Any hampering of her educational activity in these forms would be an unjust

restriction of her freedom, a blow at her very existence. But why should she go beyond this and maintain schools in which along with religion the ordinary subjects are taught? Why duplicate or parallel the curriculum of schools which are under State control?

These questions lead us into the very centre of our problem. They might be answered briefly with the statement that as the Church has the right to teach the truth, and as truth is one, her right must extend to knowledge of every kind. Or again, it might be said that the right to teach the highest of truths implies the right to teach what, in comparison, is of minor importance. The *right,* in other words, is the same whether the truth to be taught comes directly from God through revelation or indirectly through the witness of His works.

To these considerations of a general character, there must be added others which are more specific. The first is to this effect: the principle of correlation requires that any item of knowledge which is to influence conduct must be woven into the whole mental structure. "Knowledge" has been parcelled out into so many "subjects". But this does not mean that partitions have been built into the mind with a separate compartment for each branch of knowledge. On the contrary, any rational method of education provides for such a merging or fusion of all items of knowledge as will make each serve to support and broaden the rest. Isolation is fatal. Put a subject off to itself in the curriculum and let the ideas which the pupil has about it be held apart from the rest of his knowledge — those ideas will rarely, if ever, enter into his everyday thinking. They will lie idle for a time and then wither.

Religion Must Permeate Knowledge

THIS is the more likely to happen in the case of religion, because it demands faith in its teachings and imposes restraints on our lower impulses. If, then, it is to have a directive influence on thought and action, it must permeate the entire content of knowledge. For this reason, the Saviour of men spoke to them so frequently in parables, in which He drew the highest spiritual lessons from commonplace material things. He likened the Kingdom of Heaven to the products of nature, to the various forms of human industry, to social customs and business relations. Once these mental associations were established, the recurrence of the familiar object or event would bring up the religious idea. What otherwise would have served to distract men from the Heavenly doctrine now became a means of recalling it day by day and impressing it more deeply.

This likewise is the aim of the Church. Instead of separating religious knowledge from other kinds of knowledge, she would blend them as completely as possible. She would have her children realize that the heavens declare the glory of God and that the findings of science are but our human reading of the laws through which He "has ordered all things in measure and number and weight". Pupils who are trained to think in this fashion have at least the germinal ideas of a true philosophy implanted in their minds. They will not be so easily led into agnosticism and materialism nor be persuaded that there is a "conflict" between religion and science.

The right to teach religion implies the right to defend it against attack from any and every source — science, history, philosophy or any other department of knowledge. In civilized countries at least, individual writers

are free to publish books in defence of their religious beliefs. But the best defence is that which the religious school provides by joining in one and the same educative process the development of intelligence, the cultivation of the moral sense and instruction in the duties imposed by the Divine law.

It is sometimes said that the Catholic school "segregates" its pupils and prevents them from imbibing the genuine American spirit, thus hindering that unification in thought and ideal which is so necessary for our country's best interests. Even granting, then, that the Church, in theory, has a right to educate, does she not forfeit that right by keeping her children apart from the great majority? And if this be true, what avails it to talk of the double burden of school taxation which Catholics bear? Or of the help they give the State by supporting their own schools?

Let one fact, out of many, give answer. Catholics educated in Catholic schools have done their share, and much more, in serving their country when service was most urgently needed. This is a real test. It is easy, in time of peace, to argue that an educational system does, or does not, develop the patriotic spirit. But such argument means nothing, when the country is swept into war. "Separate" schooling has never made Catholic youth less fit or less eager to take their place in the ranks. Nor has their training in morality and religion made them less willing to die for their country's sake.

Far, then, from forfeiting her right, the Church can point with assurance to the results of her educational work as a training in patriotism. Because with a Divinely given authority she teaches men the meaning of life, liberty and happiness in the highest sense, her right is inalienable.

The Morning Offering.

O JESUS, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for the upholding of the Church's rights in education.

The February Mission Intention

The Church in Armenia.

The annals of the Catholic Church in Armenia record a prolonged martyrdom. Seventy-five years ago, Pope Pius IX paid a high tribute to the fidelity of the Armenians in professing the Catholic Faith even at the cost of their lives. Forty years later similar praise was bestowed upon them by Pope Leo XIII. In spite of all the protests of the civilized world, the Turks have kept up a bitter persecution. Hence it is that in these days Armenians are scattered far and wide in many parts of the world. Many are even in the United States and Argentina. During May and June of this year, the hierarchy of this scattered Church met in Rome to deliberate about the affairs of the Patriarchate and the restoration of religion. The Patriarchal See was transferred from Constantinople to Beyrouth. The Pope expressed his pleasure with the result of the Council and his hope for brighter days. Now he asks us to pray that this ecclesiastical province may flourish anew. Armenians dwelling where there are no churches of their rite are in danger of falling away.

Bona Mors

Giles Black, O.P.

WE SAT silent for a moment or two, then with one accord we knocked out the ashes from our pipes, preparatory to a refill. After that we looked at each other, Tom silently, questioningly, I with a fixed determination. What he had just told me was good; it would help others; it must get into print.

"Tom," I said, "write that up, just as you have told it to me and I will get it published."

"Oh, Father, I couldn't. I'm no hand at such things."

"Nevertheless, try!"

Well, here is the result of his trying, Tom Barrington's story.

* * * *

KNOWN, but not widely so, is the fact that in the great war a very large number of foreigners served in the French army in the capacity of ambulance-drivers. Their rank was soldier of the second class or private, and very strangely they were cavalry. The army of the Republic knew two kinds of men, infantry and cavalry. Motorists came under the latter classification.

Before and after entering the war on the side of the Allies, the United States provided many men, many units of this queer form of wheeled cavalry. They, together with their English companions, did Trojan work to save those whose poor bodies had been torn, broken, well-nigh destroyed by the fearful instruments of modern warfare.

It is of one of these drivers, an American — a man whom I only met to part from until we meet again in a happier country, the Eternal Fatherland — it is, I say, of one of these men I would write, whose good death I saw, and whose good death came from the fact that he had asked it, and asked it often, of the One who never refuses, and to whom he has assuredly gone.

I

I woke from a heavy, stuffy, nervous sleep: heavy and stuffy, because I lay in a small, rather dirty, dugout; nervous, because even in my sleep there seemed to haunt me the fear that I should be called out before the dawn. Night was hell to us drivers. It meant often rain and total darkness, lightless driving, shell-holes,

mud, unknown roads, burnt-tires and a host of other disagreeable things. Nearly always some of these delights were for us, often many or all together. Two words, indeed, became so terribly familiar to us as to be almost branded in some mysterious way upon our minds — *En route!*

To be wakened in the darkness by the sound of those two words meant for us, up and out and for it, no delay! That might mean loss of life to some one, it might mean loss of life for us, but never mind, morning will come and some day, too, the end of the war.

I woke, startled for a moment but, seeing the light of dawn streaming in, I gasped with relief. Then I realized what had awakened me. A car was purring nearby. The purring ceased. Some one came tumbling down the dugout, white and scared. It was Jackson, one of our men.

"Thank God!" he groaned and subsided in the straw.

Jackson was not religious. Why was he so strangely moved?

"Old man," he groaned, "my nerves have all gone smash."

"What's up now?"

"Oh, I've been at it all the blooming night and just as I was on my way up to this outpost of hell, I crashed into something."

"Well, one often does that!"

"Oh, shut up, old man! I know that, but you see it was such a beastly scrunching noise. I thought I had landed the old bus on top of a dead motor-cyclist."

"And?"

"And it wasn't. It was empty seventy-fives."

"What! In the middle of the road?"

"Yes."

"Bus hurt?" I asked.

"No. I don't care if it was, but it isn't. 'Spose I'm making an awful fuss, but I've been getting jumpier and jumpier lately, and this has put the kibosh on it. Here, Tom," he continued, "shall we ever get that forty days' rest they've promised us?"

"Not knowing, I can't say. Have more coffee! I'm just going to lay out some fodder."

II

JACKSON was beginning to look better under the influence of coffee and bread, when the distant sound of another car was heard, a Q.M.C. by the purr of it and therefore one of ours.

"What's this?"

"Billy," I answered. "He got a call about 2 a. m."

"He's been a long time."

"Yes, I know, but there was something wanted looking to about his carburetor; so he probably got that done, when he was down at the Orphanage."

The Orphanage was an empty institution which our convoy was at present occuping as H.Q. There were to be found officers and *sous-officiers*, mechanics and all the rest of them. From thence the cars ran up to the various *postes de secours*.

Billy seemed in a great hurry. He left his engine running and came tumbling down into the dugout.

"Heard the news?" he gasped, and not waiting for any answer, continued: "Relief tonight!"

"What!" Jackson and I shouted.

"Yes, it has come at last, forty days' rest."

"Who's relieving?"

"Yanks."

"Yanks?"

"Yes, Yanks. The Division is stopping on all right. The Yanks are taking over *pro tem*, while we refit and then ——"

"Cheers! Cheers!! Cheers!!!" I chanted.

Jackson was just going to join in, when a bearded, grinning face, looked down upon us:

"*En route, monsieur!*"
My turn. I went.

III

BILLY was right and wrong: right in so far that the relief was really coming, wrong as to the time. We had another night yet, or rather a kind of half night. The American drivers, or some of them, came up on the following night to go on our cars with us and learn the ropes, which meant chiefly being shown the roads of the sector and the different *postes*.

"I ACCELERATED SPEED"

To me came Hudson in the early afternoon. We shook hands and immediately understood each other. I got out my Primus stove and boiled water for tea, whilst he unearthed various dainties from his car. It was after tea that I found out he was a Catholic. He was not in the least shy upon the subject, but rather gloried in it.

"Is there anything in the way of a priest knocking round here?" he asked. "I want to go to Confession."

That was straight enough. I liked him for it.

"You a Catholic?" I inquired.

"Sure! You, too?"

"Yes."

"Shake!"

"What a pity!" I thought to myself. "A comrade for a night, and then?" But I saw him looking at me, still expecting an answer to his question.

"A priest? Oh, yes. See the little Frenchy over there, with the black beard. He's a priest; he says Mass down in this dugout every morning. There's a good lot of soldier-priests in this division, on *brancardier* work."

His next question embarrassed me a little.

"You speak French?"

"Yes, fairly."

But I was much more embarrassed, when he continued:

"Come and interpret for me!"

"What, your Confession?"

"Yes. Why not?"

There was no reason why not; so I went and did as I was told. Afterwards I made my own Confession, badly needed, long delayed; now it seemed impossible to put it off longer. I wanted to be friends with God again, and with this simple, manly child of His.

IV

"IT'S quiet here."

So spoke Hudson. I laughed.

"You wait! Just you wait a bit! I have a feeling we're in for it tonight."

"Shouldn't wonder if I'm killed tonight, if there's anything doing."

Hudson said this in a most unconcerned way. I felt angry.

"Shut up, old man," I spluttered. "Chuck that morbid stuff."

"Morbid?" he said wonderingly. "Is it? I was only thinking I'd been to Confession and all that and — and ——" He spoke rather shyly now. "Well, don't you see? It would be so like our Blessed Lord to take one when one was sort of — sort of — ready. Don't you see?"

I looked away. I also felt shy. "Pious talk" wasn't much in my way. More's the pity! Hudson continued:

"Any way, God knows best, and I've prayed for a happy death all my life, and I know He won't fail me."

V

DARKNESS fell quickly, as it always did in France.

"Which bus shall we take?" I asked, as we sat waiting.

"Whatever you think."

"Better take mine and you can keep your eyes open to watch the roads, because you'll be on your own-io tomorrow."

He smiled.

"Right you are."

"*Messieurs, en route!*"

We scrambled out of the dugout. It was a stretcher case. Oh, very much so! A poor, little chap, all mud, and blood and bandages.

"You will be quick, please," said one of the *brancardiers* who had carried him in. "He is very bad."

The stretcher-bearer bent down.

"*Au revoir, mon vieux!*"

"*Au revoir!*"

We made all the haste we could and I explained the roads to Hudson, as we went. This was not easy, for it was nearly pitch dark.

"Here," I said with an effort to be cheery. "Here is a bad bit. It is shelled a good lot. We'll get a move on."

We did. So did the Germans. There was an awful hiss, whizz, bang, explosion about twenty yards in front. I accelerated speed to get past before the next arrival. It was only when we had gone a good one hundred yards or so that I noticed Hudson was leaning up against me.

"Sit up, old man!" I said a bit irritably.

He did not. Annoyed I gave him a shove. God forgive me! He fell over away from me.

"Good God!" I muttered, and brought the bus to a sudden stop.

Was he dead? No, he was groaning. I jumped over him, rushed round and opened the car-doors. Then back, and with the strength of despair I lifted him round and laid him on the empty seat. I pulled the doors to and flashed my torch on him. Oh, pitiful God! How wounded he was! Yet he opened his eyes. Then quite loud he said:

"Priest."

I had forgotten the poor, little, wounded man on my left. I remembered him now.

"Me priest," he whispered.

I turned bewildered. He had just managed to lift a hand.

"*Ego te absolvo,*" was slipping from his parched lips.

"Christ!"

Hudson had spoken again. One word! But by one word he said everything. It began with sorrow and pain and imploring — oh, unutterable — and it ended with triumph and — the splendid joy of meeting. No word more. He was gone. So, too, was the little, wounded man, who also was a priest — gone with the one he had absolved — gone with him to the land, where there is no more war, only peace and a joy which has no lacking.

VI

I lost my head. Intolerable loneliness, fear, dread — everything seized hold of me and I jumped out of the car and back onto the driving seat. I must have driven like a madman, for it was no time before I dashed into the yard of the Orphanage, our headquarters and clearing station. The doors of the car were wide open and banging to and fro. Providentially they hit nothing. A spring was broken at the front, that was all. Full tilt I tore into the yard, put on the brakes and ——

VII

I woke to consciousness again in one of the dormitories of the deserted Orphanage. We used them for sleeping rooms. Two drivers were standing over me.

"Better, old man?" they asked.

"Better?" I said.

Then it all came back to me with a flash.

"Tell us," they began.

No, never! Not till now. And now, only because I want others to pray for a good death, to a good God.

Books in the Home

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

IT WAS a chilly, rainy Sunday afternoon. All day long the streets had been awash with melting slush and there was a chill in the air outside, which made home pleasant and attractive. Father and Mother and the boys and girls did not feel the least inclination to go out that afternoon. Instead, they all gathered in the living-room after dinner and looked around for something to read.

The table was littered with newspapers and magazines and there were several little piles of recent novels, here and there, like islands standing up in a sea of bright-colored magazines. In a little while each member of the family had picked up some piece of print and was busily engaged in devouring it. Suddenly there came a ring at the doorbell.

"Who can that be on such a day as this?" asked Mother.

"It is Father X," answered one of the boys, who sat near the window. "I saw him coming up the street."

Father X came in, his umbrella streaming from the rain.

"I had to go out on a sick call," said he, "and, passing on my way back, I thought I would drop in. But don't let me interrupt your literary occupations!"

" 'Literary' is hardly the word for it," said Mother. "We were all reading just to pass the time."

"Well," asked the priest, "what were you all reading? I should be quite interested to know. A good deal is being said about the reading in our Catholic homes; so perhaps you can give me some ideas on the subject."

"I am afraid that the things we are reading are hardly worth much," said the father of the family; "just the sort of things that drift into a house these days; a person scarcely knows how. Popular magazines and newspapers and the 'best sellers' and the sort of things that everybody reads on Sunday afternoons."

"Do you get much out of that sort of reading?" asked Father X.

"Why, it passes the time, and that's about all, I suppose," replied the father of the family.

"Is that about all?" asked the priest, with a quizzical look in his eye. "Do you think that anything we read ever fails to affect us one way or the other, for good or for evil? After all, the mind is very much like the body, in this, that it grows by what it feeds on. Unhealthy food makes unhealthy bodies and unhealthy reading an unhealthy mind. The memory is a very tenacious thing; it stores up everything we read, even when we read it only for recreation. There are some people who recreate themselves with reading that is solid and worth-while and they get solid and worth-while thoughts, but those who read what is trashy or actually vile, naturally have thoughts that are trashy and vile."

"I am afraid not many people think about that, nowadays," said the mother. "People just read whatever comes to hand without caring greatly what it is, so long as it is amusing enough to pass an idle hour. They don't realize at all, I suppose, what effect it is having on their minds."

"Quite true," said Father X, "and that is the reason why so many persons nowadays, who have had a fair education, seem to have so little culture or interest in intellectual things. They surfeit their minds with trashy reading and their minds become like rubbish bins, where all sorts of broken ideas and half-decayed notions are thrown."

"Well, anyhow, Father," said one of the boys, "a person has to amuse himself with a paper or magazine now and then."

"I suppose so," said the priest, "but, if he reads trash, he has to take the consequences. The laws of the health of the mind are just as definite as those of the health of the body. You cannot violate either one or the other with impunity. When I see all those pure-food advertisements and realize how careful people are of what they eat and drink for the nourishment of the body, I wonder sometimes whether they realize how much more important it is to have pure and nourishing food for their minds and souls."

"But, Father," said one of the girls, "these Catholic books are so uninteresting."

"Are they now?" asked Father X. "How many of them have you read in the last ten or fifteen years?"

THE girl blushed a little, as everybody looked at her, expecting her answer.

"I haven't read any," said she. "I have been busy with school-work and other things."

"Yet you have spent a good many hours, I venture to say," said the priest, "(haven't you now?) in reading such books and magazines as there are on the table over there."

"I'll say she has," said one of the brothers grinning; "and you ought to see her room, and the sort of books she has there and magazines of all the colors of the rainbow."

"But I'm not talking," said Father X, "about only Catholic books. It is true, I believe that we ought all to read them often to keep really informed about our holy Faith which is our dearest possession. When we leave school, we begin to forget. It is extraordinary how soon we begin to get hazy about this or that point of Catholic teaching or history. Reading Catholic books keeps up Catholic education after school is over."

"It is extraordinary," said the father of the family, "how easily one forgets. The other day a man asked me some questions about Catholic history which I am sure I knew when I was at college, but I felt embarrassed to have to tell him that I couldn't remember. It has been twenty years since I studied those things."

"But it shouldn't have been twenty years since you read about them," said Father X. "That is just the point. If you don't read, you'll soon forget. Then take the general question of personal culture. There are so many splendid books which are at the same time very interesting and recreative even, that it seems a pity to waste precious hours on things that do us no good at all. What an unfortunate thing it is to spend valuable time devouring stuff which actually hurts us, when we might have been reading valuable and interesting books and magazines!"

"But now, Father, to be practical," said the mother of the family, "how can we get these children to read the right sort of books? Or how can we even persuade ourselves to read them? We just pick up whatever is at hand to read, when we have time to spare and feel like reading."

"Ah," said Father X, "you have answered your own question. The way to get the right sort of books read is to have them at every one's elbow. The reason you are all reading these more or less trashy bits of popular print today, is that you found them right at your elbow when you sat down to read. If some worth-while books had been here, you would have picked them up too, and looked them over, and perhaps you would have grown as interested in them as you were in these."

"As for that," said one of the boys, "some of this stuff is pretty tiresome. I was half asleep when you came in, but I really believe what you say is true, Father, that, if we had the right kind of books lying around, a person would just as soon pick one up as wade through these cheap magazines."

"Let's try it then," said the father of the family, looking around at his little circle. "We'll get Father to give us a list of some of the books which he thinks are worth-while and interesting as well. Then we'll have them lying about at our elbows and we'll see at the end of the month how many worth-while books each member of the family has read."

"It's curious," said the mother of the family, "how little we think of such things. Everybody just devours whatever print comes to hand. Think what would happen, if we acted that way about our food! There would be a pretty to-do in this household, if I served your meals as your reading matter is served, at haphazard and from all sorts of places. But surely what Father X said is true, we ought to be at least as careful of the nourishment of our minds and souls as we are of our bodily food."

A Prayer for the New Year

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

Dear God, the page is new and white;
Thou art the Teacher; and the copy set
Is Thy great love. While minutes come and go,
Help me to keep the page as snow;
And when my faltering hand shall daily write
Life's record there,
Guide Thou my thought, or else I shall forget
To keep the page and record true and fair.

IT HAD BEEN LEFT TO HIM, HE DECLARED, BY HIS BROTHER

The Pearl of Great Price

STANLEY B. JAMES

LUIGI CORSO was busy one afternoon in the little office off the store in which he sold art antiques, pictures and old furniture, when a man, shabbily dressed and with a nervous manner, asked to see him. It took some little trouble to elicit the visitor's business, but eventually it was discovered that he had a picture to sell and was anxious to have the dealer examine and report on it. It had been left to him, he declared, by his brother, and he did not know its value. Friends had told him it was by an old master, but he could not guarantee that. He was in need and would like to dispose of it and had heard that Corso would give him a fair price.

It turned out to be a representation of the Nativity, certainly old but affording no clear proof of its origin. In view of the uncertainty on this point, the proprietor of the antique shop could offer only a modest sum. Finding that the man was prepared to accept fifty dollars as the price, he gave him this amount and thus became the possessor of the painting.

For some months it occupied a position in the window but, no prospective purchaser appearing, it was removed to an obscure corner in the somewhat crowded store, and was only brought out at rare intervals, when some ustomer appeared who was interested in curios of that type.

In course of time it was almost forgotten. The dust gathered on it. Any belief that the purchaser might have had concerning its value sank to zero. He would have been glad to part with it for a fraction of the

amount he had given. Then one day Adrian Blake called.

Luigi knew Blake. As secretary and agent for that omniverous collector, Garry Sloane, he had frequently visited the store in search of treasures for his employer. On this occasion he came with a definite purpose and not, as frequently before, to prowl about and pick up chance bargains.

"I'M on the track of a lost Cimabue," he explained. "Sloane heard of it, when he was in England last year and traced it to America. It was in the possession of a man who belonged to what they call there 'a good family'. But he was unfortunate in his speculations and was obliged to emigrate. He took the picture with him, clinging to it apparently with a sort of fanatical determination as the last relic of his former wealth. We hunted everywhere for him but he was nowhere to be found. At last I heard he had died in poor apartments on the East Side, attended only by his brother."

"And the picture?"

"Ah, yes! That was the question I asked myself. Nobody seemed to have heard of it and the search had to be resumed. Of course, we tried to get hold of the brother who had nursed the dying man. But he, too, had disappeared. Then commenced a hue and cry. You know what Garry Sloane is like when he gets on the trail of something he wants. No expense was spared. He employed private detectives. One day he called me to him in an excited manner and told me that he had got a clue from Toronto and asked me, there and then, to rush off to Canada to make inquiries. Another time, an impostor, hearing of the quest on which we were engaged, faked a picture which he tried to sell Sloane for $3,000. I never saw a man so determined. He said he would ransack the continent until he found what he was in search of, even if he had to spend a fortune. I believe he would."

"Is that what brings you here?" asked Corso. "If it is, you are doomed to disappointment. There is no Cimabue on these premises. Worse luck!"

"Don't be too sure," was the answer. "Did an elderly man with an English accent sell you what he declared was an old master?"

At first the dealer was about to deny that such a person had ever visited him. Then he remembered the stranger who had disposed of the now neglected picture.

"I bought an inferior painting of the thirteenth century some time ago and gave fifty dollars for it," he replied. "It was a Nativity."

"Let me see it," said Blake.

The dust-covered canvas was brought out and examined.

"May I take this away with me for inspection?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you give me a receipt for it."

In consequence of this agreement the picture in question was removed and examined by experts.

"I will give you $2,000 for it," wrote Sloane, when the examination had been made.

But Corso knew that, if it was worth that much, it was worth a great deal more. If it was a Cimabue, it would be worth a fabulous sum. He refused the offer.

"I will give you $5,000 for your Nativity," wrote the collector.

Still the dealer refused, and Blake called to see what he would take. Finding that they did not make much progress with their negotiations, they fell to talking about things in general. Gradually the conversation became more intimate. There was something about this cultured man that interested the Italian. He wanted to

know more about him. Behind his quiet manner was a certain radiating joy. It was evident that his secretarial duties did not absorb all his interests.

"How came you to take up this position with Garry Sloane?" he asked.

"It's a long story," was the reply, "but I'll be brief. I was always passionately fond of ecclesiastical art, especially the simpler, more naïve pictures of medieval times. They had a great charm for me, though I was unable to account for it. My father being wealthy was able to indulge my tastes and allowed me to travel for some years in Europe, visiting galleries and churches and wherever such works of art were to be found. During those years I came to see that what I was seeking was not anything art could give me but rather the originals, so to speak, from which the artists drew their inspiration. I had no sort of religious belief at the time, but my studies were making me feel the need of it. Being in Italy, I naturally turned to the Catholic Church, and there, after a very painful period of inquiry, I found the truth. To you who are a Catholic I need not say what it meant."

"I STARVED"

A self-conscious expression came over his listener's face, but he made no remark except to say:

"Go on!"

"Well, of course," continued the narrator, "the first thing I had to do was to acquaint my people with the change. My father was a man of strong Protestant views which my mother held also strongly. When he learned of my conversion, he declared that he never more wanted to see my face and at once, in spite of my mother's entreaties, withdrew the allowance he had been making me."

"What did you do?" asked Luigi, leaning forward in his interest.

"There was no question in my mind, happily, of recanting. My conversion was too deep for that, and I was much too happy to think of giving up the treasure I had found. My friends helped me a little, and one of them enabled me to get back to America. It was some while before I got a job that I could hold down; in the meanwhile I did what many a better man has done and for less weighty reasons — I starved."

The dealer gasped.

"You starved," he repeated, "and just for the sake of being a Catholic?"

"Why not?" asked Adrian Blake with some astonishment. "Men have done far more than that for the sake of the Faith. Some of them were torn by lions in ancient Rome and some were slowly tortured in prisons, dying by slow degrees, and others were burned at the stake. They gave up the pleasures of this world, they saw their wives and children suffer, they endured physical agony such as

I was never called upon to bear and, finally, they sacrificed life itself. It was only a little thing that I gave up. And think of what I gained! As I said before, you are a Catholic and therefore there is no need to explain."

The speaker paused. Perhaps he felt that he had spoken too intimately to one who was but an accidental acquaintance, but he had reckoned on the Italian's Catholic sympathies and that had induced him to say more than he otherwise would have done. After a pause he continued:

"It was while I was coming out of a church in this city that I met Garry Sloane. He was entering it to see a celebrated crucifix which hangs there. He asked me about it and, as I was pretty well informed on the subject and was familiar with similar topics, we had a long conversation, the upshot of which was that he offered me the position I now hold. That's all. I really don't know what made me tell you the first part of the story; there was no need."

"I'm glad you did," was the reply.

For a moment the pause was renewed. When the dealer at length broke the silence, it was in an attempt to change the subject of the conversation.

"I'll consider your last offer for 'The Nativity'," he said; "and let you know tomorrow."

Sloane's secretary rose to go.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "That will do. Call me up as early as you can."

As he was going out of the door, Luigi Corso called him back. His dark Italian eyes limpid with emotion, he said:

"I have been on the point of neglecting a great treasure. I have you to thank for teaching me its value. I owe you a heavy debt."

At first Adrian Blake thought his companion was referring to the picture and was suggesting some kind of inducement to secure good terms. The thought was not pleasant. That kind of bribery on the part of dealers and agents, he knew, was common; none the less he had no desire to be disloyal to his employer.

"Oh," he replied, "in a case of this kind it is difficult to find the actual market value. The picture——"

"You mistake me," said Corso. "I was speaking of the Treasure of the Faith. You have been willing to give everything for it, and so were those martyrs you spoke of. I was born of Catholic parents and have had the privileges of the Church at my disposal all my life. But I have neglected them. They are covered with dust and cobwebs. I did not realize their value until you told me your history. That's why I thanked you. We who have been born into the Church take our great advantages too casually. It is the zeal of you converts and the sacrifices you sometimes make that remind us of the treasures we have been neglecting."

He pressed Adrian's hand and turned back into his store. It was the man as well as the art-dealer who had discovered the value of "The Nativity".

Candles for God

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

Candles of joy, candles of pain,
Their light streams o'er life's sod.
May every candle that we light
Be a candle lit for God!

The Rift in the Lute

VARA MACBETH JONES

YOUNG Tom O'Hara, swinging buoyantly up the steps of the modest, little apartment-house, was ostensibly homeward bound for supper with his bride of a few weeks. But that Tom was also homeward bound to face the first rift in the lute of his marital happiness, was not so patent. Certainly not to Tom himself. Hat in hand, black eyes eager, lips pursed in a merry whistle, he went bounding up to the third floor.

"Kitty!" he called boyishly, as he threw open the door in the corridor, his voice echoing through the tiny domain of four rooms and bath.

The next moment he was in the immaculate, little kitchen where his bride, fetchingly pretty in her pink linen and frilly, white apron, turned her blond, bobbed head from the open oven.

"A grand good evening to you, Mrs. Thomas Aloysius O'Hara!" he greeted her, as with a swoop he caught her in a bearlike hug and implanted a resounding kiss on her smooth cheek.

Kitty O'Hara submitted to, rather than returned, the caress. She was by no means as demonstrative as her husband. In fact, there was more than one person in Elmville who rather doubted if the genial Tom's bride was capable of being demonstrative at all; who spoke of her as being "cold" and "stand-offish".

But that was another point on which Tom O'Hara had not been enlightened. To him, this cool, gray-eyed, decidedly well poised, young person was the most perfect creature in all the world. And the cleverest. Why, hadn't she come to Elmville in the enviable position of private secretary to no less a personage than the president of the Gas Company where Tom worked? And hadn't she given it up just to marry him, one of the rank and file? The wonder of it all still awed the young husband, still filled him with adoring humility.

WITH appreciative gaze he now leaned on the edge of the table, as his little wife tripped about her supper tasks, seemingly as capable with percolator and frying pan as she had been with dictaphone and typewriter.

"Kitty," he remarked after a few moments, "Mother called up the office today to ask if we could come out for Sunday dinner. She said she would have called you, but she knew we used the public telephone and she didn't want to bring you down three flights of steps. Mother's always so afraid of being a trouble. But, anyway — I told her I thought we could; but that I would let her know for sure."

Kitty, carrying a steaming tray into the dining-room, smiled pleasantly.

"I think I would rather have a cozy, little dinner at home; don't you?" she questioned evenly.

Tom, trailing in her wake to place the chairs, blinked.

"Well, if I were only considering my own pleasure, perhaps I would," he agreed. "But, on the other hand, Mother's all alone now in the old place — and having us out is about all she has to look forward to. Especially for Sunday dinner. I never did see a person get such pleasure out of a thing as she always did in having her family around her for that meal. Maybe it's because she was widowed so early, and had such a fear of not being able to keep her children together. That is what we boys always thought, anyway — and even after Mart and Jim and myself grew up, we tried to be at home for that particular meal. And so now — since the other two are — gone — and yours truly has pulled up stakes — I think it would be nice if we could make a little effort to go; at least occasionally."

"Nice for your mother, perhaps," Kitty returned, her tone calmly judicial. "But, my goodness, Tom, you must remember that you are married now, and that a married man has his wife to consider, as well as his mother. And it seems to me, when it comes to choosing between them in anything, his wife should have the preference."

Tom O'Hara's face still retained its bewildered look. Mechanically he speared at his baked potato, broke open a roll, stirred his coffee. Then suddenly he shook himself, and smiled appealingly at his wife.

"Come on, Kitten," he pleaded boyishly. "Don't be so serious about it. Gosh, you make me feel like the chap in that old joke; you know — if a man's wife and mother were both drowning, which would he save?"

BUT Kitty's face remained unsmiling, and the meal went off rather badly, despite Tom's efforts at naturalness, and the fact that the subject of the Sunday dinner was dropped. Nor was it referred to again until the next evening, when Tom himself brought it up. Kitty was washing up the supper dishes, when her husband came into the kitchen, hat in hand.

"If you don't mind, I'll slip over to Mother's now and tell her we can't manage about tomorrow. I thought I'd rather do that than call up."

"Certainly," Kitty said pleasantly. "But remember, we want to get down

to the first picture-show at the *Rivoli*. It's always crowded on Saturday nights."

"Oh, I'll be back in time," Tom said with forced heartiness.

A little of the ring had gone out of his voice, and his step had lost its buoyant swing, as he left the apartment.

TOM'S mother lived at the edge of the town in a shabby, old fashioned house surrounded by a picket-fence. But it was an inviting, homelike place for all its shabbiness. Mrs. O'Hara was one of those women whose home was her world. Her house, her flowers, her garden, all reflected the care and attention lavished upon them.

Nor was there any indication that her efforts might lag, now that the last of her trio had left the home-tree. All Elmville commented on that; many of them argued against it, too, especially those that knew the meagreness of her income. She ought to give up the place now, and have a little rest and freedom in her old age. Goodness knows, she deserved it. But the little, white-haired widow would smile staunchly.

"My children are always going to have a place to come back to," she would insist.

Tom hove in sight of the house just as his mother was coming out of the doorway, basket in hand.

"I'm glad you've come, sonny, before I went to market," she exclaimed, smiling happily at him from under her plain, little black bonnet. "As I didn't hear from you, I took it for granted you and Kitty are coming tomorrow. But I couldn't quite decide what meat to have. What do you think Kitty would enjoy?"

Tom took the basket, and stood fidgetting.

"Listen, Mother, don't go making any preparations for us," he began earnestly. "I'm afraid we can't come tomorrow. Kitty has a — well, a kind of cold coming on, and thinks we had better not plan on going anywhere ——" he paused lamely, feeling his mother must suspect his excuse being the untruth it was.

But the mild, blue eyes only crinkled sympathetically.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she exclaimed. "But in that case, I don't believe I'll go marketing. There's more than enough in the house for me. And I'll tell you. When you go, you take the cake and chicken salad I've already fixed. Then if the poor child isn't better in the morning, she can rest up, and there'll be plenty in the house to eat."

Tom squeezed the little, black-clad arm.

"You're wonderful, Mom," he broke out gratefully. "You know I'm as disappointed as the dickens in not being able to come."

His mother in turn patted the broad shoulder, towering over her.

"Well, maybe you can next Sunday," she comforted unsuspectingly.

"We'll — we'll try," he assured her, with more vehemence than hope.

Nor did Tom's hopes mount as the week went by. He did not want to make an issue of the thing and, as Kitty ignored the subject, he scarcely knew how to reopen it. Finally he did approach the subject, in what he thought was a casual fashion.

"Say, Kitten, if you don't mind, how about going out to Mother's this Sunday? Even though you don't care to go often, let's not start refusing right at first. It'll cut Mother like the dickens."

Kitty raised polite brows.

"I'll see," she said vaguely.

BUT the next Sunday the Dowlings, who lived in the adjoining apartment, were invited in by Kitty to dine; the succeeding Sunday the O'Haras were guests of the Dowlings. And a third Sunday dawned cloudy, and Kitty triumphantly pointed ou

that a storm might break before the day was over, and Tom must not forget that his mother's place was at least a quarter of a mile beyond the street-car terminal. In fact, it was over a month before Tom went home to his mother's for Sunday dinner; he went doggedly alone.

For Kitty now refused point blank to accompany him, laying her cards on the table. They might as well come to an understanding then and there, she declared, with that little tightening of the lips that was becoming habitual to her. She was not going to begin catering to a mother-in-law. She always had felt that the less intimacy there was between in-laws, the better anyway!

And again Tom O'Hara' s face showed the puzzled wonder and hurt it could not hide.

"It's not that I want you to cater to anybody, Honey," he insisted. "But try and look at it this way: For twenty-seven years my mother cared and slaved and sacrificed for me. For twenty-seven years I was continuously under her roof. Then suddenly I pick up and leave her, never to go back. Which is all right for me. I have the future to look forward to; she has only the past. In turn, I only want to give her, if I can, say an hour or two a week. If your mother were living, I think we should do the same for her. It is an obligation of filial piety, that it would be sinful to neglect. We owe it to them, Kitty. Can't you see that?"

But Kitty could not see. So Tom went doggedly alone, with some aimless excuse for her absence. It was not an easy thing to do. The thought of his wife's inexplicable attitude toward his mother weighed heavily upon his shoulders. Before the spring came, his burden was to become greater. Tom began to realize that it was not only the matter of dining with his mother — a dropped issue — that he must face. He saw that all his hopes of a friendship existing between the two women that he loved on earth, was not to materialize. Kitty not only pointedly ignored the little, white-haired, old woman at the other end of the town, but it began to dawn on the hurt, bewildered, young husband that she was trying to thwart his own efforts to pay the filial respect

"OH, I'LL BE BACK IN TIME"

and devotion he owed his parent, was trying to keep them apart.

Let him so much as diffidently hint that he felt he ought to pay his mother a little visit, and the siege was on. Certainly, he could go if he wanted to! What did it matter to him if his wife had had a long, lonesome day? Recriminations, reproaches, speeded his departure.

Nor were his homecomings any the more pleasant. He came back either to a sullen, silent Kitty, or a flashing-eyed, cutting Kitty.

On the other hand, Tom had his mother's situation in the matter to worry him, too. He knew only too well how his wife's unexpected and inexplicable attitude must appear to her. Not that she ever murmured, or made the slightest mention of it. The inconvenience of getting across the town made visiting on her own part more or less an impossibility; and that her son's wife did not come in turn was accepted without question or reproach. But Tom caught the wistful look in the eyes, the tremulous quivering of the lips, as he came and went his way alone. Yet a tacit silence on the subject lay between them, until one day his mother fell ill.

THE WINTER WAS AN UNUSUALLY HARD ONE

The winter was an unusually hard one. Mrs. O'Hara, left for the first time to struggle with the fire-tending and out-of-door tasks, contracted a severe cold. Tom knew nothing of this, until his mother's old neighbor, Annie Bender, took it upon herself to call him at his office, revealing the state of affairs, and suggesting that he come out as soon as he could. In an hour Tom was at his mother's bedside. That was when he broke the reticence that had held them both.

"It's a crying shame, Mom," he burst out, as he hovered about the bed, where he had insisted his mother go, despite her equally strong insistance that she was not at all ill. "You shouldn't be all alone out here in the dead of winter; at least not at a time like this. But what can I do? My hands are tied. Kitty — you know what Kitty's attitude has been ever since the beginning of our married life."

His mother shook a quiet head on her pillow.

"It's all right, sonny," she began soothingly.

"It's not all right," her son exploded. "I've kept silent as long as I'm going to. Kitty is not doing the right thing by you, and you know it and I know it. And I know that from now on I'm going to do my part — come of it what may!"

Again his mother shook her head gently.

"Be patient, Tom," she counselled. "If I have failed to win Kitty's love, then perhaps the fault is unwittingly mine. At least, it is something you have no hand in. Don't let it come between you two in any way. Never forget that Kitty is your wife, and as such has a right to all the loyalty and kindness and consideration you are capable of bestowing."

Tom gave a little, embittered laugh.

"I don't say I'm going to turn into a brute, Mother. But I do say that from now on I'm going to come here as often as I please — and stay as long as I please — and no one is going to stop me."

There was a glint in the black eyes and a stern set to the jaw that showed Tom O'Hara meant what he said. He had little opportunity, however, to demonstrate it. As soon as his mother was well again — to her son's and every one else's amazement — she announced her intention of renting her house, and going to her bachelor brother Harry's farm for an indefinite stay; the latter was a rather desolate little place far down on the Bay.

NO one could understand it. Least of all her son. She was leaving her home, her friends, her church — even her beloved graves.

But there was no gainsaying her. The house was a little too much for her to manage alone, she insisted. And she might never again have an opportunity to rent it furnished. Tom must not worry about her. She would be all right.

To be truthful, away down in Tom's heart, there was a sense of relief. By this time Kitty was openly antagonistic to his mother. She not only refused to go near her during her illness, but blamed her for purposely sowing the seeds of dissention between them. She insisted that her mother-in-law was trying to separate them so she could have her son home again.

For a while after his mother's departure things went along smoothly for Tom O'Hara. His mother's letters came regularly, assuring him of her happiness and contentment. And Kitty was almost her old self again, the adored girl whom he had wooed and married.

WHEN little Tommy O'Hara, Jr., was born, his father hoped his sad days were forever behind him. Instead, he found himself in a mire of worry, deeper than ever before. Something again came over Kitty. Despite her passionate devotion to her little son, she became a moody, listless, young woman, given to fits of melancholy that no efforts of Tom could lighten. And in the midst of Tom's concern over his wife, there came a letter from his Uncle Harry.

"Dear Nephew," it read. "I'm writing this without your mother knowing it. But I thought you ought to know she's in a pretty bad way. In fact she has been ever since she came here, and I think it's because she's homesick.

"Of course, you can't get a word out of her on that score. Mary always was the kind that kept her troubles to herself. But I know I've got the trouble sized up right. She ought never to have given up her home — a woman that was as fond of it as she was. I don't know why she did it. But I do know she's not

going to live long, if something is not done ——"

Then Tom O'Hara had his first enlightenment. What a blind fool he had been! Of course, his mother had gone away for his sake, and Kitty's. Poor, little soul — she had been willing to sacrifice her all — so that they might have happiness.

Again the problem of what to do assailed him. Kitty must be protected, even from her own unreasonableness now. On the other hand, his mother's own life might pay the forfeit. It was hard to know what to do. Finally, he came to a decision. He must follow the dictates of his conscience, and trust the rest to God.

Without telling Kitty of his plans, he set about carrying them out. The tenants in his mother's house were willing to vacate, as soon as other quarters could be found. Two weeks from the time Tom received his uncle's letter he was at the farm. And he realized with a shock that he had not come too soon. The change in his mother filled him with contrition. She was broken. Sweeping her tremulous arguments aside, he laid down his ultimatum. She was coming home.

They arrived in Elmville at sundown. Tom had arranged for Annie Bender to be in charge of his mother's home and to have a warm meal ready. As they hove in sight of the familiar old place, he felt that his mother's old neighbor had not failed them. Smoke curled from the chimney, lights streamed from the windows. Even his mother's old, Maltese cat — who had been passed on to a friend — was on the steps to greet them with a loud purr.

MARY O'HARA SHOOK HER HEAD

But when Tom O'Hara threw open the door and escorted his mother into the little sitting-room, it was not Annie Bender who stood there to welcome them, but Kitty, wan-faced, penitent-eyed, who after a transfixed, speechless moment, suddenly took a stumbling step forward and the next moment was wildly weeping in Mary O'Hara's arms.

"Mother O'Hara — I — oh, what

can I say — except please, please forgive me? I have been a beast. It's because I was jealous, jealous of your love for Tom and his love for you. That's what made me act as I did, as I ——"

Sobs choked off the incoherent words. Mary O'Hara was wiping her own eyes. But her face was alight with pity and love.

"Don't cry so, dear! It's all right," she said comfortingly, as she led the shaking girl to a couch, and pushing her into it, sat down beside her.

Tom, too, drew near, dropping on his knees and laying a comforting arm about the shaking shoulders. For a little while Kitty continued to weep. Then the paroxysm began to pass.

"But I didn't understand just how base I was, what a sinful thing I was doing, until I held my own son in my arms. Then I knew what you must be suffering, what it must mean to raise a child — and have one day to give him up to some one else. It's preyed upon me day and night. I wanted to crawl to you on my hands and knees and beg you to forgive me, but I couldn't find the courage until — Annie called up to speak to Tom — and when I found out what he was planning I came here, hoping and praying you would let me try to atone ——"

"It's all right, dear ——" Mary O'Hara was beginning again, when a gurgle from the kitchen reached the trio's ears, and the next minute Tom O'Hara made a dash for the other room, returning with his wee son in his arms.

It was a fortunate interruption. Mary O'Hara took possession of the grandson she had never seen. Somehow, all the explanations that Kitty O'Hara would have poured into her mother-in-law's ears were diverted to exclamations over the perfection of her tiny son. The tension was broken.

It was not until later in the evening, the supper over, and Tom and Kitty preparing for their departure, that even reference to it was made. Tom, with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day, stood with his son in his arms, his wife close at his side, telling his mother "Good night."

"Well, we'll — we'll be seeing you soon again, Mom," he said heartily. "Tomorrow's Sunday. Maybe — maybe we could slip out before the day's over ——" His eyes suddenly went to his wife's face. Something he saw there gave him the assurance to go on. "I don't suppose you could come in for dinner?"

Mary O'Hara shook her head.

"I don't think Kitty should have company thrust upon her, with this big boy to manage," she said gently.

For a moment Kitty hung her head, then raised it staunchly.

"It wouldn't be any trouble to have you," she said steadily. "But I'll tell you what I would like better. Why can't we stock up with our Sunday supplies and come out here, and have dinner with you instead?"

"That's the ticket," Tom O'Hara broke in enthusiastically.

The smile on his face was but a reflection of the joy in his heart. Now he knew that never again would he have to falter in the devotion and filial piety that he owed his mother.

To join the Apostleship of Prayer apply to the Reverend Director or to a Promoter in a Local Centre. Your name will be registered on your promise to make the Morning Offering. If there is no Centre in your vicinity, write to the National Office of the Apostleship of Prayer, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

The Mass of Reparation

JOHN CORBETT, S.J.

ONE of the striking passages in the Holy Father's Encyclical *Miserentissimus Redemptor* on the duty of reparation sets forth the marvelous way in which we are privileged to offer our own acts of praise and satisfaction in addition to the acts of praise and satisfaction which "Christ in the name of sinners has presented to God." We are warned to remember that the whole expiatory value of our acts depends solely on the bloody sacrifice of Christ, which is renewed without interruption on our altars in an unbloody manner, since in both cases "there is one and the same Victim, the One who now offers Himself by means of the ministry of the priests is the same, who offered Himself then on the Cross, the only difference being in the manner in which the sacrifice is made" (Council of Trent, session xxii, c. 2). Wherefore the act of immolation of the priests and of the other faithful must be united with the most august Eucharistic sacrifice, that they, too, may offer themselves as living, holy sacrifices, pleasing to God.

NOT merely the priests who offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, but all the faithful should offer up satisfaction for sin both for themselves and for the whole human race. And the more perfectly our offering and our sacrifice correspond to the sacrifice of our Lord, the more plentiful will be the fruits of propitiation and of expiation both for ourselves and for others. It is not surprising, then, that the thought of reparation should be prominent in the minds of lovers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, when present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They do not forget that they, too, are offering it up in union with Jesus Christ and His priest, and that the Mass is a means of making atonement to the Heavenly Father for those who, by wilfully absenting themselves, refuse to pay to God this tribute of worship and satisfaction.

THUS it is, that the practice has sprung up of hearing a second Mass on Sundays and Holydays of obligation, or a Mass on some weekday, to make some amends for those who through their own fault miss Mass on the days when by the Church's law they are bound to be present under pain of mortal sin. The formation of an association to propagate this manifestation of devotion to the Sacred Heart was suggested in 1862 to a pious widow of Paris, who some eight years later became a Norbertine lay Sister and after twelve years of Religious life died in 1882. She was known in Religion as Sister Rose.

From her love for the Sacred Heart she had learned to grieve exceedingly at the long rows of empty benches in the churches of Paris. The greatest of her sufferings, she used to say, was "to see that God, so deserving of love, was loved so little". She multiplied her Acts of faith, hope and contrition, striving to make them equal nay, even exceed, the number of empty seats. This induced her to hear four Masses on Sundays for those who were absent. The first Mass was for sinners whom indifference or irreligion kept away from church; another was for the sick who could not come; the third was for those who had died during the week and thus could no longer assist at Mass but might receive relief and de-

liverance through the Holy Sacrifice; the fourth was a thanksgiving Mass.

It was on the Feast of Corpus Christi in 1862 that the thought came to her to hear still another Mass, not so much for the benefit of others, but out of the spirit of reparation, to console the wounded, neglected Heart of Christ, and to make some satisfaction for the sins committed by the violation of this law of the Church. Some days later, when the Feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated, the further thought came that by means of an association many might be induced to join in this method of making reparation to the Sacred Heart. In 1883, Father Verbeke, a well known Jesuit, advocated the devotion at the Eucharistic Congress of Liège and his words received the warmest approval of the delegates.

Sister Rose's method of forming her intention before the Mass of Reparation was the recitation of the following prayer:

"O my God, graciously permit me to approach Thy altar in order to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in union with all the associates who purpose to hear a second Mass in the place of those who are unfortunate enough not to fulfil this sacred precept, and who thus deprive Thee, O God, of the glory which Thou receivest from the fulfilment of this Christian obligation. Amen."

Four years after her death a confraternity was approved by the Bishop of Valence. This was raised to the rank of an archconfraternity for France during the same year. It has spread to many parts of the world. The associates promise to hear a second Mass on days, when it is of obligation to hear Mass, with the intention of making reparation for those who miss Mass on that day. If it is impossible for an associate to hear a second Mass, Holy Communion may be offered in reparation, or a Mass may be heard on a weekday. In places where only one Mass is celebrated on Sunday, the obligation is satisfied by spending some time in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament either before or after Mass. The confraternity has centres in many of the countries of Europe as well as in the United States. The practice may be observed even though one is not registered as a member of the confraternity.

Our Cover

OUR COVER and frontispiece portray the boyhood of our Saviour. The cover design is an original painting made for us by John M. Kavanagh, of New York. The frontispiece, "The Journey to the Temple", is by B. Plockhorst, well known to our readers because of his beautiful paintings which we have reproduced from time to time. Our four duo-graphs are by Johannes Schraudolph.

Our March Number

Our March number will be an exceptionally beautiful one, a Lenten special. It will contain a rotogravure section, reproducing examples of the most beautiful of the work of Van Dyck, Dionisio Caldara and E. Hader. Our cover will be Plockhorst's appealing "Good Shepherd". The frontispiece will be the "Institution of the Holy Eucharist" by H. Nüttsens, while our duo-graphs will be copies from five Italian master-painters: Guido Reni, Guercino, Lodovico Carrucci, Lucio Massari and A. Tiarini. These and other attractions will make our readers eager to secure copies of this special Lenten number not only for themselves, but for their friends.

Learning from Our Lord

WHEN our Catholic ancestors bestowed such pains on the pictures and statues that were used to adorn their cathedrals and other churches, it was from no mere desire to ornament these structures raised for Divine worship. The scenes from the Old Testament and from the life of our Lord on earth were meant to instruct the beholder in the truths of his Faith and to provoke him to mental prayer. Such is our purpose in reproducing from month to month selections from the work of Christian artists. The pictures that follow show us four different aspects of our Lord's life.

IN the first we see Him as the Son of the carpenter, St. Joseph, whom He is helping with his work, whilst our Lady is herself engaged in spinning. It is the lesson of daily occupations, consecrated by obedience to the will of our Heavenly Father. The Boy whom we contemplate is the Infinite God of the universe, become Man for our redemption; and yet He spent almost all His earthly life, all indeed save the last three years, in the lowly tasks of a village youth at Nazareth. Surely here is a profound mystery, and a great incentive to do well whatever work God's will may assign to us.

As, moreover, the life at Nazareth was to serve as a model for the ordinary life of almost all men, it was fitting that the grief of bereavement should enter in and that we should find in its years the model of a holy death. This we have had illustrated for us in the illness and death of St. Joseph, the foster-father of our Lord. Though this event is not set down for us in the Gospels, the absence of any mention of St. Joseph in our Lord's public life makes it certain that he passed away at Nazareth. What a consolation it was for him to die in the company of Jesus and Mary! No wonder he is the patron of a happy death.

The marriage-feast at Cana is known to all as the occasion for our Lord's first miracle, when He changed the water into wine to save His hosts from embarrassment and showed us incidentally how powerful is the intercession of His holy Mother. The wine may have run short, because of the very presence of our Lord and His disciples. His readiness to provide even by miracle is an assurance of His blessing on the married state and His approval of the innocent merry-making of simple hearts.

FINALLY we are reminded of the lesson taught by our Divine Master on a day in His public career, when the presence of His Mother and of some relatives prompted Him to point out that true holiness consists not in any mere earthly relationship but in the readiness to obey God's commandments and in entire compliance with His holy will. This was the greatest glory of His Mother, her perfect cooperation with the graces she received from God. "Whosoever shall do the will of God, he is My brother and My sister and mother." By our imitation of our Blessed Lady we can merit the glory of being thus closely associated with Jesus Christ.

Our pictures will help mothers and teachers to impress on their charges the virtues that shone forth in the actions of Him who came down from Heaven to teach us the road we are to follow that we may at last reign with Him. Knowledge will beget love and love will inspire imitation.

J. Schraudolph

At Nazareth

The Death of St. Joseph

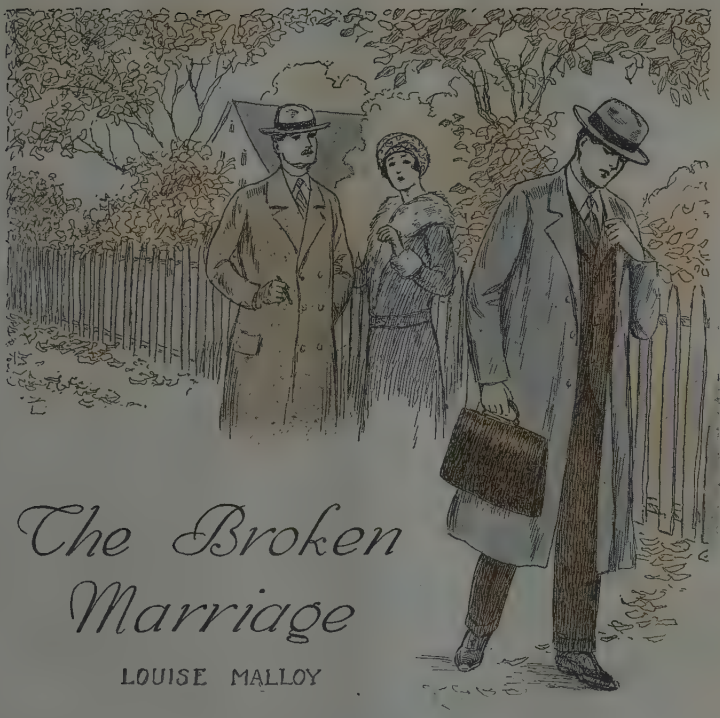
J. Schraudolph

The Miracle at Cana

J. Schraudolph

Jesus Teaching

"YOU SEEM TO BE IN TROUBLE, MY CHILD"



The Broken Marriage

LOUISE MALLOY

"WHAT a fine-looking couple they make!"

"Maxwell Day is a lucky man."

Vera's vivacious little face flushed prettily and Maxwell fairly beamed, as the over-loud whispers came to their ears.

"I am, indeed, a lucky man," he whispered, as he bent with lover-like pride over the girl who leaned upon his arm.

She glanced up at his adoring face with a gay laugh and a mischievous twinkle in her bright, dark eyes.

"Yes," she said, demurely, "you are lucky. Be careful you don't lose your luck."

"Why, that would be losing you, and I can't do that now," he returned. "I'm as happy as I am lucky, and that is saying a great deal."

He was, indeed, a happy man. He had youth, health and talents, and a profession in which he was already making a mark. The future promised wealth and honors, and the girl with whom, from almost his first meeting with her, he had fallen desperately in love, had promised to marry him. This was the first public function they had attended since their engagement had been announced, and he was tasting to the full the sweet cup of mingled adula-

tion and envy on his success in winning Vera Gibson, one of the prettiest and most sought-after débutantes of the season.

She had been carefully trained to make a social success and her aspiring mother had had more ambitious plans for her than marriage to the young lawyer, who, though talented and rising, had yet his future to make, and who had not his fiancée's social background. But Maxwell's ardent wooing had swept the impressionable girl off her feet, and predictions of possible judicial, even political, honors, freely made about her daughter's lover, had done much to reconcile Mrs. Gibson to the match.

One thorn, however, remained. Maxwell was a Catholic; but, then, so were some of the ruling members of her own aristocratic set. So she made the best of the situation, especially as Vera was a girl of the period and had decided views about marriage as very much her own affair, besides inheriting a considerable portion of the determination of the family on whose blue blood the mother prided herself.

THERE was another mother to whom the match was even more distasteful than to Mrs. Gibson, Maxwell's mother. Left a widow and in poverty with this one son, Mrs. Day had struggled bravely and made many sacrifices to give her boy an education fitted to develop his talents. She would not allow him to leave school at an early age in order to help her, as many of her friends advised; she even resisted his own entreaties, pointing out to him that her work as a teacher was congenial and dignified, and that he would be better equipped to take care of her by fitting himself for a professional life. So he went to college and was graduated with high honors. Then he took up the study of law, and his mother's prudence and foresight were amply justified by the success he made and the home with which it was his first care to provide her.

MAXWELL appreciated all that his mother had done for him, and the love and devotion he lavished on her was all that she could ask. She had brought him up in the practical exercise of his Faith, and here, too, she was rewarded by his consistency in this practice. So it was all the more of a shock when he confided to her his love for the beautiful girl who yet lacked the supreme beauty in her eyes, that of the holy Catholic Faith which was to her the breath of life. She had gently entreated and still more gently remonstrated, when she saw this dawning love, for she knew the strength and earnestness of Maxwell's nature — the nature of his father, the lover of her own happy youth. She realized that his affections, once bestowed, would be fixed and lasting. He had reasoned and pleaded with her in their long talks on the subject, that his own Faith would not be endangered, and that between them they would bring Vera into the fold.

"How can she resist when she comes to know and love you, Mother mine?" he said.

Finally she ceased to argue, but she prayed the more that this love might not be the destruction of his Faith instead of the salvation of Vera. She trembled, for Maxwell's happiness was very dear to her; and how could he be truly happy with such a vital difference between himself and the woman who was to be his wife? Or might not her influence gradually lessen his attachment to his Faith and wean him from its practice? There was nothing to do but pray on, and put her trust in the Sacred Heart.

For one as carefully brought up in his Faith and as sincerely attached to it as was Maxwell, it was impossible not to feel a doubt about

the wisdom or the risk of a mixed marriage, but he silenced this in the thought of the mixed marriages he had known which turned out happily, often with the conversion of the other party and with all the children brought up Catholics. The doubts vanished in his great bliss, and many were the prayers and novenas he offered for the conversion of this soul so dear to him.

"She is so young, Mother," he said wistfully. "When we get her to ourselves and away from this frivolous and worldly atmosphere all about her now, we can do great things with her; she loves me too much not to listen to me."

And in this trust he was firm.

No thought of religion was troubling Vera's little head. The attentions of her handsome lover, the contemplation of her coming trousseau, the plans for the honeymoon, absorbed all her attention. She was determined to have one of the most brilliant weddings of the season, ending in a European tour, and a series of receptions when they returned to take possession of the handsome house of which she meant to be the mistress, for, of course, she could not be expected to settle down in the comfortable but modest home Maxwell had provided for his mother, and where the two had lived so happily.

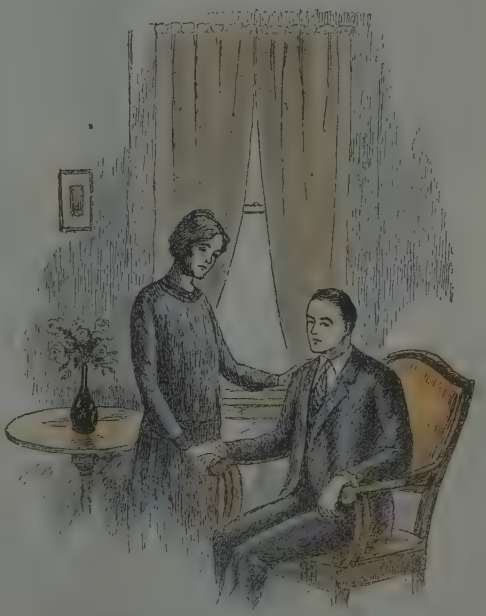
Maxwell's tastes were just the opposite of his fiancée's. He disliked show and parade, and inwardly groaned over the newspaper paragraphs and pictures in which Vera delighted. But he said nothing of this, since it pleased her.

"Maxwell," said his mother to him a few days after the public reception, "you have never told me how Vera received the information about the promises she will have to make. Was she entirely willing?"

Maxwell flushed and hesitated a little, then replied frankly:

"To tell the truth, Mother, I have not yet spoken to her on the subject, for we have not discussed any details about our marriage as yet. I am sure she will be willing to do all that is required. She knows I am a Catholic."

'But she may not know all that is required of her," suggested the prudent mother. "Take my advice, my son, and speak to her at once."



"BUT THE DATE IS NOT EVEN FIXED"

"But the date is not even fixed," objected Maxwell. "It seems like rushing things to speak of such matters so early in our engagement."

"He is not sure." The thought pierced the mother's heart like a sting. It made her urge him the more, however, and before he left the house he had promised her to speak to Vera that very evening, as he was about to visit her house.

IT seemed hard to speak of serious things to the bewitching little creature, whose lively conversation and gay laughter was such a refreshing rest to his mind, tired out by a hard day's work in court, full of technical strain and battling, and often of sordid tragedies. He listened with a smile, as she prattled on, half forgetting the duty on his mind until she herself gave him the opening.

"May Fulton is going to be married next month and she wants me to be one of her bridesmaids," she said. "She is going to have a beautiful church wedding and the decorations will be gorgeous, for her father is going to spare no expense. The chancel will be a real bower of the most exquisite flowers and ferns and an entire orchestra will furnish the music. I'd like ours to be a wedding like that, Max," she interrupted herself.

"But we cannot have a church wedding, darling," said Maxwell, very tenderly, for he could not bear the idea of disappointing her.

"No church wedding? Why not?" she asked, her beautiful eyes big with surprise. "You certainly are not going to object to that. You know, the marriage generally takes place in the bride's church."

"But I thought you knew, dear, that Catholics cannot be married by any but a priest, and, of course, never in a church of another religion."

"No, I didn't know that," she replied, and for the first time he saw anger in her eyes and heard a sharp tone in her voice. "I think that is absurd. Every bride has her choice in the matter, and I ought to have mine."

"It is not a matter of choice," said Maxwell quietly, although he felt a sudden qualm. "We are under strict obligations."

"You mean that you will not consent to my being married by my own pastor, and that you insist on our being married by a priest?" asked Vera, dangerously calm.

"I can do nothing else. I must insist on that."

"Then you are not willing to please me——" she began.

"Willing to please you?" he broke in. "I'd give up anything I could to please you, Vera, but I cannot give up this. It is not left to my own will to act in the case. My Church commands, and I have no choice but to obey."

"If you really loved me, you would do what I wish," she sobbed, her mood changing to the one he felt himself least able to resist. "Now I know you don't care for me as you say you do, or you would not let this come between us."

"God knows I love you with all my heart and soul," he said solemnly.

"Then show it by doing what I ask you to do. Give me this proof of your love. Please me in this, dearest," and she pressed his hand tenderly, as she gazed lovingly in his troubled face.

"I cannot," he answered. "It is a question of principle. If it were a desire or idea of my own, I would gladly give up to you in everything. Listen to me, Vera darling. Marriage is more than a big, social function. It is a Sacrament. And to receive the Sacrament a Catholic must obey the regulations of the Church. If you were marrying a Protestant, the Catholic Church would recognize the ceremony before your minister as

a valid marriage, if there is no impediment which would otherwise make the contract invalid. But when one of the persons is or was at any time a Catholic, then the ceremony must be before a Catholic priest to

DELIBERATELY TURNING HER BACK UPON HIM, SHE PASSED THROUGH THE DOOR

be recognized by the Catholic Church as a valid marriage. Moreover there are certain promises that must be made before the Church will allow me to marry you. You must agree to be married by a priest; you must promise that you will do nothing to interfere with me in the practice of my Faith in any way, and, that, if God blesses our union with children, they will be brought up Catholics."

"I will make no such promises," she declared, springing up. "It is well you told me this. I will never consent in the first place to be married by a priest, nor would my mother consent."

"But, Vera," her lover cried, catching her hand to detain her, "you knew I was a Catholic, when you consented to marry me."

"But I did not dream of all this," she retorted.

"If you do not agree to this," he cried with real anguish in his voice, "I cannot marry you, and that would break my heart."

"No, it will not break your heart. If you loved me that much, you would do anything in the world I asked of you to make me happy."

"I would die if that would make you happy," he said in a tone which impressed her with its sincerity and finality in spite of herself; "but if I married you as you wish, you do not know in what a horrible position you would place me. In the eyes of my Church and in my own eyes I would not be married to you at all, I would be cut off from my Faith, I would be a traitor to my conscience, and I

would be miserable. Even your love, and God knows how precious that is to me, would not make up for what I had lost. You would not want that; would you?"

"I think this is mere fanaticism and that you are exaggerating your feelings," she replied. "Either we shall be married by my minister, or we shall not be married at all."

"Do you mean this, Vera?" he asked; and, as he fixed his eyes upon her, they seemed to read her through and through.

"Yes, I mean it," she answered, the anger of her mortified vanity that she could not bend him to her will mastering every other feeling.

"Then," he said, slowly and sadly, but with a ring of finality in his voice, "we cannot be married at all."

She started involuntarily and turned pale, but without a word drew off her ring and placed it in his hand. Deliberately turning her back upon him, she passed through the door and left him without another look. He stood for a moment, made an impulsive movement as though to call her back, checked himself, looked down at the ring in his palm, slipped it in his pocket and hurried from the house. How he got home he hardly knew, for he walked as though in a daze; the blow had been so great.

"OH, Maxwell, what is the matter?" cried his mother, as she caught a glimpse of his face.

"It is all over, Mother. I can't talk about it now," he said brokenly, and rushed up to his room.

He spent the night walking the floor, fighting the worst battle of his life, for he had loved and still loved this beautiful Vera passionately. The mother hearing his ceaseless footsteps and sensing the misery they were measuring, spent the night in prayer; for she guessed the truth and she was afraid of his human weakness.

The next day, haggard but quiet, he told her all.

"It is like tearing the heart out of my body!" he cried, as he knelt before her with his head buried in her lap, as he had been wont to do when he went to her in all his childish troubles. "Oh, Mother, how can I give her up?"

"You must. Pray for help and strength, and it will be given you," was all she could say.

THE breaking of the engagement was a social nine-days' wonder. Many looked on Maxwell as a fool for allowing such a thing as religious differences to let such a prize go, for Vera was an heiress as well as a beauty. Some of his friends took it on themselves to remonstrate with him, arguing that such differences could all be smoothed over, and ought not to be allowed to spoil his whole future.

But the principles of his Faith had been too deeply implanted in Maxwell's heart to allow either affection or interest to influence him in the least. He suffered keenly; the light of his life seemed to have gone out. He threw himself more than ever into his work, hoping to find therein distraction from his sorrow, but all noticed the change in him. The temptation was strong to seek Vera and tell her all should be as she wished if she would only come back to him, and at times it almost mastered him, but he fought it down with the help of prayer, the Sacraments and his mother's love, though happiness seemed to have gone from him forever. He forsook society entirely, took no interest in anything but his work, yet he was firm in his resolution not to cut himself off from the Church by making the sacrifice she demanded.

Meanwhile, the girl who had exacted the sacrifice of his Faith as the price of her love, was not happy,

either. She sought the enjoyments of social life with feverish activity, but her new conquests brought her neither peace nor forgetfulness.

Her mother seeing the struggle going on within her, determined to take her away for a time from the association of her short-lived engagement and from the danger of meeting Maxwell. She planned a Canadian trip with some friends and in its course they found themselves in quaint, old Quebec. Their party visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré as a matter of tourist curiosity, and here a great enlightenment came to the worldly girl. She saw things she had never seen before — the devotion, the faith, the resignation; she saw the evidences of thanksgiving for the miraculous cures wrought on sick bodies and sick souls, the unmistakable trust of the pilgrims in Divine Providence through the intercession of the Saint, and their firm belief in the latter. For the first time she felt the touch of the spiritual in her gay, frivolous life, and began to realize dimly the vital reality of the Faith which made her lover prefer principle to happiness.

ONE morning as she was walking by herself, occupied by her thoughts, both sad and confused, she felt some one brush against her and turned to receive the courteous apologies of an old, kindly-faced man in the garb of a priest. As he was hurrying past with a bow, some impulse she could not account for impelled her to stop him.

"I would like to speak to you, sir," she said.

He looked at her and said with the insight born of long experience:

"You seem to be in trouble, my child. Can I help you?"

The kind tone, her own longing for help and comfort, melted her pride, and, before she half realized that she was confiding in an utter stranger, her whole story had been poured out.

"Don't you understand, my child," said the old priest, "that the very fact of your fiancé's devotion to his Faith is a guarantee of his devotion to you? Don't you see his strong sense of duty is a pledge of your happiness? Go into the church," they were about to pass it, "and ask of St. Anne to pray that matters may be all right for you."

"But I am not a Catholic," she objected.

"That makes no difference; she'll listen to you just the same. Look on her as you would on any good and true friend to whom you would go in trouble. Besides, she is the patroness of happy marriages, because her own was so blessed. Try it, at any rate, and then if you want to talk more to me, here is my address. I shall be glad to see you at any time."

AS though in a dream, Vera walked into the church and up the aisle to the shrine of the Saint. Here she knelt, looking up at the sweet face of the statue which seemed to return her look with one of motherly love. The words of the priest came back to her, "His devotion to his Faith is a guarantee of his devotion to you." Only that morning some in her party had been talking of the unhappiness of a young married friend who was seeking a divorce, because her husband had forsaken her for a newer love. Maxwell's Faith would never allow him to do that; his love for her would be his duty, too; divorce could never come between them. Still under this new and strange influence, she knelt, imitating those about her, and there on her knees before the shrine her horrified mother found her when her prolonged absence caused a search for her.

"I think you must be bewitched,"

she declared, when Vera tried to tell what had happened to her. "We will leave this place at once."

Poor Mrs. Gibson! In trying to take Vera away from the influence she dreaded, she had led her straight into the light. They left the next day, but the mischief had been done. Vera found a chance to slip away for a little talk with her friend, the priest so providentially sent to her aid. St. Anne had worked her miracle in the cure of one selfish, worldly heart.

It was the last day of the novena Maxwell and his mother had been making. Sad, but calmer, he was sitting at breakfast after their return from early Mass, when a letter was brought to him. He uttered a cry at the sight of the handwriting.

"Mother, it is from Vera!"

It was postmarked "Quebec". He tore it open.

"I am coming home. Come to see me. I think we can arrange to have a church wedding after all. I have been speaking to St. Anne at Beaupré about it."

To a Certain Little Boy

C. A. Burns, S.J.

When Jesus was a little boy like you,
The things that He would do!
Not miracles or wondrous things ——
With these He did not bother;
But simple things and little things
To please His Blessed Mother.

He'd sweep the floor
And dust each chair
And tidy up the room,
While Mary sat before the door,
The golden sunlight in her hair,
A-spinning at her loom.

Then off to play He'd blithely go
When Mary chose to let Him;
To Joseph's shop
Or some such place ——
Skip, skip, hippity-hop,
The merriest boy you'd care to know,
Bright laughter lighting up His face ——
I wish you might have met Him.

Oh, Jesus was a lovely lad,
A joy to all who knew Him.
Who looked on Him could not be sad,
For gladness shone right through Him.
He loved the folk of Nazareth-town
And they all loved Him too;
But do you know whom He loved best?
Some little boys like you!

"In Spite of It All"

If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow; and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool. Isaias i, 18.

FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.

"YES, Father, that is all true, every single word of it. He is mean; he is selfish; he is untruthful. Gratitude has no least place in his make-up and politeness and consideration are unknown to him. He has treated me shamefully and has no use for the children. Yes, Father, that and much more is all true — but in spite of it all I love him."

Thus from her deepest heart spoke the frail, tired, little woman. "But in spite of it all I love him."

Wonderful, we say. Yes it is, but there is an even more wonderful love than that in this world. It is the love of God for our wayward, self-centered hearts. "Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she should forget, yet will not I forget thee. Behold I have graven thee in My hands." That is the story of God's dealings with mankind; that is the story of His dealings with each soul; that is the story of His dealings with my own soul. Despite my past with all its high-heaped negligences, and its oft-repeated sins, our Lord cries out to me: "In spite of it all I love you."

Strange Sacred Heart! Our past is one long record of transgressions. Scarcely had we come to know of the gift of our Baptismal innocence, than we began to use our newly-won reason to flaunt His law. Our "own sweet will" was very sweet to us, far more enticing than the strict way of His commandments. Childish wilfulness soon grew into youthful self-seeking and a grosser disregard of much that He would want was written larger upon our lives. Then, when the years had brought us into full maturity, though they took away with them the outward manner of children, there still remained rebellion against God's law. With regard to Him alone, childhood's undisciplined ways still prevailed.

Maybe there have been few mortal sins in our lives, but what a mess of self-seeking, and petty vanities and lack of decent respect for the reasonable wishes of others! Maybe we did kneel each morning and each evening in prayer, but what scant regard for politeness, when it was God with whom we spoke! To church we went, quite frequently, perhaps, but did we pay as much attention as we did when we went to the theatre? Yet again, it may be that we have all too frequently violated God's law most seriously. Perhaps sin has come into our lives such as we thought could never soil our soul, such as to cause the blood to mantle to our cheeks in veriest shame. Perhaps the story of the prodigal has been rewritten in our waywardness, and we have tried to feed our souls on the husks of swine, far from our Father's home.

YET, be the past what it may, be it as foul, and as loathsome as human waywardness can make it, as we turn to our Lord we hear Him cry: "In spite of it all I love you." In spite of all! Why? Because He made us from utter nothingness and called us into being "in His own image and likeness"; because He redeemed us, paying our ransom with

His own Precious Blood; because He has sanctified us, time and time again, whenever we gave Him the chance to draw us unto Him. In spite of it all! Because He sees all the good we can do — for ourselves — for others — for Him, and He is quite too big to be done with us and let us have our wilful way in spoiling things.

Dear changeless Friend, how wonderfully insistent You are in Your love for me! I do not deserve it at all. I have done enough to spoil any love for me, yes, any love except Yours. My past is enough to disgust any one with me, if it were known as You know it. But not so with You. "In spite of it all I love you." Dear Lord, too long, too very long have You been forced to put it that way. So now I beg You, please give me much grace that soon, very soon You may drop those words: "In spite of it all."

In a Seminary Garden

GRACE H. SHERWOOD

I knew that in a corner lay
Some graves, but did not know the way
And asked a student that I met.
And what he said I quite forgot
A path — a turn — it matters not,
His eyes I never shall forget.

If eyes are casements, as they say,
The youthful seminarian there
Forgot to pull the blinds today
And I surprised a Saint at prayer.

Men go to famous shrines to pray,
Because a Saint knelt there one day;
But I, I found one in my town.
For, seeking a forgotten name,
I stumbled on the deathless flame
God lights in hearts He makes His own.

"I WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER"

Upon the Waters

MARY REGAN

AFTERWARDS Katherine Delehunt recalled having heard some one knocking on the door. The sound, a muffled one, had been borne to her on the snow-laden wind, which was beginning to whine about the campus, and had been almost smothered under the voices of the chattering women who lingered in the pretentious assembly room after the meeting of the Women's Literary Club.

They were mostly wives of the faculty of Leedom University, and had formed the reception committee at the evening's function. There was white-haired, regal Mrs. Coulter, wife of the Dean, imposing in her chinchilla and plumes; Marian Duvall, the lovely, patrician-looking young wife of the Chemistry head, to whom Katherine's husband, Richard, was assistant; elegant, sophisticated Mrs. Dean, the not-so-very-young second mate of the Professor of History; kittenish Mrs. Von Mertz, mannish Mrs. Sackville, bizarre Mrs. Gonzales; each department had its feminine representative.

"It seems to be blowing up a blizzard," Mrs. Coulter remarked, as she crossed to the window with stately tread. "I hope Doctor Coulter is not detained. He expected to stop by for me on his way from his lecture."

"I'll have to go, as I came," Mrs. Sackville's clipped English accent broke in. "Our lads took the motor to the frat dance."

"Isn't it the way?" Mrs. Gonzales smiled. "The children forget their

old mothers, when the girls are on hand. My three — they have both our cars out tonight."

"Be glad you have your sons at home to use them," Mrs. Von Mertz counselled in her precise enunciation. "Since my Emil went abroad, there the machine stands; the doctor or myself — we cannot manage it."

Katherine Delehunt looked about her hesitatingly.

"I drove in. If any of you don't mind trusting yourself to my poor, little flivver — unfortunately it's an open car, and none too comfortable — I'd be delighted to take as many home as I could."

"Oh, my chauffeur will be here shortly," Mrs. Dean, who was reputed to be fabulously wealthy, drawled. "He will bring the limousine and we can carry six or seven easily."

"That will be lovely," Mrs. Von Mertz giggled.

AND THEN THE MIRACLE HAD HAPPENED

"So good of you," Mrs. Sackville boomed.

"Always thinking of others," Mrs. Gonzales gushed.

"And any left over can go with me," Marian Duvall added.

Katherine Delehunt's young face flushed, and a hurt look came into her brown eyes. That was the way her advances were usually met. With unsteady hand she pulled her tailored little coat about her slender figure, adjusted her soft, black felt over her flaming bronze waves, and turned toward the door. She was glad to slip away, glad the affair was over. It had been the usual ordeal.

For none of Katherine Delehunt's contacts with the University set had been especially pleasant in the year and a half since she married Richard. She felt she was no nearer belonging than when she had been little "Kitty" Reilly, whose grandmother kept a tiny confectionery store down in the village; little Kitty Reilly who served behind the counter and helped with the housework, yet somehow managed to attend the parochial school by day, and the business classes by night; little, eager, dreaming Kitty, whose young eyes were ever turned in such wistful awe on the scholastic world so far beyond her humble ken.

To live in a college community, and not be of it, is to be obscure indeed; at least it was in this exclusive University centre. Leedom was the very hub around which the cultural, social life of the countryside revolved. Even in religious matters it determined one's social status. There were two factions: the college set and their intimates who attended the ivy-covered old Protestant Cathedral near the campus, and the handful of villagers and scattered foreigners who climbed the hill to the shabby, little, frame church with its beckoning cross.

Yes, Kitty had always been on the outside, looking in — until young

Richard Delehunt came to the University as Assistant Professor of Chemistry and one day chanced into the little candy-shop. And then the miracle had happened. For the popular, handsome, young man, who, rumor had it, was a protégé of the Dean's, and who had been so cordially received by the college set and élite of the place, had fallen in love with old Mrs. Reilly's granddaughter, had married her, and made her Faith his Faith, had willingly carried his wee son to the shabby church on the hill for the Baptismal services which none of his associates attended.

For, seemingly, the miracle had not been great enough to make Richard's circle ever fully accept his wife. True, she was invited to all affairs sponsored by the faculty; the professor's wives called upon her once; every well-bred convention was observed in a perfunctory, impersonal way. Yet down in her heart she felt she was still an outsider, at least as far as the feminine clique was concerned. The Dean's wife, who was of Boston's aristocracy, Mrs. Sackville, who was of England's nobility, Mrs. Dean, the Eastern heiress — the others with their equally substantial background — made her feel they were not forgetful of the fact that she had been just little Kitty Reilly, whose grandmother kept a shop, whose uncle was a drayman, whose aunts occasionally took in hand-laundry from the students.

Nor would she have cared so acutely, had it affected only her own welfare. But she feared her husband's future was too closely wrapped up with her own not to suffer. Already she believed she had seen the handwriting on the wall. Everybody had thought that Richard would be appointed head of the Chemistry department when old Doctor Meade resigned. But young Duvall, husband of the débutante Marian Blades, had gotten it.

SHE WENT DOWN IN A HEAP

True, Richard, always so innately fine, so broad, so tolerant, had not seemed to sense anything unfair in the matter, anymore than he seemed to sense her own misgivings and fears. Nor had she ever dared confess them to him. But none the less, they burdened her. She must not be a handicap to her husband. She tried to armor herself with wisdom and humility. She would accept whatever came. She would be patient, willing, diplomatic. Maybe she could yet break down the barriers.

In that spirit she had accepted the invitation to the Literary Club this evening, accepted in the face of difficulties; for Richard was out of town, the baby had been fretful over a new tooth, it was a long, cold drive from the little cottage several miles beyond the town. And what had it availed her? It had been the same uncomfortable experience. With flushed cheeks she made her way blindly toward the door, opened it, then drew back with a startled cry;

for a woman, snow-beaten, bedraggled, loomed there. Then as the door opened wider, she took a step and lurched forward. She went down in a heap across the sill. Silence held the women for the moment, as they rushed forward.

"MAIZIE!" Mrs. Coulter called out to one of the maids, who was carrying a tray piled high with unwashed dishes. The mulatto put the tray down, hurried across the room, rather gingerly took hold of the supine form, and managed to carry her to the chintz sofa by the blazing fireplace. Her eyes remained closed for the moment; her breath came in labored pants.

She was not a pretty spectacle, as she lay there. Her poor clothes were bedraggled; a shapeless, black hat hung lop-sidedly over her lined, old face and unkempt gray hair; one grimy hand still clutched a stiffly wired bunch of red, artificial roses.

"Who on earth is she?" Mrs. Dean questioned.

"I tell you ladies who she is," the maid volunteered importantly. "It's an ol' beggah from the village. They calls her 'Rosey-posey' 'cause she goes 'round peddlin' papeh flowehs. But I ain't seen her foh a long time now."

"I recall her," Mrs. Coulter nodded. "She was one of the cases our Allied Charities took up last spring. They wanted to get her placed in an institution, but she was most independent and arbitrary — disappeared right in the midst of the arrangements."

The other women's voices took up the subject. Katherine Delehunt, now drawn well back from the circle, alone remained quiet. Only too well she recognized the form on the sofa. The woman was Rose Brennan, widow of her grandmother Reilly's long dead brother, Jack.

"Rosey-posey" as some wag had named her, was more or less a public character. Her husband, when a young sailor, had brought her home from one of his cruises, a bride. Tragedy had followed the union. Jack was lost at sea and the four, little Brennans were swept away in an epidemic of fever. The widow, suddenly becoming a bit "queer", had begun drifting in and out of the lives of her honest relatives-in-law, like a bewildering bit of flotsam. Sometimes she disappeared for months at a time, managing to find work as a stewardess on some sea-going vessel in the harbor nearby. Then she would drift back to the village again. As she grew older, she became more eccentric. She established herself in a little shack at the edge of the town; began making and peddling her paper flowers. "Buy a posey — buy a posey" became her chant. Harmless, gentle, she went her strange way, asking favors of no one. Then six months before she had disappeared. Katherine, secretly relieved, had almost forgotten her existence. And now she had turned up — at the faculty-club meeting.

KATHERINE'S mind was in a whirl, as her gaze rested on the lined, old face in which the eyelids were beginning to flutter. She would slip away before Rose saw her and recognized her. The women would never suspect she knew her. That was plain from the talk that was beginning to reach her ears.

"— for everybody knows who has ever delved into social research work that it is only engendering pauperism to allow this sort of thing to go on," Mrs. Sackville was declaring.

"I think I shall call the police and have her taken up on a charge of vagrancy," Mrs. Coulter declared coldly.

The words must have pierced old "Rosey-posey's" returning consciousness, for she suddenly opened wide her eyes and struggled upright.

"I'm all right now, ladies — just lost my way in the storm. I'll be going now and not trouble you any more. Don't call no police!"

There was terror in the voice, terror in the mild, old eyes.

A contemptuous look passed about the circle. Then Mrs. Coulter shook her head.

"Now, listen, my good woman," she began firmly. "You know you were warned about going about like this. Why won't you listen to reason? You would be so much better off in a nice institution ——"

The woman's abject gaze travelled fearfully from face to face. Katherine found herself shrinking back.

"Don't lock me up — please, ladies! I'll go — this minute."

By this time she was on her feet, straightening her hat. Mrs. Coulter cleared her throat.

"You have no place to go, and you know it," she said sternly.

"HE'S BEEN HAVING A KIND OF SPELL"

Suddenly Katherine Delehunt felt a wave of pity engulf her. Poor, old soul — so forlorn, so friendless! She looked so much like a trapped animal. Katherine stepped forward and threw back her head.

"I will be responsible for her," she heard herself saying composedly. "She is — a relative of mine. I will take her home with me."

Half an hour later Katherine headed her car into the driveway of her cozy little home far out on the pike. It had been a long, cold drive, yet she had scarcely been conscious of physical discomfort. Her mind had centered on old Rose Brennan and on the scene at the Assembly Hall after she made her declaration. She wondered if she would ever forget those women's faces, their stunned surprise, their silence, save for a few inarticulate murmurs. But she knew their tongues had wagged afterward. How they would roll that morsel under their tongues! Old "Rosey-posey" was a relative of "poor" Richard Delehunt's wife! That was probably all that was needed to condemn her completely in their sight.

Yet, there had been some force in her, stronger than her shrinking from the ordeal, that had made her act as she had. Perhaps it was the example of her grandmother. For, even as old Rose Brennan stood facing that unsympathetic group, there suddenly had come to Katherine the memory of how often she had seen Mrs. Reilly act the good Samaritan to her dead brother's wife. A warm meal, a bed for the night, an open door had never been refused to Rose, even when her children had counselled her against it and Katherine herself had felt a furtive shame at the association. Mrs. Reilly had usually met their opposition with the same answer:

"Shame on you all to begrudge the poor creature a helping hand! You

little know, when every one of you might be glad to turn to her for something. There's an old saying about casting bread upon the waters. It might be well for you to be keeping it in mind."

"Bread upon the waters!"

The ironic thought held Katherine now, as she turned to the shivering creature on the seat beside her. No, she scarcely expected that to be the outcome of tonight's act.

"We'll go in the back way. I'll turn on the gas in the range, and make you some tea," she told Rose, as she led her across the porch.

WHEN she opened the kitchen door, she stared. Annie Welsh, the girl who did her work, and with whom she had left the baby, was pacing the kitchen, wee Dickey in her arms.

"He's been having a kind of spell, Mrs. Delehunt, for the last half hour," the girl said worriedly. "I got him to sleep and put him to bed, but when I went back he commenced coughing. He can't get his breath, it seems."

With a choked cry Katherine looked at her child. He was fighting exhaustedly for breath that whistled shrilly through a closing throat. Frantically she threw off her hat and coat and took him in her arms.

"Did you telephone for the doctor?" she gasped.

"I was afraid to put him down to do it," Annie Welsh told her tearfully. "And the houses are so far apart, I couldn't call to nobody to come."

"Then go call Doctor Baird now! Tell him to come this minute!" she commanded. "Oh, what can it be?"

Rose Brennan had come to her side, was staring at the baby in the young mother's tense arms; her eyes took in the blue-veined pallor, the suddenly sunken eyes, the impeded breathing.

"It's the croup," she said tersely. "Guess the little fellow's teethin'; isn't he?"

"But he's never been like this before," Katherine insisted.

By this time Annie Welsh was back in the room.

"Mrs. Baird said the doctor was out on a night call, but she'd try to get him for you."

"Did you tell her how ill Dickey is?"

The girl shook her head.

"Told her he sounded croupy — she said if you got a croup kettle, you use it until he gets here."

Katherine shook a frantic head.

"I haven't any. Annie, run down the road to Miss Weekes. Maybe she has ——"

"That old maid hasn't such a thing," Annie said mournfully. "Besides, I bet I can't get her out of bed."

She grasped a shawl and started off, nevertheless.

By this time old Rose Brennan was at the stove, turning the burners on full force.

"Got to get some steam goin'," she said tersely, as she grabbed up the kettle, partly filled it with water, thrust it over the flames. "I fought it out with my young 'uns mor'n once. Where can I get a pot?" she went on.

Katherine pointed a shaking finger toward the pantry. Rose dived into it, returned with a water-bucket.

"Now you got anything that holds heat — flat irons — horseshoes — the bigger the better," she went on.

KATHERINE tried to understand. But somehow she could not get her mind farther than on that little, purple face, that convulsed body.

Old Rose disappeared into the pantry again. She came back lugging Richard Delehunt's tool-box under one arm, a set of irons under the other. From the former she took a handful of nails, bits of metal, some

hinges. These, with the irons, she laid over the flaming gas-burner. Next she thrust a chair close to the stove.

"Gimme that blanket that's 'round him," she commanded.

Dazed, Katherine obeyed. The old woman jerked the cover from the sofa; the tablecloth followed. She held them over the chair.

"Now get under with him," she ordered.

Katherine went to the chair. The covering fell, canopy-like about her. The next minute the bucket was thrust under, filled with water.

"Now hold him over the bucket," Rose said, as her arm came into view.

In her scrawny hand was a pair of pincers with a red-hot hammer-head on the end. Deftly she dropped it into the bucket. Again and again she turned from the stove to the bucket; red-hot pieces of metal, the sizzling irons, a broken bar, were plunged into the hissing vessel. Steam began to fill the improvised tent.

Through it Katherine strained her eyes at her baby. By this time he was beating the air with his tiny fists, fighting for breath.

"Oh, God, he's choking!" she sobbed.

"Turn him over, face right close to the bucket," came Rose Brennan's voice through a raised flap.

Another pincer of hot iron sizzled into the water. Katherine somehow managed to turn the little convulsed body face downward. The blue-faced baby fought in a supreme effort; again there came that horrible, gurgling sound. Then wee Dickey relaxed and went limp in her arms.

"He's dead! He's dead!" Katherine found herself screaming, as the blanket was pulled off her.

Rose Brennan shook her head.

"He'll be all right now," she said gently.

Looking up into that mild, lined, simple, old face, Katherine Delehunt suddenly grasped the lesson that her grandmother had tried to instil in her from childhood. She began to comprehend that no act of kindness is ever lost; that it is indeed well to cast our bread upon the waters, serene in the faith that it will come sailing back to us in our hour of need — even as hers had come back to her, through poor, old "Rosey-posey".

Vigil

THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

Lord, I would a vigil keep,
Lauding You while others sleep.

Oh, the tender things I'd say,
So that You would want to stay;

I would lure You to that tryst,
Make You want to come, O Christ;

Then when back in Heavens glad,
Angels asked why You were sad,

You'll say, "I keep a vigil drear
Until My loved one cometh here."

Unfamiliar Gospel Texts

CONCERNING THE GOOD SHEPHERD

WILLIAM A. CAREY, S.J.

THERE is certainly nothing unfamiliar in a mere reference to the Good Shepherd or to the story of the ninety and nine that safely lay, while the hundredth one was lonely and lost. Nor is there much new in the notion that around the ideas of sheep and shepherd, pasture and fold cluster feelings of security. Our Lord was Himself the Lamb of God; He called the Apostles and us "timid little flock", told us not to fear, and promised that the faithful would be on the dread judgment day gathered as sheep to the eternal safety of Heaven. The shepherds of Christmas night, first adorers of the good Shepherd fade, too, into the picture of peace that easily builds itself from references in the Gospel to the good Shepherd and His flock.

But less familiar may be the fact that the parable of the Good Shepherd is itself only a part and not perhaps the chief part of another of those crucial struggles that our Lord had with His enemies, who, lost sheep of the house of Israel, raged against Him, as wolves trying to steal His flock from Him. We have in the whole discourse important lessons of the absolute need of submission to authority in the fold of the Church, warnings as powerful against dangers, as they are consoling to those who in humility and obedience need them not at all. And all the words are wrapped up in the closeness of sheep and shepherd.

THE material our Lord works with is this. Sheepfolds were commonly small enclosures of pasture surrounded with stone walls three or four feet high and lined with thorns. In them were flocks of different owners guarded during the night by a man called "a porter". He admitted the shepherd in the morning. The shepherd then called his flock, some of them at least, by name, and they recognizing his voice followed him for the day. Among other circumstances of the parable and the whole teaching, recall that our Lord, on one of His apostolic journeys the year before, referred to the people as distressed and lying like sheep without a shepherd. Recall, too, that the most bitter opponents of our Lord were the priests and Pharisees, guides who persistently misled the Jews until the day when they urged them finally to cry for the death of the Shepherd. Recall also the beauty and depth of our Lord's prayer for unity at the Last Supper.

THE tenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John opens with these five verses: "Amen, amen, I say to you; he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up another way is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his sheep by name and leadeth them out. And when he hath led his own sheep he goeth before them; and the sheep follow him, because they know his voice. But a stranger they follow not, but fly from him, because they know not the voice of strangers." This seems a clear accusation of false leaders, but St. John adds: "They understood not what He spoke to them." And our Lord continues in explanation: "Amen, amen, I say to

you: I am the door of the sheep. All others, as many as have come, are thieves and robbers, and the sheep heard them not." Hear the Pharisees applying the words now: "He is saying we are robbers, because we lead the people where we will and not according to the Law, because we are taking them from Him." . . . "I am the door. By Me, if any one enter in, he shall be saved; and he shall go in and go out and shall find pastures." This time notice the relief in the multitude, the flock without a shepherd. "Ah, Lord, gladly will we enter by You, for we are dying of hunger. We look up and are not fed." "The thief cometh not but for to steal and to destroy." There is no mincing matters here either. The heavy burdens of law and taxes had their only justification in the selfishness of those same priests and Pharisees. And the destruction of faith in Jesus was an infinitely greater crime. Thieves and robbers surely! "I am come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly." Here is the mystery of salvation in a different light, clear against the enmity of those who would destroy that life forever. We remember the words of the first chapter of St. John: "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

WHAT form will He take to show His eagerness and love in giving them life? Our Lord goes on and we hear the deep thoughts of devotion unto death: "I am the good Shepherd. The good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep. But the hireling and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and flieth; and the wolf snatcheth and scattereth the sheep. And the hireling flieth because he is a hireling; and he hath no care for the sheep. I am the good Shepherd. And I know Mine and Mine know Me; as the Father knoweth Me and I know the Father; and I lay down My life for My sheep. And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring; and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be but one fold and one shepherd."

THE effect of this discourse on the multitude was the sort we grow accustomed to in reading the Gospel of St. John. A dissension arose. "And many of them said: 'He hath a devil and is mad. Why hear you Him?' Others said: 'These are not the words of one who hath a devil. Can one who hath a devil give sight to the blind?'" And the Lord could only hope that His light would shine in the darkness and lead home these wandering sheep for whom He was to lay down His life. And He left them to think over His words.

Autumn passed, winter came and, while it was the Feast of Dedication at Jerusalem, our Lord was walking in the colonnade on the south side of the Temple where the sun shone in low and warm, as the sun does sometimes in winter. We come again on the struggle of light and darkness. The only question that matters is asked again, the one that had been answered by miracle and argument dozens of times. "If Thou art the Messias, tell us plainly." The answer to this challenge finds our Lord enlarging on the closeness there must be between all the sheep of the true fold and their shepherd. He says: "I speak to you and you believe not; the works I do in the name of My Father, they give testimony of Me. But you do not believe Me, because you are not My sheep. My sheep hear My voice and I know them and they follow Me; and I give them life everlasting; and they shall not perish out of My hand." In other words, if the Jews had accepted Christ as the Divine Messenger

and His miracles as the voice of the Almighty, they would by that act of faith became members of the true fold. They would, following on that, recognize in all the other words of our Lord the voice of the Shepherd, would follow Him and would receive from Him food from Heaven and life everlasting. Their error now, therefore, is not in failing to understand our Lord. Because they have not by faith joined the fold, they cannot understand Him. They are not His. Their error is in not realizing that this failure to join the fold, this inability to understand our Lord is due entirely to their perversity in resisting grace, in thinking they can climb into the fold and salvation by another door than Christ.

There are, then, two sides to the doctrine of the sheep, the fold and the shepherd. As those who listen to the words of our Lord are His sheep and are so secure that no one can take them from Him; so, and just as surely, those who choose not to receive our Lord fully for what He is are bound to wander in the way of destruction. They will roam with the confidence of the free, an easy prey to their own ignorance and the cleverness of robbers. And this is true, not probably, but as a consequence of rejecting our Lord, since failure to receive Him is failure to use the only means to salvation. The condition of those who without faith try to lead others is only worse. Blind leaders of the blind, they cause to stray further those who know not the voice of the Shepherd, who know not that these leaders because they have not entered by Christ are not true shepherds. What can happen to those in the fold, if they stray, is another matter. They know the way back, how in sorrow they are to listen to the voice again, how in sorrow and forgiveness they are never again to venture alone.

At the Last Supper there is a slight resounding of this need of unity and closeness to the shepherd in the sad words of our Lord: "It is written: 'I shall strike the shepherd and the sheep of the flock will be dispersed'." Peter protested that he would be safe fighting to the end, but the next day the Shepherd was struck and the flock dispersed, Peter leading in the flight. Easter came for forty days and on one of them our Lord put His future shepherd through a triple examination in charity: "Simon Peter, lovest thou Me more than these?" And, when he answered rightly and with humility, he received official appointment over the flock, he and his successors forever. The Lord ascended, the Holy Ghost came, the Apostles went out and into the fold in ever growing numbers the sheep have been gathered under the shepherds through the door of the fold who is Christ.

To join the Apostleship of Prayer apply to the Reverend Director or to a Promoter in a Local Centre. Your name will be registered on your promise to make the Morning Offering. If there is no Centre in your vicinity, write to 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

Subscribers who have changed their addresses should send word immediately to THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, *515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Give both the old and the new address.*

Interests of the Sacred Heart

A Campaign of Instruction As a result of the convention of the National Council of Catholic Men, held during November in Cincinnati, Ohio, it has been decided to make extensive use of the radio for an educational campaign to counteract the attacks that have been made on the Church during the past year. Every opportunity that offers itself to Catholics to broadcast from the larger stations should be accepted. Millions of people throughout the country have the most grotesque ideas about Catholic teachings and Catholic practices. It is our duty to see that these people are informed of the truth. A speech by Judge William D. Cunningham of New York, made at the convention, elicited many letters from Protestants, commending the proposal to make the Catholic Church known. Letters were received from Texas, North Carolina, Iowa, Louisiana, Florida and other distant points.

Catholic Press Month Each year the month of February is devoted to an apostolate for the Catholic press. It is most important for the welfare and progress of the Church in the United States that there should be a vigorous press. Diocesan papers should find their way into every Catholic household. Otherwise interest in Catholic affairs will die out. The Catholic Press Directory issued by Joseph H. Meier, of Chicago, Ill., lists nearly three hundred Catholic publications; many of them, however, are poorly supported and therefore are unable to exert a wide influence.

We feel confident that besides working for the wider circulation of the Catholic newspaper of their vicinity, our readers will also help during this month to win new subscribers for our Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Its large subscription list is due to the united efforts of many friends who have for years been promoters of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Catholics who have had the advantage of higher education should make it a point of honor to read "America", the weekly review of the Jesuit Fathers, and "The Catholic World", which is the only monthly of its type in the United States, and ranks with the best of the secular magazines.

Belgian Missionaries Belgian priests and Religious have played a most important part in the modern missionary history of the Church. The esteem of St. Francis Xavier for Belgians is well known. In the United States the names of Nerinckx, De Smet and Seghers are held in veneration. India owes to Father Lievens, S.J., the foundation of a flourishing Church, as we have recorded in a former issue. During the second half of the nineteenth century the missionary zeal of Belgian Catholics was manifested in the constant growth of the Associations for the Propagation of the Faith and of the Holy Childhood. Thousands of priests belong to the "Unio Cleri pro Missionibus" and forty-five missionary monthlies or quarterlies keep the missionary spirit alive among the faithful. Such energy for the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth calls not only for our warmest praise but for generous imitation on the part of American Catholics.

The Novena of Grace It is not too early to make preparations at Local Centres for the Novena of Grace held each year from March 4 to March 12 in honor of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, and patron of the Apostleship of Prayer. The number of Centres that have public Novenas is increasing from year to year. Leaflets containing the special prayers for gaining the Indulgences granted during the Novena may be obtained from the National Office, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. The price is ten cents per dozen; forty cents per hundred.

A Crusade for Vocations The fourth congress for the promotion of priestly vocations in France was held during November at Lyons. Previous congresses were held at Paris in 1925, Marseilles in 1926 and Rouen in 1927. Cardinal Maurin presided and five Archbishops and twenty-two Bishops were in attendance. The seriousness of the situation can be realized from the fact that there are now six thousand parishes in France without priests and the shortage is likely to become even greater. Two eminent Catholic laymen, M. Georges Goyau and M. Henri Bordeaux addressed the gathering.

Catholic Youth in Italy In the course of a recent audience granted to the delegates of the Association of Catholic Youth in Italy the Holy Father expressed his delight at the work accomplished by the Association and his gratification at the growth of the movement. He praised their work for priestly vocations, their participation in the centenary of St. Aloysius, their pilgrimages and their prayers "for poor suffering", no, he would rather say "the rich magnificent Catholic Mexico". At this point of his address the whole assemblage burst forth in enthusiastic applause. Above all he commended their zeal for study and their piety.

The Catholic Theatre Movement We have frequently called the attention of our readers to the Catholic Theatre Movement, founded in New York to help decent people select plays worthy of their patronage. The "White List" of plays is printed regularly in the Catholic weekly newspapers. A representative of the Movement speaks each week from the broadcasting Station WLWL. In a recent talk it was pointed out that only six of the current productions on the New York stages could be recommended, five musical comedies and one drama. The condition has become so bad that it is seriously considered whether our Catholic people ought not to resolve to avoid theatres altogether and to dissuade others from patronizing degrading shows. Catholic fathers and mothers are bound in conscience to protect their children from such contamination. A dramatic critic of a leading New York paper has denounced in no uncertain terms the loose profanity and the vile language that are used. It would seem to be a time for our Catholic laymen to insist on a proper exercise of police authority to abate such nuisances.

Catholics in America Early in December a speech on "The Catholic Element in the South", delivered in August by Senator Bruce, was ordered printed in the "Congressional Record". The Senator is a Protestant. In the course of his address on the conduct of Catholics the Senator said:

"Especially can the late history of Maryland be invoked to stigmatize, as it deserves, the calumny that the Catholic is not as good an American as any American citizen. For more than forty years I have been associated with the

public life of this State, either as an earnest and active citizen merely, or as a member of the State or Federal Legislature, or as the incumbent of one administrative office or another. During that period not one solitary instance has ever been brought to my attention in which the Catholic Church in Maryland has ever endeavored, in any manner whatsoever, improperly to influence the conduct of any public official or employee. On the contrary its attitude towards the State has, in every respect, been governed by the highest degree of probity, dignity and wisdom. . . .

"For many years of this period, perhaps the most universally beloved Marylander was that great prelate and sterling citizen, His Eminence, the late Cardinal Gibbons. Until his death no really significant public exercises in Baltimore were deemed complete unless hallowed by an opening prayer from his eloquent lips."

The Dutch East Indies An interesting account of the Catholic Church in the archipelago, known as the Dutch East Indies, was contributed by Dom Maternus, O.S.B., to "The Tablet" of London, England, November 11, 1928. Since the administration of the Vicariate of Batavia by Mgr. Luypen, S.J., in 1898, the mission field has been divided among various missionary Societies, Orders and Congregations; new Vicariates, Prefectures and Missions have been started; the number of missionaries has increased and with it that of native Catholics. In 1906, the Dutch East Indies, forming the one Vicariate of Batavia, numbered 55,000 Catholics, of whom one half were natives with 52 priests of the Society of Jesus and 13 Brothers, besides 40 Brothers of the Christian Schools and 250 Sisters in 24 Stations, whilst their schools were attended by 5,000 Europeans and 2,288 native pupils.

In 1924 the Dutch East India possessions were divided into three Vicariates of Batavia, the Lesser Sunda islands and Dutch Guinea, and five Prefectures with 157,493 Catholics, of which 115,199 were natives under the care of 179 priests, 61 Brothers and 673 Sisters, and 437 schools were attended by 36,645 pupils. Thus an appreciable progress has been made within the last few years.

Sacred Heart Badges should be obtained from the Reverend Director or the Secretary of the parish or other Local Centre in which Associates are enrolled. To obtain them from the National Office send five cents for each Badge.

Kindly Read This

During the past two years hundreds of letters addressed to us failed to reach our office. Some months ago, a Post Office employee was arrested, charged with stealing our mail in transit. Why? Because some subscribers did not heed our warning never to put temptation in the way of Postal clerks and carriers by sending cash without registering the letter and demanding a return card. This is the third Postal employee arrested by the Government for stealing our mail. As theft of our mail injures our work seriously and causes disappointment to subscribers, we again urge all our readers to follow our instructions and to send cash only in a registered letter.

League Activities

How to Have an Active League Centre.

MY PRIEST visitor was young and zealous and had recently been placed in charge of the League of the Sacred Heart. He was anxious to make the League a success in his parish, where it had been dormant for several years. In answer to his question how to make the League a success, I answered:

"Advertise."

"But how?" he asked.

"Make sure that you have the large 'Monthly Calendar' framed and placed in a conspicuous place near the door of the church, so that all may know that the League of the Sacred Heart exists in the parish. Then have a League revival Sunday, namely, talk at all the Masses, or request the Diocesan Director to come and briefly explain at all the Masses the simple conditions of membership, as given in the Handbook. Invite all present to give in their names, with home addresses, to be enrolled for valid membership in the parish League Register.

"Then pick out an active, prudent Secretary and zealous Promoters. Divide the parish into blocks and give to each Promoter a city block. It will be the duty of the Promoter gradually to see that every Catholic in his or her block becomes a member of the League.

"Promoters' Meetings are essential for the success of the League, because it is only at the Promoters' Meetings that plans can be made to improve the League, that names will be handed in, that reports will be given of how many already enrolled in the First Degree have been prudently persuaded to practise the Second and Third, especially the Third. As neglected Promoters' Meetings mean the death of the League, any Promoter absent from two meetings without a serious reason should be automatically dropped and some one else appointed in his or her place. The 'Handbook of the Apostleship of Prayer' outlines a program for a successful Promoters' Meeting, but Local Directors add to this from their own experience. The 'Points for Promoters' which accompany the 'Leaflets' always offer helpful suggestions and may be read with profit at the Meetings.

"The 'League Leaflets' are essential for a successful League Centre in the parish. They cost only a trifle and the expense is easily met. Care should be had that Associates are not embarrassed financially by overzealous Promoters demanding excessive fees. Such an arrangement would destroy the League rather than help it.

"I said 'advertise', for the League must be kept before the parish. This can be done continually by reading the public announcement of the Promoters' Meeting, of the Holy Hour, of the First Friday Communion of Reparation and services, with occasional urging that all should join."

Pastors everywhere find in the League of the Sacred Heart the most powerful means they have of cultivating among their parishioners the spirit of prayer and zeal for the glory of God based upon a solid devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This devotion is so popular, that little or no urging is needed to bring

people to become members. The thought appeals to the faithful that, by having their names enrolled in the Register of a League Centre and reciting the "Morning Offering", they secure the aid of the prayers of thirty million fellow members throughout the world.

NEW LEAGUE CENTRES.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	LOCAL CENTRE.	DATE.
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Alphonsus' ....School	Nov. 14, 1923.
Baltimore	Emmitsburg, Md.	St. Joseph's ....College High School	Nov. 27, 1923.
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Mercy ....Hospital	Nov. 27, 1923.
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Cross ....School	Nov. 8, 1923.
Cincinnati	Piqua, O.	St. Martin's .... "	Nov. 14, 1923.
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	Cathedral ....Latin School	Nov. 7, 1923.
Denver	Rocky Ford, Colo.	St. Peter's ....Church	Nov. 23, 1923.
Des Moines	Audubon, Ia.	St. Patrick's .... "	Nov. 17, 1923.
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	SS. Peter & Paul's .... "	Nov. 13, 1923.
Galveston	Houston, Tex.	Villa De Matel	Nov. 14, 1923.
Hartford	Hartford, Conn.	St. Justin's ....Church	Nov. 13, 1923.
Little Rock	Hartman, Ark.	Sacred Heart ....School	Nov. 27, 1923.
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Mary's Industrial School and Orphange..	Nov. 13, 1923.
New York	New York, N. Y.	Christ the King ....Church	Nov. 10, 1923.
Oklahoma	Muskogee, Okla.	Sacred Heart .... "	Nov. 23, 1923.
Portland	Richmond, Me.	St. Ambrose's .... "	Nov. 16, 1923.
San Francisco	San Jose, Cal.	St. Martin's .... "	Nov. 23, 1923.
Seattle	Kent, Wash.	Briscoe ....School	Nov. 10, 1923.

Total number of New Centres, 18: Churches, 8; Schools, 8; Hospital, 1; Novitiate, 1.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	LOCAL CENTRE.	NO.
Belleville	Belleville, Ill.	Notre Dame ....Academy	7
Cleveland	Akron, O.	St. Mary's ....Church	50
Dallas	Dallas, Tex.	Holy Trinity .... "	12
Dallas	Fort Worth, Tex.	Mount Carmel ....Academy	1
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	St. Margaret Mary's ....Church	9
Lafayette	Lafayette, La.	Mount Carmel ....Academy	16
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	St. Augustine's ....Church	24
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wisc.	St. Patrick's .... "	5
New Orleans	Hammond, La.	Holy Ghost .... "	12
New York	Yonkers, N. Y.	Sacred Heart .... "	12
Peoria	Peoria, Ill.	Our Lady's ....Academy	45
St. Joseph	St. Joseph, Mo.	Sacred Heart .... "	2
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Francis Xavier's ....Church	24
Seattle	Kent, Wash.	Briscoe ....School	4
Wichita	Caldwell, Kans.	St. Martin's ....Church	4

Total number of Receptions, 15; Diplomas issued, 227.

NEW DIOCESAN DIRECTORS.

DIOCESE.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Belleville	Rev. Joseph M. Mueller	Blessed Sacrament Rectory, 8900 West Main Street, Belleville, Ill.
Mobile	Rev. John B. Schimpf, S.J.	St. Joseph's Rectory, 808 Springhill Avenue, Mobile, Ala.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

1.	Acts of Charity 3,486,902	11.	Masses heard 4,350,168
2.	Beads 3,401,268	12.	Mortifications 1,611,289
3.	Way of the Cross 3,467,112	13.	Works of Mercy 1,528,306
4.	Holy Communion 4,268,905	14.	Works of Zeal 2,843,780
5.	Spiritual Communion 3,199,807	15.	Prayers 5,479,603
6.	Examen of Conscience 2,077,618	16.	Kindly conversation 685,112
7.	Hours of Labor 672,987	17.	Suffering, Afflictions 3,728,906
8.	Hours of Silence 694,010	18.	Self-conquest 1,785,674
9.	Pious reading 588,162	19.	Visit to Blessed Sacrament 3,942,872
10.	Masses read 7,602	20.	Various good works 6,389,670

Total Good Works, 54,220,353.

Editor's Notes

THE spiritual director of the young men's club had given his monthly talk to the members. Those talks had long since become an attraction and were the source of much good. I knew that the attendance was large, as the club rooms had been crowded for the past hour. They are usually crowded, when the spiritual director gives his talk, for he is a forceful speaker and his matter is clear and interesting. Some minutes after the meeting I met a group of young men leaving the building.

"Well, what did you get this morning?" I asked. "Something exceptionally good?"

"Yes, very good," a young man replied. "Father told us we are a crowd of extraordinarily selfish brutes, though he did not put it in those words. Fortunately for me I was not included; I have no sisters. But these three lads here were hit pretty hard, for they, fortunately or unfortunately, have sisters."

"Sisters? Why, what was the subject of the talk?"

"The spiritual director told these three lads and the rest of the members what paragons of selfishness they are in not taking out their lovely sisters to entertainments, and especially for not introducing them to such attractive and lonesome young men as myself. Seriously, it was a good talk and showed that many Catholic girls remain single, because their brothers are selfish and do not bring their boy companions to the house and give their sisters a chance to meet and know good Catholic young men. He was hardest on the selfish young men who never share any pleasures with their sisters, such as attendance at a football or baseball game, but go ahead and plan their own future, banking on their sisters to remain unmarried and to support the old folks. Now these three friends here," he concluded banteringly, "must feel brutally selfish. They have never invited me to meet their lovely sisters."

"You might tell Father," one of the laughing group replied, "that the spiritual director added the admonition to bring only respectable and eligible young men to our homes. That bars you."

The talk had made an impression on these young members of the club. They had been awakened to see that many of our Catholic boys seldom think of the future of their sisters. There would be more happiness in Catholic families, if the young men were less selfish and would share innocent pleasures with their sisters and bring their boy friends to their homes. A young man who is not worthy to meet one's sister is not worthy to share one's friendship.

THE trolley car had come to a stop and the voices of the two men seated near me rose clear and sharp in the silence that followed.

"How did you spend Sunday?"

"Quietly," came the answer. "I got up late and went over to the office and worked at some papers until dinner time, then I went out in the afternoon for an auto ride with the wife and children."

"Didn't you go to church at all?" the first speaker asked.

"No. I left that to the wife and children."

The car had started again and the noise of the moving wheels drowned out their voices. Both appeared to be intelligent, yet one at least did not seem to realize that the salvation of his soul could not be left to the wife and children.

Man owes a duty to himself and to God to render the Creator external worship. External worship inspires inward adoration and praise. It is only by the union of interior and exterior devotion that perfect worship is given to God. For a Catholic, over and above the duty to render to God some external worship, that arises from man's dependence upon his Creator, there is the positive command of the Church, binding under penalty of grievous sin, that we must pay external worship to God by hearing Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. Men must worship together according to some external form and ritual. To us God has revealed the form. We have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. We offer up the Body and the Blood of Jesus Christ, true God and true man. Our appreciation of the greatness and efficacy of that Sacrifice should make us eager to fulfil the law of the Church and to receive the abundance of graces showered down on those who devoutly assist at Holy Mass.

SHE was old, exceedingly old, yet her eyes were still bright and her heart was warm with a tender love for the thirty little ones gathered about her on her birthday. Those little ones were her grandchildren and each looked at her smiling face with awe and reverence. Her own children, seven in number, fathers and mothers of the happy group that gathered about her, stood near and smiled with pleasure at their mother's love for their little ones. It was a reunion that cheered that aged heart.

"Mother," her oldest daughter remarked, "God has been good to you to let you live to know the love of so many of your children's children."

The bright eyes of that old face grew brighter. The smile of happiness grew warmer with a tenderness of love that seemed to be of Heaven. There was no weakness, no mere sentimental touch to her words, as she spoke. Her voice was clear, but soft and gentle.

"Yes, God has been good to me. When I was a child, I learned at school a tender love for the Sacred Heart. A teacher, a zealous nun, long since gone to God, had a picture of the Sacred Heart in her classroom and taught us to consecrate ourselves and our work to the Sacred Heart. When I married, your father and I consecrated to the Sacred Heart ourselves and our married life with its future joys and sorrows, and we hung in our bedroom the picture of the consecration. When each of you was born and baptized, your father held the pen in your baby hands and wrote your name under his and mine. The Sacred Heart promised Saint Margaret Mary to bless those devoted to Him and to bless every place where His image is set up and honored. He fulfilled that promise in our little home and was your father's refuge in the hour of death. Here I am today, in my old age, enjoying the love of you and your children."

She paused.

"I have had each of you place in your home a picture commemorating the consecration of your family to the Sacred Heart. Think what it will mean in the future lives of all of these dear little ones to live close to the Heart of Christ and, in turn, to teach their children what was taught me and I taught you — to love the Sacred Heart and to be blessed by Him. I wonder if that zealous nun, my teacher, ever dreamed how her work would go on. Your zeal, like that of my teacher, will be productive of good long after you have gone to God."

Our Question Box

How should people kneel in church?

The proper way is to kneel up straight. Sometimes the pews make this impossible or weakness or illness forces one to lean back on the seat. One ought not to lean back simply through laziness.

Why are little crosses printed in the middle of some of the Mass-prayers?

They show where the priest makes the Sign of the Cross.

Are any words to be said when making the cross on the forehead, lips and breast before the Gospel?

No.

Is it prescribed to sign oneself with the cross when one says: "Glory be to the Father, etc"?

No. When the priest says these words at Mass or in his office, he simply bows.

How were our Lord's feet nailed to the Cross?

It is certain that two nails were used, one for each foot. A single nail would have crushed the bones. Some artists paint only a single nail. The Gospel simply says that He was crucified.

Whose fault is it, if a child is born dead?

We have no right to say that it is anybody's fault. We must trust God in all such matters. His Providence will be made clear to us at the judgment.

Is it true that, if one member of a family is a Religious, all the members will be saved?

We have no warrant for such a statement. There is no doubt that God blesses with special graces the families of those who consecrate themselves to Religious life. But each one has to work out his own salvation.

Would an Act of Imperfect Contrition or attrition put a soul in the state of grace?

Not without the Sacrament of Penance. In Confession such an Act is sufficient to warrant the priest's giving absolution. Apart from the Sacrament only Perfect Contrition restores the state of grace. Hence the importance of frequently making such Acts. If at the hour of death it is impossible to have a priest, one Act of Perfect Contrition would save a man's soul, no matter how many mortal sins he might have committed since his last Confession.

Where can I obtain a sketch of St. Pachomius?

In the abridgement of Butler's "Lives of the Saints" on May 14. This volume may be chosen as a gift by those who send in five subscriptions to The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Must one confess it, if one fails to receive Communion after going to Confession?

No. The only time one is obliged to mention Communion in Confession, is when one failed to make the Easter duty.

May a Sacred Heart ring be substituted for the Badge of the Sacred Heart?

No. There is no special Church approval given to such rings. It is pious to wear a ring that has a Sacred Heart engraved on it, but the cloth Badge is the official sign of the Apostleship of Prayer and Indulgences may be gained

for saying the aspiration, "Thy Kingdom come!" whilst wearing it.

May a man be anointed before being electrocuted?

No. Not until the current is turned on would he be a subject for the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Then it is not possible to administer the Sacrament.

Is it ever allowed two Catholics to contract a valid marriage without the presence of a priest as witness?

Yes. The Code of Canon Law in Canon 1098 provides for two special cases, when a valid marriage may be thus contracted before two witnesses: first, when there is danger of death; and, secondly, when an authorized priest cannot be had or cannot be reached and it is foreseen that this state of affairs will last for a month. In both cases another priest must, if possible, be obtained, but the presence of the two witnesses suffices for validity.

What is meant by "the promised land"?

It is the land of Canaan, Palestine of today. This was promised by God to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It was chosen as the abode of the Israelites, the descendants of Jacob, in which they were moulded into the nation from whom the Messias, our Lord Jesus Christ, came. Read about it in the Bible history.

If a holyday of obligation falls on Friday, must Catholics abstain from meat?

No. The law of abstinence does not apply to holydays of obligation.

Is Celestine a boy's or a girl's name?

It can be used both for boys and girls. St. Celestine, Pope and martyr, is honored on April 6. St. Celestina, virgin and martyr, is honored on September 22.

Is there a St. Evelyn?

Evelyn, Eveline, Evelina are diminitives of Eve, the name of the mother of mankind. Her feast is celebrated on December 19.

Where could one procure a life of St. Lauriana, whose feast is on May 1?

A Saint of this name is honored at Amiens, in France. We have no details concerning her life.

Is a Catholic allowed to receive Holy Communion at Midnight Mass on Christmas and again at the morning Mass?

No. To do so, knowing that it is forbidden, would be a mortal sin. The second Communion would be sacrilegious.

What are the Indulgences gained by reciting the Blessed Sacrament beads?

There are no special Indulgences for using the beads. An Indulgence is gained for reciting the aspiration, "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us", whether one uses the beads or not.

Are Catholic children supposed to have Saints' names?

Yes. There are so many beautiful names of Saints that there is no excuse for Catholics not obeying the Church's law on this point. If parents insist on giving their children a non-Christian name, the parish priest is ordered by Canon 761 to add the name of a Saint when baptizing and to record both in the Baptismal register.

Is it allowed to make the Sign of the Cross over bread when making it or before eating?

Certainly. The Sign of the Cross is a sacramental. Making it reverently is asking God's blessing. Formerly it was used much more frequently by our Catholic people. It is a holy practice that ought to be encouraged.

Would becoming a subscriber to "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart" make one a member of the League?

No. The only way to become a member of the League is to have your name put on a League Register at a Centre. See if it is established in

your town at your own parish church or at any other. Tell the priest at that Centre that you promise to say the "Morning Offering" every day and he will register your name. If after inquiring you cannot find a Centre, send your name and address to the National Office, 515 East Fordham Road and you will be registered.

Will you please give the address of the new foundation and novitiate of the Society of Mary Reparatrix in Detroit, Michigan?

69 Burlingame Avenue.

What is meant by Low Sunday?

It is the Sunday after Easter. In contrast to the Easter celebration, the rites on this Sunday are simple. Hence it became customary to call it "Low".

What knowledge have the dead of things that happen on earth?

We do not know. This has not been revealed to us by God. What we do know is that there is a Communion of Saints, by which the Saints in Heaven and the souls in Purgatory help us by their prayers, and we can help the souls in Purgatory. They know about us only what God manifests to them. How little or how much that is, we have no way of finding out.

How does one consecrate oneself to the Sacred Heart?

By reciting and meaning the Act of Consecration. Almost every prayer-book contains a prayer for this purpose.

Should we call ourselves "Catholics" or "Roman Catholics"?

All Catholics are Roman Catholics, that is to say, to be a true Catholic one must be in communion with Rome and recognize the Pope as the Head of the Church. In legal documents it is sometimes necessary to use the name "Roman Catholic" so as to avoid confusion with some Protestant Episcopalians who usurp the name "Catholic". To recognize them as Catholics would be sinful. There is only one true Church and they do not belong to it.

When passing before the Blessed Sacrament exposed should one genuflect on both knees?

No. The double genuflection is made when entering the church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed and before leaving, not when one has to cross the church or sanctuary.

Can an excommunicated person be received back into the Church?

Certainly. Excommunication is a punishment inflicted for certain sins to show how serious the sin is and to induce repentance. In certain cases the sinner has to apply, either directly or through the confessor, to the Bishop or to the Pope in order to be absolved. But there are no sins or crimes that the Church will not forgive in God's name, if the sinner is truly repentant and ready to perform the penance imposed.

When a promise is made to say a Rosary, does that mean fifteen decades?

Not unless the person so intended. Usually five decades are meant.

Does a promise that is made when a favor is asked hold indefinitely?

It depends on the intention of the person at the time the promise is made.

N.B. Before sending in questions, inquirers are requested to read over recent issues. Many questions are sent that have already been answered. It is impossible to answer all of the hundreds of questions received. Questions will not be answered by personal letter. All personal questions, especially about sins or marriage, should be submitted to some priest who can learn the details. Always sign your name and give your address. Write on a separate sheet of paper, apart from all other business and send the letter to "Our Question Box".

Thanksgivings

Total Number of Thanksgivings for the Month: 3,593,706.

Brother's Reform

Los Angeles, Cal.—"After seventeen years of prayers and supplications on our part my brother received the Sacraments and had his marriage validated. Our gratitude to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the holy Mother of God is expressed in this publication of the answer to our prayers."

Several Converted

Chicago, Ill.—"Sometime ago while I was receiving instructions and preparing for the day when I should become one of God's true fold, I prayed to the Sacred Heart that my aunt, who had been a Catholic eight years before, would come back to the Church and Sacraments. She did, and was confirmed with me. I then promised publication, if my uncle and cousin, and her husband, would come into the Church, which they did a year later, when my cousin also had her three children baptized, the oldest of whom now attends the parochial school. Thanks to the Sacred Heart!"

Help for a Convert

Vashon, Wash.—"I am a convert from the Lutheran to the Catholic Faith. My husband and I promised publication, if our prayers were answered. The sight of my eye was saved, and my husband's health, formerly very bad, has been much improved. We received financial aid, when we were almost in despair in our need. Before I embraced the Catholic Faith I begged St. Anthony's intercession to get work and my prayers were heard. My conversion was suggested to me by the church bells; I answered the call of the Angelus."

Children's Catholic Education

San Antonio, Tex.—"I have two little sons, ten and twelve years of age respectively. For the past six years we have lived in a town where there was a Catholic church but no school, and the boys were obliged to attend the public school. My husband and I were most desirous of giving the boys a Catholic education, and I have prayed daily to the Sacred Heart for the past four years to grant me this favor, but each year we were unable to locate elsewhere. During the past summer I increased my supplications, and promised publication, if my prayer would be heard this year. I also prayed to our Lady of Victory, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. Unexpectedly my husband had an offer of a position in this city and in three weeks' time we were located here and the boys in the Catholic school. I feel most grateful to the Sacred Heart and wish to publish my thanks in THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART."

Vocation Realized

Detroit, Mich.—"Our Lord has indeed shown His mercy and love for me. I wished to enter the monastery, but it seemed for a time that I would not be accepted. I could do nothing for myself; so I took refuge in the Sacred Heart. Jesus has heeded my weakness, for I am to enter the monastery very soon."

GENERAL FAVORS

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others, the Badge or Promoter's Cross was used as a petition for Divine help; for others, the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

Alabama.—Happy marriage, protection in hurricane, safe trip, preservation from contagion.

Argentina.—Sister's recovery.

Arizona.—Safe delivery.

Arkansas.—Situation.

British Guiana.—Part in play secured, spoons loaned, gramophone not damaged.

British Honduras. — Safe delivery, quota received, no serious results.

British West Indies.—Successful operation, mind restored.

California. — Ten recoveries, three safe deliveries, two situations, two operations avoided, successful operation, successful examinations, conversion, safe journey, return to Sacraments, trouble avoided, flat rented, injury avoided, position regained, financial aid, husband and wife reunited, smoking stopped, lots sold, attendance at Mass, difficulties overcome, Sacraments received, good news, relief from pain, articles found, letters received, success in work, reduction in rent, house near church, diploma received, necessary records received, rescue in flood, salary increased, friendship renewed, happy death.

Canada.—Three recoveries, two situations, successful operation, trouble avoided, face healed, free treatment received.

Canal Zone.—Situation.

China. — Recovery, two situations, salary increased.

Colorado. — Four recoveries, situation, peace in family, car raised from mud, marriage blessed, not crippled.

Connecticut. — Two recoveries, six situations, two safe deliveries, successful operation, operation avoided, Mass heard, return to Sacraments, instructions started, trouble avoided, able to work steadily.

Delaware.—Success in business.

District of Columbia. — Situation, safe delivery, day-work secured, husband and wife reunited, foot healed.

England.—Return to Sacraments after forty-five years.

Florida. — Two recoveries, safe delivery, cessation of storm, preservation from illness, lot sold, desirable home located, reconciliation, permission to study for music degree.

Georgia.—Recovery, situation, First Communion made, Confirmation, safe return, trouble settled, return to Sacraments after ten years.

Hawaii.—Recovery, ring found.

Illinois.—Eighteen recoveries, twelve successful examinations, nine successful operations, six situations, five safe deliveries, safe trips, embarrassment avoided, success in playing, trouble settled, sister found, opportunity to go into business, healthy baby, successful visit, saved from disgrace, boarders secured, compensation received, not sued, news from son, life spared, desire for conversion expressed, friend's return, saved from choking, position retained, salary increased, case won, money collected, temptation removed, articles found, house sold, dread of operation overcome, difficulty straightened out, negative X-ray, home paid for, hemorrhage stopped, flat rented, escape from danger, music lesson obtained.

India.—Recovery.

Indiana.—Five recoveries, two situations, safe delivery, peace of mind, difficulties straightened out, preservation from contagion, friendship restored, no ill feelings, quarrel avoided, Catholic companion, safe trip, success in position, loan secured, not jailed, misunderstanding averted, better position, no rain, water subsided, award received.

Iowa. — Six recoveries, seven situations, successful operation, successful examinations, operation avoided, trou-

ble avoided, pleasant trips, safe return, favorable diagnosis, protection in storm, church attended oftener, relief from worry, reconciliation, financial aid, successful treatment, general Confession made, successful year, not sent to hospital, favorable weather, curtains finished, satisfactory transaction, return to Sacraments after twenty-eight years, work continued, scandal avoided, eye saved, deed signed, settled without foreclosure, accident not serious, help in trouble, preservation from illness, graduation, Sacraments received, disgrace averted, saved from death.

Ireland.—Sacraments received.

Japan.—Recovery of child.

Kansas.—Three recoveries, four situations, successful operation, graduation, finger saved, financial difficulties overcome, safe journey, preservation from illness, trouble settled, better arrangements made, farm close to church, wheat threshed, prize won, place rented, ring found, conduct improved, comfortable home, situations retained.

Kentucky.—Six recoveries, two safe deliveries, successful examinations, successful performance, rosary found, on time for school, lawsuit avoided, preservation from contagion, walking restored, life spared, barn saved from fire, eye-trouble avoided, home and grocery saved.

Louisiana. — Four recoveries, two situations, safe delivery, operation avoided, successful examinations, graduation, healthy baby, overcharge withdrawn, eye saved, return to Sacraments, mind restored, coats procured.

Maine. — Safe delivery, teeth extracted, safe journey.

Maryland. — Three recoveries, two successful operations, situation, safe delivery, intemperance overcome, favorable X-rays, stopped committing mortal sin, credit reestablished, position retained, successful transaction, mind restored, safe arrival.

Massachusetts. — Twenty-two recoveries, eleven situations, eight safe deliveries, seven successful operations, two operations avoided, successful examinations, preservation from contagion, courage and strength, salary increased, apartment rented, Catholic husband, injury not serious, work, relief from pain, articles found, tenement rented, permanent appointment, steady work, trouble averted, consent to marriage, news received, relief from scruples, life spared, success in work, husband's return, favorable diagnosis, friend seen, return to Sacraments after thirty years, financial aid, intemperance overcome, good nurse secured, means to pay debt.

Michigan.—Eight recoveries, five situations, four safe deliveries, perfect baby, animals saved, foot healed, help obtained, safe trips, home near school, advancement in position and salary, house sold, trouble averted, loan secured, no bad effects, journey not taken, obstacle removed, protection from storms, cessation of storm, lawsuit won, success in business, rooms rented, return to Sacraments, son's return.

Minnesota.—Fifteen recoveries, seven safe deliveries, six situations, successful operations, successful examinations, good husband, protection in storms, habit overcome, safe return, articles found, boat did not capsize, temptations overcome, relief from scruples, night's rest, safe trip, grade passed, healthy child, good hatch, innocence proven, lights fixed, building finished on time, crop saved, Baptism, scandal averted, growth removed, salary increased, daughter's return, condition improved, loan secured, preservation from illness, quarrel averted, success in business, relief from worry.

Mississippi.—Chest healed.

Missouri. — Sixteen recoveries, two operations avoided, successful examinations, lawsuit avoided, Baptism, return of brother, child normal, motherhood, friend's happiness, preservation from illness, relief from scruples, safe

journey, healthy cows, no frost, peace of mind, hand healed, protection in cyclone, successful aeroplane trip, favorable diagnosis, walking restored, articles found, flat rented, preservation from epidemic, life spared, pleasant trip.

Montana. — Four situations, three safe deliveries, safe trips, discharged from hospital, seminary entered, letters received, Confession, frequent Communion, relief from nervousness, temptation resisted, peace in home, nine First Fridays made.

Nebraska. — Three recoveries, two situations, two successful examinations, operation avoided, safe delivery, successful course, good crop, fine and trial avoided, separation avoided, return to Sacraments after fifty years, intemperance overcome.

Newfoundland. — Preservation from contagion, financial aid.

New Hampshire.—Recovery, friend's return, return to Sacraments after twenty years, undesirable friendship discontinued.

New Jersey.—Eleven recoveries, six successful examinations, three situations, three successful operations, two operations avoided, two safe deliveries, studies resumed, graduation, financial aid, property rented, quarrel avoided, safe arrival, sight restored, arm healed, position retained, saved from disgrace, improvement of class, saved from fire, relief from worry, peace in family, success of class, preservation from contagion.

New York. — Thirty-six recoveries, thirteen situations, six successful operations, three successful examinations, three safe deliveries, business sold, no bad effects, absolved from blame, eye saved, conversation not overheard, contract returned, fault overcome, good husband, happy home, return to Sacraments, articles found, reconciliation, safety in storm, position retained, settlement out of court, compensation received, intemperance overcome, safe trip, affairs settled, cow saved, preservation from illness, life spared, work accomplished, teeth saved, husband and wife reunited, saved from disgrace, opportunity for Catholic education, obligation met, brother remained home, lonesomeness overcome, peace of mind, trouble averted, success in business, relief from scruples, favorable decision, appointment kept, salary increased, conversion.

North Carolina.—Situation, financial aid.

North Dakota.—Two recoveries, situation, safe delivery, good crop, peace in home, greater love of God, letter received, friend's return.

Ohio.—Eleven recoveries, seven situations, six safe deliveries, three successful operations, two operations avoided, baby baptized, life spared, cattle healthy, positions retained, home from hospital, articles found, peace in family, safe return, preservation from illness, misfortune averted, tooth extracted, Easter duty made, not crippled, safe trip, favorable diagnosis, Confession, reconciliation, no serious injuries, Sacraments received, rooms rented, happy marriage, relief from nervousness, trouble avoided, relief from pain, return to Sacraments, friendship restored, disgrace averted, help in temptation, no lawsuit, pledge renewed, prizes won, house rented.

Oklahoma.—Recovery, situation, safe delivery, operation avoided, condition improved, intemperance overcome, Communion.

Oregon.—Two recoveries, successful examinations, preservation from illness, position retained, protection from fire, safe trip, negative culture.

Pennsylvania. — Twenty recoveries, six situations, three operations avoided, successful operation, safe delivery, favorable X-ray, temptation overcome, relief from pain, journey not undertaken, trouble avoided, position retained, better position, favorable diagnosis, motherhood, preservation from illness, child saved, tooth extracted, conversion, reconciliation, use of arm

restored, articles found, case satisfactorily settled, house rented, sight restored, vocation decided, bill reduced, scholarship won, money returned, food retained, financial aid, voice restored, protection from fire, horse saved, cessation of storm, Confession.

Philippine Islands. — Recovery, servant remained, husband's return, protection, preservation from illness.

Rhode Island.—Five recoveries, two safe deliveries, disappearance of lump, fair weather, journey undertaken.

South Africa.—Brother's recovery.

South Carolina.—Recovery.

South Dakota.—Recovery, situation, cattle saved, eyes helped, conversion.

Straits Settlements. — Condition improved, work obtained, safe delivery.

Tennessee.—Six recoveries, no serious injury, secret kept, house rented, removal, safe return, game won, error located, book balanced, list obtained, journey undertaken, ring found, amputation avoided.

Texas.—Three recoveries, two situations, reconciliation, protection from storm, property sold, steady employment, night's sleep, favorable diagnosis, opportunity to attend good school, house rented, preservation from illness, Sacraments received, bad company given up, debts paid, position retained, conversion, Catholic marriage, rooms rented.

Vermont. — Two recoveries, situation, safe delivery, successful examinations, success with studies, trouble averted, success with merchandise.

Virginia.—Two recoveries, operation avoided, permission to attend Catholic school, return to work, safe return.

Washington.—Eight recoveries, four successful operations, two situations, two safe deliveries, operation avoided, disappearance of scar, salary increased, life spared, wounds healed, daughter protected, legal settlement, tooth extracted, nail saved, priest at deathbed, temptation overcome, letters received, able to walk.

West Virginia. — Four recoveries, successful examinations, situation, unpleasantness avoided, perseverance in vocation, permission to visit father, success in contest, hearing improved, situation retained.

Wisconsin.—Fifteen recoveries, three situations, note cancelled, escape from serious injuries, happy death, happy marriage, peace in family, financial aid, satisfactory settlement, undesirable friendship discontinued, last Sacraments received, property sold, did not miss Mass, position retained, accident averted, perfect baby, money saved, fair weather, father found, mortgage transferred, permanent appointment, life spared, cessation of storm, reconciliation, scandal averted, safe return, flat found.

Wyoming.—Two recoveries, safe delivery, situation, knee cured, perfect baby, ring found.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters, Associates and readers, for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

All Thanksgivings must be sent to the Thanksgiving Department, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Write in a separate letter on one side of the paper stating the special favor received and give the name of the sender, the town and State. The names of senders will never be published, but if the names are not given no attention will be paid to the Thanksgiving. Thanksgivings contained in letters about other business will not be recorded. If no particular favor is mentioned, or expressions are used such as "a great favor," "a spiritual favor," "a temporal favor," "the granting of a wish," the Thanksgiving is included in the general Thanksgiving at the end. The work of preparing letters of Thanksgiving for publication is very burdensome; so we ask all to follow the rules. Promise of publication is fulfilled by sending the letter to our office. So many letters are now received that it is not possible to record them all.

Some Good Books

Practical Aids for Catholic Teachers. A Handbook of Material and Teaching Devices for Use in the Lower Grades of Parochial Schools. By Sister Mary Aurelia, O.S.F., M.A., and the Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. $4.75.

The experiences of many teachers in the lower grades of our schools have gone into the making of this large-paged book of over three hundred pages. It aims at stimulating the initiative of our Catholic teachers, not at killing their originality. It shows what other teachers have done for their little charges. It would, we think, be a sad mistake for any school superintendent to impose the following of this book on teachers already overburdened with directions, but we should like to see a copy in every school for the use of the teachers. So many details are now prescribed in modern systems that there is danger of the children missing the solid grounding in essentials they received in earlier days.

Come and See. A Picture Meditation Book for Young People. By Mother Imogen Ryan, R.S.H. Convent of the Sacred Heart, University Avenue and Washington Bridge, New York, N. Y. $2.00.

The author of this beautiful and helpful book reminds us that over two hundred years ago a spiritual writer suggested the use of pictures as an aid to mental prayer on the life of our Divine Lord. So she has selected some fifty-two illustrations of scenes from His life, prepared with such care for historical accuracy as to transport us to the first century of our era in Palestine. They are beautifully colored. Accompanying the pictures are the corresponding passages from the New Testament with only a brief comment as an incentive to personal thought and to prayer. The book seems to us to accomplish what St. Ignatius wishes, when he prescribes for contemplating the mysteries of our Lord's life that we should think of them as if we were actually present, seeing with our eyes and hearing with our ears. Though suitable for use in schools and academies, this is not a text-book or intended exclusively for students. Indeed it is one of those books that ought to find a place on the reading-table in every Catholic household. The more our young people know of the Divine Master, the more they will love Him and the more closely will they imitate His example.

The Page of Christ. By the Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. 50 cents.

The purpose of this booklet is to explain to our altar-boys the meaning of their office and of their duties when serving at the altar. It will be welcomed by all whose duty it is to train the boys. Every altar-boy should have a copy. A reduction of price is granted, when ordered in quantities.

Fiction by its Makers. Edited by the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J. The America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. $2.00.

"America", the weekly review edited by the Jesuit Fathers, printed some time ago a series of essays on the novel by Catholic authors who had attained some success in this kind of

writing. Father Talbot, the literary editor of "America", has gathered them into this volume and sends them forth for reflection and discussion. The book will appeal to all who are interested in novel-writing and especially to classes in literature.

Father Scott's Radio Talks. Station WLWL, 1927-1928. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. $2.00.

Father Martin J. Scott, S.J., is widely known for his books on the Catholic Church. His weekly talks at the Radio Station WLWL conducted by the Paulist Fathers of New York, have interested a wide circle of listeners. We do not doubt that in book-form they will be welcomed by all who look for guidance on current Catholic topics. They will do great good to any non-Catholics who can be persuaded to read them.

Catholic Evidence Training Outlines. Compiled by Maisie Ward. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y.

The publication of these "Outlines" for the training of Catholic laymen to talk in public on the doctrines of our Faith prompts the hope that soon some of our American laymen may organize to fit themselves for this important apostolate. Are there not in every one of our parishes enough men and women to form a study-group under the guidance of one of the priests? Here is a manual of great utility for all who have to deal with non-Catholics. The questions proposed by outsiders are especially stimulating.

"My" Mass. Translated from the French of Abbé Charles Grimaud by Rt. Rev. James F. Newcomb, P.A. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. $2.00.

The emphasis on the word "My" in the title of this book points out a truth too little realized by our Catholic people. When the priest turns to the people for the last time before the Canon of the Mass he bids them pray that his sacrifice and theirs may be acceptable to God and in the Canon he prays for all who are offering up the sacrifice. When you are present at Mass, it is "your" Mass. Abbé Grimaud's book explains your part in Christ's priesthood, the effects of the Mass, and the way to celebrate it well. The translator has added a useful list of books on the Mass and the liturgy.

A Nobleman of Italy. The Story of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. By the Rev. A. Koch, S.J. Translated from the German by the Rev. D. Donnelly, S.J. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. $1.25.

Our present Pope is anxious that Catholic boys and young men of all nations should understand better the strong character of the patron of youth, who gave up the pleasures and honors of a worldly career to consecrate his life to God in Religion as a member of the Society of Jesus. Hence it is well to have a fresh portrayal of the incidents of his life from time to time. Father Koch's sketch presents a series of short chapters in which the underlying motives of the boy and youth are emphasized from his early childhood until his heroic death for his neighbor in the service of the plague-stricken. The translation reads like an original piece of work. It will furnish suitable reading for the time of school retreats.

Sundays of the Saints. Sermon Outlines for the Feast Days which may occur on Sundays. By the Rev. Michael A. Chapman. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. $1.75.

The Feast Days for which sermon outlines are given in this book are those, the higher rank of which displaces the Sunday Mass and office. The author has already explained that he hopes no priest will learn by heart the sermons he provides. They are intended to stimulate thought.

The Struggle for Catholic Emancipation. By Denis Gwynn. Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. $3.50.

On April 13, 1829 the Catholic Emancipation Act was signed by the King of England. In view of the centenary celebration this year, we welcome this review of the steps which resulted in the triumph of Daniel O'Connell, justly styled the "Liberator". It is a sad story of bigotry and oppression, but it ought to be known to every Catholic in the world and especially to all of Irish blood. In England at the end of the penal days only a small number of Catholics remained, whereas in Ireland there were several millions and though English Catholics benefitted greatly by the Act, it was an Irish victory and a giant step forward to ultimate freedom. This is the only book that reviews the struggle in a single volume. It is well written and deserves to be studied in all of our schools.

Obituary

The Rev. Michael Ahern, Mallow, Ireland.
The V. Rev. John Burton, Mallow, Ireland.
The Rev. John E. Derling, C.SS.R., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
†The Rev. John J. Dowd, Watervliet, N. Y.
†The Rt. Rev. Andrew M. Egan, Bayonne, N. J.
The Rev. William S. Hogan, Chicago, Ill.
†The Rev. James J. Kennedy, Hollis, N. Y.
†The Rev. John J. McCann, Herkimer, N. Y.
The Rev. Edward J. Meyer, Madison, Wis.
The Rev. J. A. Murphy, Brighton, Mass.
The Rev. Charles F. Myers, San Francisco, Cal.
The Rev. Francis L. Reynolds, Chicago, Ill.
The Rev. William J. Ryan, Everett, Ill.
The Rt. Rev. William F. Stadelman, Pittsburgh, Pa.
The Rev. James J. Talbot, New York, N. Y.
The Rev. Peter Vaque, S.M.M., Ozone Park, N. Y.
Brother William McElaney, S.J., Boston, Mass.
Sr. M. Agnes, Waterford, Ireland
Sr. M. Bavo, Antigo, Wis.
Sr. M. Veronica Callaghan, Wheeling, W. Va.
Sr. M. Callista, Oshkosh, Wis.
Sr. M. Carola, Bridgeport, Conn.
Sr. Edith, Nashua, N. H.
Mother M. Emmanuel, Albany, N. Y.
Sr. M. Fidelis, Gillette, N. J.
Sr. M. Hildegarde, W. Hartford, Conn.
Sr. M. of the Immaculate Conception, Peekskill, N. Y.
Sr. St. Liguori, Montreal, Canada
*Sr. M. Clotilda McGrath, Chicago, Ill.
Sr. M. Sebastian McVeigh, Ottawa, Ill.
Sr. Anna Michella, New York, N. Y.
Sr. Teresa Alacoque Nagle, Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y.
Mother M. Raymond O'Donohoe, No. Plainfield, N. J.
Mother M. Raymond, Lakewood, N. J.
Sr. St. Wilbert, Port Arthur, Can.
Sr. M. Lucy of St. Xavier, Latrobe, Pa.
Mother Walburga, Troy, N. Y.
Mother M. Gonzaga Watson, Mallow, Ireland

Alabama
Glidden, Calvin
Greenwood, Eulalie

Argentine Republic
Massini, Teodora

California
Copeland, J. Gerald
Daly, M. Aloys

Canada
Flannery, Francis C.
Henebry, Mrs. E.
McManus, Margaret

Connecticut
Coyle, Dr.
Dolin, James
Mahoney, John
Ward, Catherine

Dist. of Columbia
Carmichael, C.
Early, Mary
Edmonds, Violet

Georgia
Patterson, P. B.

Illinois
Barrett, James
Berry, Mrs. L.
Connors, Mary
Faber, Sebastian
Farrell, Thomas
Feeley, Mr.
Hassett, John J.
Huebner, Mrs. A. J.
Kane, Michael
Lawler, Patrick J.
Logris, Clophe
Malo, Mrs.
McMahon, Anna E.
McMahon, Della
Miller, Mrs. K.
Molloy, Emily
Pratt, Kate D.
Ready, Joseph
Rice, Michael
Rivard, Egbert
Sciullo, Mrs. E.
McDermott, Mrs. M.

Indiana
Lipps, John

Iowa
Kelly, Mrs.
Maher, Mrs. T. E.
McCarthy, John

Ireland
Creed, Mrs. M.
Whyte, K.

Kansas
Baird, Edward
Hain, Henry

Louisiana
Lee, Mrs. H.
Rondy, Mrs. A.
Tureaud, Louise O.

Maine
Simpson, Mary J.

Maryland
Quigley, John T.

Massachusetts
Bird, Elizabeth
Budds, William
Campbell, Marcella
Cassidy, Mary
Conroy, Catherine
Dugas, Margaret
Gallivan, Robert
Guertin, Mary
Kearney, Ellen
Kelly, James J.
Lavin, Mary V.
Leahy, Mrs. C.
Leahy, Mary
McAdams, Katherine
McAlister, James
McGillicuddy, John D.
McLoughlin, Annie
O'Neil, Mrs. M.
Rorke, John
Ryan, Bridget
Sullivan, Catherine
Sweeney, Paula M.

Minnesota
Klotz, Dominic

Kuntz, Pauline
Ryan, James
Sullivan, Margaret

Mississippi
Bennett, James
Junkins, Mrs. M. A.

Missouri
Beech, Elizabeth
*Casey, Kate
D'Arcambol, Benjamin E.
Jones, Robert A.
Kley, Ambrose F.
Rozier, Hattie
*Schramm, Albert

Montana
Bradshaw, Margaret
Burke, Mary
Daly, Stewart
Ell, Mrs. C.
*Henneberry, Ella T.
Kaufman, Mary
Keefe, James
Keegan, Patrick J.
McDonald, Charles F.
Moore, John
Murphy, Charles
Murry, John
O'Brien, Robert
O'Gorman, Thomas
Pollard, Mary J.
Rafferty, Mary
Sabis, Mary A.

Nebraska
McCarthy, Mary
Tunia, Agnes

New Jersey
Boylen, Rose
Braco, Mrs. M.
Burke, John J. V.
Bush, Susan
Dwine, Marie
Dillon, Bridget
Duffy, Thomas
Ellis, J.
*Flynn, Catherine
Guince, Mrs. N.
Henry, Joseph
Keating, James
Meadowcroft, Catherine
Melion, Rose
Mercier, Mrs. M.
Murphy, William H.
O'Leary, Annie
Scott, Mrs. M.
Wilson, Mary

New Mexico
Kail, Mrs. J.

New York
Branchand, Lydia
Cadigan, Mrs. C. L.
Carragher, Dorothy E.
Droesch, Joseph L.
Elchorn, Mary A.
Forrest, Marie
George, Mrs. E.
Goddard, Anna J.
Hart, Margaret M.
Hettel, Bernard
Hunnell, Benedict F.
Kane, Guadalupe
Kehoe, Dorothy A.
Le Frois, Jacob
Liebeeh, Blaze
Managan, Margaret J.
Matthews, Mary
Messemer, Mrs. E. J.
Murray, Margaret
Nicholson, Thomas
O'Brien, James J.
Patinod, Peter
Powers, Alvaretta
Rafferty, Julia
Ryan, Thomas F.
Salmon, Amanda
Schultz, Henrietta
Shea, Mary J.
Smith, Annie
Street, Elizabeth T.
Wall, Margaret
Wharton, William J.
Williams, Margaret S.
Wolfer, Catherine

Ohio
Brehm, Louis
Kiggin, Rose
Kottman, Florence
Murphy, John
Schmidt, Barbara
Schwaerzler, Louise
Sullivan, Frances
Waldren, Muriel

Pennsylvania
Driscoll, John
Ford, Margaret
Gerneth, Margaret
Hughes, Bernard
McLean, James H.
O'Keefe, Bridget E.
Terheyden, Mrs. C.
Terheyden, Charles
Treacy, Harry W.
Weiss, Mary

Rhode Island
Ahearn, Catherine A.
O'Donnel, Anna M.

Texas
McGuire, James
Schmidt, August

Vermont
Carney, Annie
Counter, Mrs. J.
Lanier, Mrs. A.
Magee, Mrs. K.
White, Mrs. J.

Virginia
Evans, Frank P.
Galvin, Mrs. A.
Murphy, Mrs. H. G.
Williams, Mary T.

Washington
Carey, Patrick
Kearney, Lillian
Price, Benjamin
Toole, Martin

West Virginia
*Marmion, Annie

Wisconsin
Bowler, Mary E.
Maher, Annie B.
Mahoney, Mrs.
Harbort, Mary

* Promoter † Local Director

Kind reader, pray for their souls and for the souls of all the faithful departed.

To join the Apostleship of Prayer apply to the Reverend Director or to a Promoter in a Local Centre. Your name will be registered on your promise to make the Morning Offering. If there is no Centre in your vicinity, write to 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

Sacred Heart Badges should be obtained from the Reverend Director or the Secretary of the parish or other Local Centre in which Associates are enrolled. Those who are near no Local Centre may obtain them from the National Office. Send five cents for each Badge.

Subscribers who have changed their addresses should send word immediately to THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Give both the old and the new address.

A sacred obligation rests on Catholic parents to give their boys and girls a thorough Catholic education. All who can afford it should send their children to High School and College, and they should choose Catholic schools. Consult the list of schools and colleges in our advertising pages.

Calendar of Monthly Intentions

FEBRUARY, 1929

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for **the upholding of the Church's rights in education.**

The Calendar of Feasts and Patrons includes also the virtue to be practised each day by our Associates and the petitions for which our Associates desire the members of the League to pray. These petitions are sent to us each month by Secretaries of Local League Centres. Teachers in our schools will find the virtue marked for each day useful in the training of children.

DAYS.		FEASTS AND PATRONS.	VIRTUES.	PETITIONS.
1	F.	**First Friday.**—St. Ignatius of Antioch, Bp. M.—St. Brigid, V. **Pr. 1st D.**	All for Jesus.	3,593,706 for thanksgivings.
2	S.	Purification of our Lady. (Candlemas.) **A.I.**	Care for children.	3,607,891 for the afflicted.
3	S.	**Sexagesima.** — St. Blase, Bp. M. (Blessing of throats.)	Watchfulness.	3,579,402 for the sick, infirm.
4	M.	St. Andrew Corsini, Bp. C. — **Bl.** John de Britto, S.J., M.	Compunction.	3,647,359 for dead Associates.
5	T.	St. Agatha, V. M. — SS. Paul, John and James, S.J., MM.	Constancy.	720,013 for Local Centres.
6	W.	St. Titus, Bp. C.—St. Dorothy, V. M.	Union with Christ.	692,994 for Directors.
7	Th.	St. Romuald, Ab.—St. Richard, K. C.—St. Theodore, M. **H.H.**	Christian dignity.	547,987 for Promoters.
8	F.	St. John de Matha, C. F.	Charity.	4,701,375 for the departed.
9	S.	St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bp. D.—St. Apollonia, V. M.	Docility to God.	538,104 for perseverance.
10	S.	**Quinquagesima.** — St. Scholastica, V. — St. William, C.	Trust in God.	532,670 for the young.
11	M.	Our Lady of Lourdes.	Love of our Lady.	521,718 for First Communions.
12	T.	Seven Servite Saints, CC. FF.—St. Eulalia, V. M.	Self-immolation.	639,202 for parents.
13	W.	**Ash Wednesday.** — St. Catharine de Ricci, V. **Pr.**	Prayer for the dead.	748,106 for families.
14	Th.	St. Valentine, M. **H.H.**	Kindness.	793,210 for reconciliations.
15	F.	SS. Faustinus and Jovita, MM.	Brotherly love.	5,051,718 for work, means.
16	S.	St. Juliana, V. M.	Fidelity to grace.	473,098 for the clergy.
17	S.	**1st in Lent** — St. Flavian, Bp. M. **C.R.**	Love of Christ.	532,072 for religious.
18	M.	St. Simeon, Bp. M.	Love of the cross.	544,698 for seminarists, novices.
19	T.	St. Gabinus, M.	Resistance to evil.	702,586 for vocations.
20	W.	Ember Day.—St. Eleutherius, Bp. M.	Fortitude.	731,264 for parishes.
21	Th.	St. Pepin, C. **H.H.**	Wisdom.	593,107 for schools.
22	F.	Ember Day. — St. Peter's Chair at Antioch — St. Margaret of Cortona.	Repentance.	551,280 for superiors.
23	S.	Ember Day.—Vigil.—St. Peter Damian, Bp. D.	Zeal.	534,369 for missions, retreats.
24	S.	**2d in Lent.**—St. Cumian, Ab.	Conformity to God's will.	777,142 for societies, works.
25	M.	St. Matthias, Ap.—St. Tarasius, Bp. M.—St. Walburga, V. **A.I.**	Respect for holy relics.	894,987 for conversions.
26	T.	St. Nestor, Bp. M.	Prayer for the Church.	3,609,438 for sinners.
27	W.	St. Leander, Bp. C.	Hatred of Arianism.	1,087,160 for the intemperate.
28	Th.	St. Romanus, Ab. **H.H.**	Recollection.	498,969 for spiritual favors.

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Degree; Pr.—Promoter; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence.

The League in Schools

The Treasury of Good Works.

TEACHERS in our parochial schools should use every opportunity during Lent to help children to enter into the spirit of the Passion. Early spiritual training must be practical, if it is to be productive of results in later life.

In schools where the League of the Sacred Heart exists, the "Treasury of Good Works" will be found particularly useful in instructing children how to make the ordinary actions of the day meritorious for themselves and helpful to others. We suggest that teachers take the Treasury blank and briefly explain to their pupils the meaning of the various practices, and instruct the children that, by a virtual intention of the "Morning Offering", they can sanctify every action of the day and that these actions may be included in the Treasury. It is well, however, to urge the children frequently to repeat their offering in order to purify their intention and thus make the actions of the day more acceptable to God.

As Lent is a season of penance, it will be easy to suggest to pupils little ways of doing penance. They may be told that hours of silence in the classroom, hours of study, little acts of charity, kindly conversations and self-conquests may be penances dear to our Lord and most meritorious. Self-conquest, in as far as it includes acts of obedience to parents and teachers, should be particularly stressed. This will embrace the rules of the classroom and of the school and of fidelity to the instructions of parents at home. Many other headings listed in the "Treasury of Good Works" will suggest themselves to teachers zealous for the spiritual training of children. An Indulgence of one hundred days is granted to Associates for each action offered up.

Encourage the children not only to

Father Lasance's Prayer Books

"The Holy Father wishes that these volumes may receive an ever increasing welcome in all the Christian families of your great country." — *Letter, Card. Gasparri, May 10, 1927.*

Father Lasance has made the compilation of prayer books his life's work. That he is an authority on the subject is proven by the above quotation from a letter written to him at the direction of Pope Pius XI. His 22 prayer books have an ever increasing popularity. Among them are books to suit the spiritual needs and moods of everybody. There are general prayer books, books for children, for young men, for girls, for men and women, for Religious and for Eucharistic and special devotions.

A Few of the Titles Are:

"My God and My All" (for children), $0.30 up; "The Catholic Girl's Guide", $1.75 up; "The Young Man's Guide", $1.75 up; "Manna of the Soul", $1.00 up: "Let Us Pray", $0.35 up; "The Sunday Missal" (also a complete prayer book), $1.00; up; "The New Missal for Every Day" (also a complete prayer book), $2.00; "The Prisoner of Love", $2.00 up; "Blessed Sacrament Book", $2.75 up.

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practise the various good works, but to mark them on the Treasury sheet posted in the classroom for that purpose. The blanks should be summarized and the totals sent to the National Office to be included with the reports which reach us from Centres throughout the United States. The listing of these reports will encourage others to be faithful members of the League, knowing that, on any day they make the "Morning Offering", they share in all these good works.

Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.,
National Director,
Apostleship of Prayer.

Correspondence

REVEREND FATHER:

I am the oldest of eight children. We live on a farm, which we are slowly paying for and we work out when we can. I have been offered a job in the kitchen of a restaurant, where I shall have to work even on Sundays. I can get to Mass only every other Sunday, as I must take turns with another girl.

I do not mind working on Sunday; for we do only what is necessary and I know people must eat. When I am at home, I get to Mass only every other Sunday, because Mother and I have to take turns staying at home with the little ones. What I want to know is: Would it be wrong for me to work at a place where I cannot hear Mass every Sunday.

Undecided.

Answer:

Questions of this kind should not be sent to us to decide. Prudent judgment calls for a full knowledge of the circumstances. The need of work and the impossibility of getting other work may warrant accepting such a position. When you are at home, charity shown in caring for the little children excuses from the obligation of Mass on the alternate Sundays. Ask the local priest what to do.

(Continued on page 86)

Useful the Whole Year Round

In the form of a booklet which can be hung as a Wall Calendar

The Almanac of the Sacred Heart and Wall Calendar for 1929

As in former years our "Almanac of the Sacred Heart" has a wealth of Catholic art pictures suitable for framing and contains many pages of interesting reading and helpful information. Two pages are so arranged that they can be used as a wall calendar by inserting a ribbon in a marked circle and the booklet, when flattened out, hangs nicely on the wall. See if copies may be obtained at your parish church, for many Pastors have ordered a supply for disposal to their people. Where they cannot be thus had, send your order to us.

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Pain stops like magic. Soon band may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. **Write for free book on foot troubles.**

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 84)

Reverend Father:

I have read with deep interest and sympathy the letters you have published. My case may help some of your readers. I have for years longed to enter the convent. Many obstacles were in the way and finally I was told that under existing circumstances I could not be received and they would probably continue until I was beyond the age-limit. Only one who has suffered a like cross can understand my sorrow.

Friends and loved ones tried to persuade me to abandon the idea and said: "God does not want you as a Religious." In my heart I told our Lord that if He asked the sacrifice of my vocation, well and good, but I would put no barrier in the way of being received later. After a time I knocked again at convent doors and they are open to receive me. The hearts of my dear ones have softened and they are helping who before hindered me.

I have written this letter out of gratitude, hoping that some reader in like circumstances may be encouraged to wait patiently for God's good time.

A Bride of Christ.

Reverend Father:

Sometimes I think I have a vocation to become a nun. Often I doubt it, but I would like to have it. My problem is my temper. When I am teased by my brothers and sisters, which happens often, I get very angry and talk very bitterly. It seems to me, if I could only control my tongue, I would be the best girl.

Impatient.

Answer:

People with a temper they cannot control seem to tempt others to provoke them. It is, of course, wrong to tease such persons, but they ought to make every effort to conquer their temper. The method set down by St. Ignatius in his "Spiritual Exercises" has often been used successfully in correcting faults. You should in your

(Continued on page 88)

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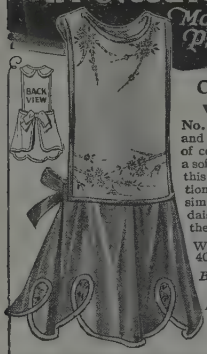

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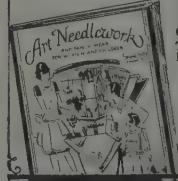

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 86)

morning prayers resolve not to give in to temper up to twelve o'clock and beg God's grace to keep the resolution. If you fail, make an Act of Contrition and renew the resolution. Don't get discouraged no matter how often you fail. At noon look over the morning and note down on a piece of paper how often you have failed. Make a new resolution not to give in up to the time of retiring. Do as you did during the morning and at night beg pardon of God for all faults and mark down how often they occurred. By working thus faithfully day after day, you will surely learn to control your temper. If there are many falls, it would be well to put a little penance on yourself, such as abstaining from sweets or not going to the movies, etc. We shall be glad to learn how you get on with this exercise.

Reverend Father:

We are living in a non-Catholic community. I am a Catholic girl under twenty-one. On several occasions I have been out with the young folks, boys and girls, but they indulged in smoking, drinking and other conduct I considered improper. Now I stay at home, but it hurts me, as I like to have a good time.

Some time ago I was working in a Catholic community and I associated with the Catholic boys and girls. I found them not so rough, but they, too, seemed to me to be too free. How they can go to the Sacraments as they do every month and have peace of conscience, I can't understand.

They call me "old maid", and say I am afraid a boy will kiss me or I think too much of my good name. Well, I thank God that I have never tarnished it and I will let no man kiss me, but the one who is to be my husband.

As I said, I do become awfully lonesome and it makes me wonder, if I must risk my good name to have recreation with other young people. Is the trouble with me?

Lonesome.

(Continued on page 90)

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How to Organize and Manage a Centre in Parishes.
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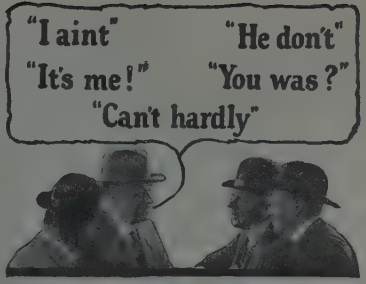

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make different mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know that they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think.

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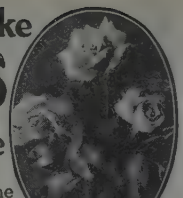
You can make ROSES Like These



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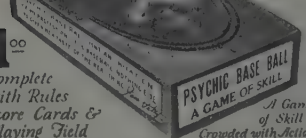

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 88)

Answer:

We think you are perfectly right in your attitude towards the conduct that according to report now prevails among young people, even among some of our Catholics. Get them to read the pamphlet, "The Pure of Heart" by Father D. A. Lord, S.J., published by "The Queen's Work Press", St. Louis, Mo. (10 cents.)

What these young people think nothing of may easily lead to mortal sin; indeed, may already be mortal sins, about which they say nothing in the confessional. If they confessed such conduct as it really is in God's sight and persisted in continuing it, the priest could not give them absolution. The Holy Father has often deplored the breaking down of the barriers of modesty.

If you remain faithful to what you have been taught in the Catholic Church about the virtue of purity, you may have to suffer from loneliness, but better be lonely than an enemy of God. In His good time He will send you a good Catholic husband, if He wishes you to marry.

Dear Reverend Father:

I am a Protestant (I dislike that word, for I don't protest against your religion at all) and I did not know just of what religion my husband was, when I married him. I have found since that he was raised a Catholic; so I have been studying and reading about the Catholic Church. I have learned to love his Church and promised that I would go with him, if he would go back, but I have not been able to get him to go to Mass yet.

About a year ago I was in a Catholic bookstore and came across a MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, and read the "Thanksgivings". I promised publication, if the Sacred Heart of Jesus would send our family peace and love. During the year there has been a truly wonderful change in the dispositions of my mother, father and husband. I had to stay with my moth-

(Continued on page 92)

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Selection May be Made of Either 303, 304, 305, 306, 310, or 312.

Sacred Heart Badges For five subscriptions you may select instead of the other gifts twelve Sacred Heart Badges enclosed in celluloid with metal rim, and thirteen of the regular cloth Badges, twenty-five in all.

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Sold by your druggist

Vapo-Cresolene EST 1879

Send for descriptive booklet.
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Plan CRAYOLA decorations, place cards, and prizes. The kiddies can draw hearts on white paper and color them with bright red CRAYOLA. Use CRAYOLA sets and assortments for prizes . . . from 5¢ to $1.00.

Party Suggestions

And games! Send for FREE folder on "Games for St. Valentine's Day", or 20¢ for our new booklet, "Seasonal Suggestions for Children's Parties" . . . a book of new ideas, diverting and educational, for entertaining children of all ages, with CRAYOLA Wax Crayons and ARTISTA Water Colors.

CRAYOLA Wax Crayons are all year 'round favorites at home and at school. Your children will want to make valentines themselves, and CRAYOLA in brilliant color assortments is just what they need. Comes in boxes of 6, 8, 12, 16, 18 and 24 colors. At department and chain stores, stationery, art, and drug stores. Insist on CRAYOLA . . . the better crayon that lasts longer.

Complete the Heart!

Just have your little girl or boy complete the heart here partly outlined, color it, fill in coupon and mail.

Watch for other seasonal party suggestions in future announcements.

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Send me FREE folder on Valentine Games ☐

Enclosed find 20c for children's Party Book ☐

Name.....

Address.....

M2 City.....State.....

Correspondence

(Continued from page 90)

er, for she was not well enough to be left alone; but she and my husband quarreled and he went away. He would meet me, and sometimes come to the house, but always under protest. I used to hate to go home too, because my mother and father were angry so often. But now, just a year later, my husband is living with us and does not have the black, sulky moods that he used to, mother is patient and understanding, and father seems to have lost the terrible temper he had, and I — well, I only know that I have tried, but it is so much easier to see the difference in other people than in oneself.

Oh, I thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus with all my heart because He is all good and infinitely worthy of all our love and thanks. Please pray that I may be made just a little worthy of the great love that He has shed upon me from His dear Heart and that I may love Him and please Him more each day.

A Grateful Wife.

Dear Father:

In the October "Editor's Notes" you tell of a mother who is grieved because of her non-Catholic daughter. If you meet the woman again, you can tell her my story and bid her not to give up praying.

Four years ago I married my husband, a Catholic, in the priest's rectory. I had told the Father that I was willing to become a Catholic so as to be married in the church, but the Father said he could not allow that.

We left the East and settled in a Western city on the same block as my husband's sister and brothers. I went to Mass with him once that first year.

Our little son was born thirteen months after our marriage. I had dedicated him to God before his birth to become a minister. Shortly after he was born I received a letter from my mother, asking me not to have the baby baptized a Catholic. That be-

(Continued on page 94)

Choice of Special Souvenirs for Spreading "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart".

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Selection May be Made of Either 307, 308, 309, 313, 314, 326, 332, 341, or 342.

Number 307 Identification wallet made of genuine leather, with a plaque of St. Christopher in oxidized silver, and with space for auto license on the opposite side. Size folded, 3 x 4½".

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Number 342 A devotional article of special merit in the form of a locket containing a small crucifix, 1¼ inches in length, made of an untarnishable metal, resembling white gold finish.

Choice of Rosaries for Securing FIVE Subscriptions.

Number 313 Indestructible pearl rosary, mounted on a silver-plated chain.

Number 314 Gold-plated rosary, with either amethyst, rose, emerald or sapphire imitation stones.

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Guaranteed Fast Color
WASH FABRICS

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Does he sell genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics?_____

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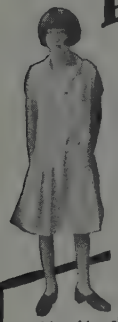
Infantile Paralysis

—Couldn't Stand or Walk Alone



This girl had Infantile Paralysis and could not stand or walk alone. Photo and mother's letter tell how McLain Sanitarium helped her:

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 92)

gan the trouble. I had already asked my sister-in-law and brother-in-law to stand for the baby, but then I began to make excuses and put them off because he was ill, but I told my husband it was my child and would be raised in my church. He said:

"But you promised, honey, that the children would be raised Catholics."

"Yes," I said, "but that was before I knew what it cost a mother to have a baby. Now I am going to raise him in my way."

When my husband was absent, I had the minister come to the house and present Henry to God. My folks don't believe in baptizing until children are older. This caused my husband great disappointment and we had bitter arguments.

Towards Christmas, 1926, I got a desire to go to the Catholic church. I asked my sister-in-law if she would take me to midnight Mass. She said there was none in the parish church. I said I would go on New Year's, but they went without me. Later in the day I heard them say they were having a Mass said the following day for their mother and father, both dead. I asked at what time and to their surprise I was at their house and went with them. Something urged me to go again. So the next morning I went to the house early, woke her and told her I wanted to go to church. We went every day in January and February.

I wanted to become a Catholic, but I was afraid, fearing it might be a sin. I told my sister-in-law to pray for me. One night she brought me to the Shrine of the Little Flower. The next morning my decision was made, but for three mornings I was afraid to speak to the priest.

On the fourth morning we met a priest coming out of the church and I ran to him saying:

"Father, I want to become a Catholic right away. What shall I do?"

I began to take instructions at once. Baby was baptized on Washington's

(Continued on page 96)

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Catholic Teaching

(Continued from page 94)

Birthday and on Wednesday of Holy Week I was baptized conditionally. Next day I received my first Holy Communion.

My husband and I have been very happy ever since. Unity in religion means everything. I owe it to the prayers of my sister-in-law, to the Sacred Heart, our Blessed Mother and Saint Teresa.

Hence I would urge the mother you wrote about to get all the relatives to pray for the non-Catholic daughter-in-law. Do not mind when she says bitter things about our religion. That is to cover her real feelings. If they keep on praying, grace will soon be tugging at her heart.

A Grateful Wife and Mother.

Catholic Teaching

Self-Denial.

"IF ANY man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." These words of our Divine Lord are recorded for us by St. Luke in the ninth chapter of his Gospel. They are in direct contradiction to the practice of the modern world, whose followers are seeking daily gratifications of all kinds and are thus reverting to the degradations of paganism. Lest our Catholics should be infected by the bad example of their neighbors, the Church reminds them of this duty of self-denial week after week, season after season, and year after year.

Every Friday, unless it is a holyday of obligation, the Catholic abstains from meat as a practice of mortification and a reminder that on that day of the week the Saviour of the world died on the Cross for our sins. Four times in the year the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of one week are days of fasting and abstinence, that penance may be united to prayers of

(Continued on page 98)

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Number 325 A high-grade rosary, gold-filled chain and cross, with either amethyst, rose, emerald or sapphire beads.

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Endeavor to arouse the interest of your friends in spreading "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart". Show them your copy, and let them see the premiums which they may obtain by securing Five, Ten or Fifteen subscriptions. Nothing will be accomplished unless we can arouse general interest everywhere. Take part in this work as an act of zeal.

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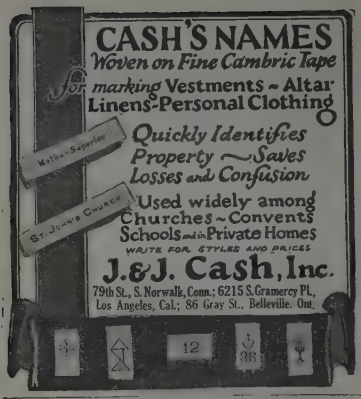
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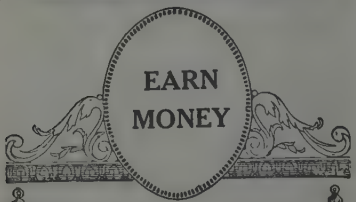

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Catholic Teaching

(Continued from page 96)

thanksgiving and intercession. Once a year the holy season of Lent, commemorating our Lord's fast of forty days in the desert, brings home the same lesson.

In recent years on account of the changed conditions of our days the severity of the Lenten fast and abstinence has been greatly lessened. Many, too, on account of their physical condition or the nature of their daily toil are altogether excused or may readily obtain a dispensation from the obligation of fasting. But it is well to bear in mind that no one who wishes to be a true follower of Christ is excused from the duty of denying self and of carrying the cross.

Hence it is customary among Catholics to sanctify the Lenten season by practices of piety that call for some self-denial and by abstinence from amusements and other lawful gratifications. Many have the pious custom of rising earlier during the Lenten season so as to attend Holy Mass before they begin their daily work. In these days of daily Communion those who hear Mass daily during Lent should also go to Holy Communion each day. Many, too, never fail to attend the special evening devotions held in their parish churches. Some do even more. They make the Way of the Cross not merely once a week but every day.

Grown people, who happen to be excused or dispensed from fasting, choose some other form of mortification. It is common enough for men, young and old, to abstain from smoking; women give up candies or pastries. This practice can also be recommended to the children. All might give up attendance at the theatres, movie-pictures and other shows during the holy season of Lent.

The time thus saved can be devoted to the reading of books of Catholic instruction and piety; the money saved could be given to the poor or to help the foreign missions.

John Corbett, S.J.

MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

Vol. LXIV

GENERAL INTENTION

No. 1

JANUARY, 1929

Loyalty to the Vicar of Christ

JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.

Editor of *Universal Knowledge*

LOYALTY is one of the inspiring words in modern language. It is something every one admires, and its opposite, disloyalty, something every one condemns. It means allegiance, not merely of the formal sort, such as the profession of ordinary adherence to a government, a cause, a leader; but a generous, enthusiastic, personal attachment and devotion at any cost, risk or sacrifice, a love like that of parents and children, husbands and wives, of patriot for the fatherland.

Loyalty has its root in law, as expressed in the term *allegiance* of Latin origin, and in the term *loi* of the French; not that it ever needed or followed any written or enacted human statute, but rather because, like the natural laws of physical things, it is implanted in the human breast and asserts itself as one of the higher impulses of our nature. Given a born leader of men and instinctively all, save the cowardly and selfish, crave to follow him.

The Vicar of Christ

THE man who is chosen by Divine Providence to be the great Shepherd of souls is necessarily a leader. His office is a continuation of the office of Christ. He must teach and guide and counsel and encourage. He must show the way, the truth and the life. He is Vicar of Christ, Head of His Church. He is the successor of St. Peter, to whom it was said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." He, like St. Paul, bears the solicitude of all the Churches. Through him is guaranteed to all of us the truth that cannot fail. He is the Father of the faithful or, to use his own chosen designation, servant of the servants of God.

There is no need of expatiating on the prerogatives of the Holy Father to inspire our loyalty to him. This noble form of devotion is instinctive in every Catholic. It comes with faith in Christ; it comes with our love for His Church; it belongs to our heritage of nobility as children of God; it is an evidence of St. Peter's tribute to all the faithful, that we constitute a royal people and therefore possess this most convincing mark of nobility, that we are loyal to our Sovereign Pontiff, that his interests are ours.

That loyalty to the Holy Father is a direct outcome of the gift of faith is clear from the fact that it is for those who do not believe with us so puzzling and so difficult to understand. It is misconstrued sometimes as fanaticism on our part, as a tribute of allegiance to one who is conceived to be far aloof from us or not interested in our concerns. It is misinterpreted as a sign of divided allegiance, a thing that renders our civic loyalty impossible.

Loyalty to Church and Nation

THERE is need of infinite patience to try to explain our loyalty to Church and Nation for those who have not clear ideas of the two societies which exist side by side upon earth, the one for our spiritual the other for our material interests. If nowadays so many people are hazy about the co-existence in one person of body and soul; nay, if they believe only in the body and understand so little about that, because they do not believe in, or know so very little about, a soul, how is it possible to bring home to them that just as there is need of a society to protect and provide for our material needs, so also there must be one for our spiritual needs? Now there is no such thing as a society possible without a head, one who will exercise the necessary authority to preserve unity, peace and order and to see that all the elements of the body social will work together harmoniously for the good of its individual members. The services rendered by the one who thus exercises authority are so important for all of us, and require as a rule so much labor, so much solicitude and even sacrifice that it would be the veriest ingratitude not to recognize them and become devoted to the ruler who so devotes himself to our interests.

Twofold Allegiance Easy

AS in civil society, so in the spiritual, there is need of a head to preserve unity, unity of minds, unity of hearts, and the peace and order which such unity inspires. In fact, in both the spiritual and material order, life is so complicated, the regions in which we dwell are so different, the tasks of government so numerous, that, besides the supreme head in each order or society, a vast number of others are needed to aid as subordinate officials. Now to each in his subordinate degree is owing a measure of loyalty and to each it can be given without lessening what is accorded to the others. Why, therefore, cannot due loyalty be paid to the head and other officials of the Church as well as to the head and other officials of the Nation? Or, as we dwell in this country under State as well as Federal control, why cannot the citizen be loyal to the authorities of both, and even when there is an apparent clash or conflict of interests, trust those who are in power to harmonize them?

It is precisely this characteristic of the occupants of the Holy See — their prudence and skill in dealing with the heads of Nations in such a manner as to protect the spiritual interests of the faithful without infringing on the constitution or civic interest of the citizens of any nation — which intensifies the loyalty of Catholics to the Vicars of Christ.

This brings us to consider other motives of loyalty to the Holy See besides the prerogatives of Popes as mentioned above, viz.: their personal qualities and their services to the world. To not many of us is it given to live through the reigns of more than a few of them. Scarcely a person living remembers

the predecessor of Pius IX. Few remember that august Pontiff, the mild, genial, forbearing patriarch who witnessed the destruction of a Papal institution a thousand years in existence, the temporal power, which had saved the civilization of Europe time and time again. Fortunately most of us can recall his successor, Leo XIII, the luminous spirit transfiguring the frailest of bodies, challenging by his marvelous Encyclicals the attention of crowned heads and premiers in Europe and the admiration of the uncrowned, but more intelligent, democracy of other lands, particularly our own. He was the classic Pope, if by that name is meant the man whose writings, not on religious subjects only but on political and economic questions, are still quoted years after his death as the norm by which nations must regulate their relations, and the classes and masses everywhere must come to amicable agreements.

The Popes and Civil Governments

LEO fearlessly told civil governments which sought his intervention in matters partly religious, partly political, that they must not encroach on the liberties of their subjects, and just as fearlessly he told the subjects that they must not create unrest and revolutionary dispositions by attempting to disturb the existing political order or to identify the Church with their partisan political pretensions. Though apparently Pius X had little taste for dealing with governments, he knew how to protect the interests of the Church, and when those who had gotten control of political power used it to the disadvantage of religion, he was quick to thwart them, as when he invited nineteen of his own appointees for bishoprics in France to come to St. Peter's in Rome for consecration, and commissioned them to take their dioceses without quest of approval from a government which had forfeited its claim by the arbitrary abolition of a century-old Concordat and by a decree of separation of Church and State.

Christendom, regardless of its conflict of creeds, owes to Pius X a debt above repayment because of his masterly extinction of Modernism, the attempt at heresy within the Church, by his marvelous Encyclical entitled "*Pascendi Gregis*", his own peculiar way of fulfilling the behest of Christ to feed the lambs and sheep of the flock. That document has had far more influence than one can estimate, not in Catholic circles only, but in Protestant also, in suppressing anti-Christian tendencies.

We might dwell on the great services of the successor of Pius X during the World War, his bureau of communication between prisoners and their families, his effective mediation for their release in many instances, and his formulation of terms for peace which were substantially the proposals which President Wilson made a year later. We might dwell also on the services of the present Pontiff, not only to his own, but to the world at large, his energy in the relief of the people of the near East, his admission of scholars to the treasures of the Vatican library, his consolidation of educational establishments in Rome, his support and enlargement of the Mission field; his patient but skilful arrival at agreements, Concordats, as they are called, which make for peace, as, for instance, the admirable compact with Lithuania lately for the peaceful relation of Church and State in that country.

Unlike most persons who by political accident or ambitious manoeuvering acquire possession of authority, the Popes bring to their office personal qualifications which make their exercise of their sacred trust beneficial to

all humanity. The presence in this world of a central spiritual power impresses infidel and Protestant as well as Catholic. Where all is doubt, uncertainty, hesitation to adopt any fixed principle, there is still in the Papacy in the best sense an oracle speaking with the traditions of centuries, with the collective wisdom of advisers in every part of the world, and under Divine guidance enlightening, counselling, reproving and approving, always suggesting the highest ideals and always encouraging men to aim at them.

Fortunately Catholics in the United States need no exhortation to pray for loyalty everywhere to the Holy See. This loyalty, thank God, is characteristic of us, as it is of the Catholic people generally. We may well pray, however, that our loyalty grow in generosity and enthusiasm and in intelligence also. Peter's Pence, our contribution to the support of the Holy Father, is one manifestation of loyalty, in order that he may support his household properly, and have wherewith to relieve the suffering faithful in various parts of the world, particularly in times of calamity. The work of the Propagation of the Faith is another interest which the present Pontiff has especially at heart, and it is a matter of loyalty to support him in this.

Proofs of Loyalty

LOYALTY to the Holy See, however, is not satisfied with supplying material aid to the Holy Father, any more than patriotism is with paying taxes to a government. Important and meritorious as this is, there is something higher for the Catholic who is enthusiastically devoted to the Vicar of Christ. There is the ready acceptance and support of his various enactments and counsels whether these come in the solemn form of Encyclicals or in casual but well-authenticated utterances. When, for instance, Leo wrote his famous Encyclical on the condition of the workingman, there was an opportunity to publish it in season and out of season, as so many Catholic publicists have loyally done. When Pius X insisted on Holy Communion frequently and at an early age, it was highly disloyal to question his prudence and to leave the little ones without the Bread they crave. When he issued his "*Motu Proprio*" on Church Music, it was not loyal, and neither did it show a sense of one's limitations or, in plain words, of one's ignorance, to pronounce it impracticable. When the various Congregations established by the Holy See decide matters of controversy on Biblical questions, on annulments of marriage, on the validity of orders in certain heretical sects, on the immorality of books, it is the simplest good sense to believe that all this is done after the maturest deliberation and consultation with expert authorities in these matters. Above all, when the Holy See, in the interest of peaceful government in any nation, decides that certain machinators, as in France, are striving to mislead Catholics under pretexts of religion into movements against the established government, loyalty requires not only submission but conviction also that the Pope and his advisers are acting, not hastily or with partisan motives, but after mature deliberation, and with absolute impartiality. Not more than once in a decade, fortunately, is such action called for and before the next decade is over the wisdom of it is always manifest.

Let our prayer then be one of thanksgiving that Catholics the world over were never more loyal to the Holy See than they are today. Thank God, this loyalty, besides being generous and enthusiastic, is also intelligent. We know the great good deeds of the Vicar of Christ, his difficulties, his trials, his aspirations, his needs. We know that in a very few countries, some mal-

contents may question his knowledge, his prudence, or his sympathy with their misguided political aspirations, and for these we may petition a true sense of loyalty, but for the mass of our fellow believers we are to pray that the loyalty which is practically universal may grow more and more in devotion to the Holy Father, who bears for us the person of Christ.

The Morning Offering.

O JESUS, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for loyalty to the Vicar of Christ.

The January Mission Intention

Cooperation with the Holy Father, the Head of the Missions.

The whole world knows how intensely our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, is interested in the mission work of the Church. The great Mission Exposition that was held in the Vatican gardens during the Jubilee year, 1925, was a striking manifestation of his personal care for the missionaries of the world. We can cooperate with him in three ways: by our prayers, by fostering vocations to mission fields and by contributions of money. Everybody can and should pray. That is why the Holy Father wishes all to join the Apostleship of Prayer. Parents can give their children; boys and girls can offer themselves; priests, teachers and others can spread the mission idea by word and by the press. Almost everybody can put aside an offering to support the missionary priests, Brothers, Sisters and catechists. In particular every adult should join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Memories

ALEXANDER J. CODY, S.J.

A little house with gabled roof,
A little purple lane,
Where meagre rows of olives stood
And lilacs drenched with rain;

A little garden's whitened fence,
A bench beneath a tree,
A Mother at an open gate
Awaiting patiently;

Such little, fragile, homey things,
Are life's diviner part;
Such memories of Nazareth
Were cherished in Christ's Heart.

"ARE YOU BETHIE?" HE ASKED INCREDULOUSLY

"FIE! Fie! Crying, Grandma Enderly?"

"Laws!" Grandma Enderly dropped the letter she had been reading, and a tear slid off the end of her nose, as she stooped to recover it. "How you scared me, Bethie! I never heard you coming. I never heard a sound." She carefully removed her glasses and wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue-checked apron. "I — I — the sun is kind of strong on the snow this morning; isn't it? It bothers my eyes a heap."

"Old fraud!" said Beth Fraser tenderly. "It's not the sun on the snow, but the letter in your hand that's hurting your eyes. I can guess what it says. Another of those youngsters of yours is not coming home for Christmas. 'Fess up, Grandma!" with mock sternness; "I'll not have you shielding the culprits. They ought to be ashamed!"

"It's Teddy," admitted Grandma Enderly meekly. "But he can't help it," she added loyally. "You mustn't think he can help it, Bethie. He's been invited to the grand house-party over in Detroit; and it isn't like he wasn't so close he can run home any time. Why, it's only three hours drive down here, and Teddy's a grand driver. When he was home for two weeks, last summer a year ago ——"

"Two years," corrected Beth. "He's never been here for more than a day since I moved to Meadville."

"Two years — well! Was it that long, now? Though of course it's always long to me till the children come home. Well — what was I talking about, Bethie?"

"I don't remember," said Beth, not altogether truthfully. She was so angry with the absent Teddy that she had no desire to hear more of him and his virtues. "Where's Grandpa?" She changed the subject skilfully. "I brought him a blackberry-pie. Of course they're canned berries, and not so good as the fresh, but I know he likes blackberries."

"You're such a thoughtful child," said Grandma Enderly gratefully. "He'll be tickled to pieces. If there's anything Papa likes better than a blackberry-pie, it's two blackberry-pies. Teddy always liked them so well, too — and Alex."

"I'll put it here," said Beth, placing her offering on the kitchen range. "I'll have to hurry back. I'm only half through my baking, and I'm going to have a houseful of young cousins tomorrow."

SHE had no desire to be present, when Grandma Enderly imparted the news which her letter contained to Grandpa. She knew just how the pleased sparkle, evoked by the gift of blackberry-pie, would die from the faded blue eyes, and how he would try to "grin and bear it" in such a manner that Grandma would not be further hurt by his own sorrow. He would say something loud and jocular about boys being boys, and what pretty girls they must have in Detroit to lure Ted away from Mother's ginger-cookies, and then he would hobble away to the sitting-room and the seclusion of his fireside-chair, and as he went he, too, would wipe his eyes because, forsooth, the "sun was strong on the snow". Poor Grandpa! And poor Grandma!

"I'm furious!" cried Beth Fraser, as she stamped back into the tiny kitchen of her home next door. "I'm perfectly furious! I'd like to tell every one of those ungrateful, undutiful children just what I think of them and their heartlessness. Those two darling, old people are eating out their hearts with loneliness; and do their children come near? Not they! Do they gather up their families and come home for Christmas and have a tree, and hang up their stockings, and make the old home resound with merriment? Not they! They write home that they are 'going to have company', or 'going to Amy's folks', or 'business detains them', or that they 'can't bear Christmas in the country', or they are 'going to a house-party in Detroit'. Humph! Such cruelty, such meanness, such — oh, where's my book of synonyms? I haven't the vocabulary to express it! Weeks ago Grandma told me so proudly that she was having them all home for Christmas this year. She's been planning and planning — and now, one by one, they have failed her. Tom couldn't come, Alex couldn't come, Cecelia couldn't come, Fred couldn't come, and now Teddy. There's still Etta, and I'd be willing to wager my shoes she won't come, either. She hasn't been home since I lived here. Such unspeakable selfishness I never heard of. I'm so furious I won't be able to write a line today. I know I won't."

She began to bang baking-pans with vehemence, wishing ardently that she was banging some of the heartless people who were hurting her dear, old neighbors.

BETH FRASER had scarcely set up her "studio" in the little, white house on Elm Street in Meadville, before she had fallen in love with the two, gentle, old folks in the little, brown house next door. They were so good-hearted, so simple, so old-fashioned and so pathetically lonely. Beth herself, doubly orphaned while still in her teens a few years earlier, was lonely at times here in this tiny town far from all her friends and relatives. But she had bought the white house for a song, and she had

her books and typewriter to keep her busy, and her car to carry her back to civilization, when the urge to seek her kind became too strong. The old folks, too aged for much work, were compelled to stay here in the home-nest from which their birds had flown, and had little to assuage their loneliness except memories and letters, and the infrequent visits of their children. Beth had had brief glimpses of some of these "children". Once Tom, florid and portly, had paused for an hour, *en route* to New York with friends. Once Cecelia, swathed in furs and elegance, had stayed for almost two days. And Teddy, the youngest, broad of shoulder and twinkling of eye, had honked in and out every few weeks. He never stayed overnight and was now here, now gone — but after his coming and going Grandpa chuckled frequently, and Grandma smiled intimate little smiles at her knitting. Teddy was her baby.

"I'LL PUT IT HERE"

"Selfish brute!" said Beth again, and she stamped her foot, and banged another pan of cookies into the oven.

The air of expectation, which had pervaded the little, brown house since the Christmas plans had germinated, began to fade. A brief note of regret from Etta banished it utterly. Grandpa drowsed in his fireside-chair, and Grandma knitted listlessly, scarcely brightening even when her young neighbor ran in to cheer her. But the morning before Christmas Beth came over early to find Grandma bustling importantly about a roaring kitchen fire, while flour and shortening, eggs, spices, milk, raisins, and what-not, made an imposing array on the kitchen table. Grandpa was cracking walnuts on the bottom side of an old sad-iron. Grandma nodded brightly at her caller.

"I s'pose it looks foolish to you for me to be digging in like this," she said apologetically. "But it just struck me all of a heap in the night, what if some of the children should change their minds and come home at the last minute? What a pretty fix I'd be in, not to have a mite of baking done, and scarcely anything to eat in the house? So I just told Papa to hurry around and help me, and I'm fixing up a few things. I cooked a pumpkin, and opened some mincemeat for pies, and Papa's cracking walnuts to put in the pumpkin ones. Tom likes them so well, and whipped cream on top. He always was a great hand for fancy things to eat. And I'm making ginger-cookies for Teddy — and a marble cake — and I'm going to clean a couple of chickens to roast in the morning. You'll take dinner with us anyway. Won't you, dear child?"

"Oh, thank you!" said Beth. "Of

course I'll be glad to, if you have no other guests, but I won't interrupt a family party. If the children come, I'll just stay at home. But if they don't — well, I never wait for a second invitation to pumpkin-pie with whipped cream and black walnuts. No, indeedy!"

Grandma smiled, as she whipped eggyolks with a four-tined fork.

"You needn't fix a thing for your dinner, if you don't come over," she said. "Because I'll fill a tray for you. I'm cooking enough for threshers; for I just have a feeling some one will be home to help eat it — and laws! How those boys of mine can eat!"

BETH was writing an article on brushes as an aid in housework. She was trying to finish it before Christmas, as it was due at the editorial offices of the publication for which it was intended. But, try as she would, she could not fix her mind on radiator-brushes, pastry-brushes, stair-brushes, percolator-brushes, and other aids for the busy housewife. Between her eyes and the paper on which she wrote, there floated alien visions: Grandma making pies and cookies for ungrateful children, who would not come to eat them; Grandpa patiently straining his old eyes over walnut-meats; Grandma and Grandpa kneeling at Mass on Christmas morning, praying for the children, and wondering, wondering; Grandma and Grandpa sitting down to a big, lonely Christmas dinner, with their neighbor as their only guest, and affecting a cheerfulness they did not feel.

"It's a crying shame!" said Beth, pushing back her chair and bouncing up from her typewriter. "I'm going to do something about it."

Even then she did not know what she was going to do. It was not until an hour later, when she absently picked her address-book from off her desk and saw the six addresses staring at her, that she really knew. Long ago Grandma had impressed her services for the addressing of her (Grandma's) letters. Grandma's own chirography was spidery and faint, and wandered into queer places, when she wrote without lines to guide her. All the letters that Grandma wrote now were addressed in Beth's neat backhand, and the six addresses in the book on Beth's desk were there, because Grandma's memory was uncertain when it came to streets and numbers. She did not keep an address-book. Instead she wrote street-numbers on the backs of almanacs and cook-books, on the bottom of her stationery-box, and on the faces of the many calendars that adorned her kitchen-wall, and she always had a great time hunting the proper one when her letters were ready for the addressing. Even now that Beth's resolution was formed, she was torn with doubt.

"Perhaps I ought not to ——" she said, staring at the addresses. "I'll get into a peck of trouble. Even Grandpa and Grandma won't understand. Oh, well ——" she tossed her head, "I don't care. They are going to have this one happy Christmas."

SHE sat at her desk for an hour, chewing her pencil and gazing into space, writing on miniature slips of paper and tearing them up, consigning the scraps to the wastebasket and starting over. At last she picked up her latest achievement, gazed at it, smiled triumphantly, slipped it into the address-book, and arrayed herself for the street. Five minutes later, Grandma, hearing the purr of the engine, looked out of the window to see her neighbor's gray roadster picking up speed in the direction of the neighboring town of Kelsey. Beth had decided that the Meadville telegraph-operator was of too inquiring a turn of mind to handle her six telegrams.

IT WAS SIGNED "E. A. FRASER"

Later, as she drove back into her own yard, the girl gasped with astonishment; for Teddy's long, low, blue-green brougham stood beside the brown house.

"I could have saved myself the expense of one telegram, anyway," she said. "He, at least, had a change of heart. He can't be quite as bad as I thought. If I had known even one was coming, I might not ——. Oh, well, what's the difference? Grandma and Grandpa are going to have a Christmas family reunion, God bless them!"

So she locked the garage-door and went back to her brushes.

* * *

MRS. William Elliot-Smythe sighed, as she climbed into the day coach of the early morning train. It was Christmas, and the spirit of Christmas smiled on the world. Happy greetings flew about her, as incoming passengers were welcomed by friends and relatives. Etta Elliot-Smythe scarcely heard them. In her handbag was tucked a telegram containing seven short words—a telegram which had reached her late on the previous day, when she was in the midst of her preparations for the children's annual Christmas party. Elliot and Elise had both brought school-friends home with them for the holidays, and the Elliot-Smythe mansion was going to be very gay this Christmas. But the telegram had robbed the day of its joys for Etta, the mother. It told so little, and yet so much.

"Come home at once!" it commanded. "Parents need you." It was signed: "E. A. Fraser".

Calamity of some kind had fallen on the home of her childhood. What had happened, and to whom? Mother, Father, or both? Was death hovering near one of them? Had there been an accident? Would she be too late?

Oh, if only she had gone home to them last week, instead of writing that note of regret! If only she had told the children that this Christmas must be spent at the little, brown house! It would not hurt them to forego the pleasure of one party, when they had so many pleasures, and the old folks so few. If even they had gone last Christmas — or the Christmas before! Etta, who, like so many lukewarm Catholics, sought her Eucharistic Lord only in time of need, went to Confession on Christmas Eve, and arose in time to receive Communion at the early Christmas Mass, before starting home on the first available train. She needed fortification, strength and sustenance now — and she needed forgiveness — forgiveness for neglect of her earthly parents as well as for the neglect of her Heavenly Father.

With Christ in her heart that morning she had promised Him many things, if only He would take away this cross that seemed hovering near. She would be a better wife, a better

mother, and above all, a better Catholic and so a better daughter.

Now the train was moving, and she was going home. Going home! Back to Meadville, and the little, brown house, and Christmas. A memory of other Christmases arose in her mind: A tree and a bright green, home-made sled, with Etta painted on it in gay, red letters. Teddy hugging his first bear. Cecelia sawing away at a violin that had taken all Mother's butter-and-egg money for a whole year. All the children stringing popcorn, and red and yellow field-corn, rivaling each other in the length of string and artistry of conception. Apples baked on the hearth. Chestnuts popping. Father down on the floor, spinning a musical top. Mother whipping cream for the pumpkin-pies.

Some one sank heavily into the seat beside her. Startled from her musing, she looked up.

"Tom!" she cried with a sob.

It was so like old times, having Tom beside her.

"Thought you'd be on this train." Her brother patted her hand awkwardly. "Did you get a telegram, too?"

She nodded wordlessly, taking it from her purse, smoothing it so that he could read it. He nodded.

"Just like mine," he said. "Doesn't tell much. I wonder who Fraser is. Reckon Alex will get on at Newport; don't you? This is the only westbound train that stops at Meadville. Old town doesn't grow."

ALEX got on at Newport. All three thought a great deal staring out the window, watching the poles flash by. None of them talked much. When they did, it was in monosyllables. Cecelia would probably drive down. Ted, too. Fred's train would get in about noon. Funny to be all together again. First Christmas in fifteen years — remem-

NEITHER MOTHER NOR FATHER WAS AT THE DOOR TO MEET THEM

ber when it was? Ted wore his first long trousers. It would be good to be together again, if only ——. Here there was a break, because they did not want to mention what might await them at the end of the journey. Alex voiced their one collective thought. Alex was the thinker of the family.

"It's too bad," he said, "that we didn't go home oftener. Queer (isn't it?) how we work and slave for prosperity, and try to get ahead in the world, and be somebody — and all the while we are forgetting the essentials of happiness! I dare say we should have had more real pleasure out of an occasional reunion with ourselves and the old folks than all our money could buy. Why, I haven't seen Cecelia for four years! Think of it! I wish——"

"THEY ALWAYS GO TO THREE MASSES"

Then, he, too, lapsed into silence. No need to put that wish into words.

Ted's car stood in the driveway, but he was nowhere to be seen. Neither mother nor father was at the door to meet them. Nor in the sitting-room. Etta led the way to the kitchen. The odor of roasting chickens greeted her, and a tall figure with tousled hair arose from its stooping before the oven. It flourished a basting-spoon at them.

"Greetings!" said Teddy. "This is quite a surprise. How did you manage it? Mother will die of joy, and Dad, too ——"

Etta was weeping on his bosom.

"Oh, Teddy, Teddy!" she sobbed. "What happened? Where are they?"

"Quit spotting my tie!" yelled the baby of the family, holding her away from him with a firm hand. "It cost five dollars. Bought it for the boss's Christmas present, and decided it was so good-looking I'd wear it myself. What are you bawling for? Nothing happened, so far as I know. They are at the ten o'clock Mass. They always go to three Masses on Christmas; don't they? I went to Midnight and to seven, and I took them to ten and came home to baste the chickens, so Mother could say her prayers in peace."

"What's that? They're all right? Nothing happened? Then what's the meaning of this?"

Alex held an open telegram before him, while Etta and the oldest brother silently proffered two more. Ted read it wonderingly. Then he read the other two. Then he scratched his head.

"I don't know what it's all about," he said. "Some one getting funny, I guess. Who's E. A. Fraser, anyway?"

"I never heard of any Fraser," said Tom slowly. "And I thought I knew everybody in this old town."

They had not heard the opening and closing of the front door. Mother stood with them. So did Father. Mother was in Tom's arms. Etta was in Father's. Alex was hugging

them both. Mother was crying, and laughing, and talking, all in one breath.

"Oh, you darlings, you darlings! I wanted you so! I knew you'd come. I lit a candle, and I told the Infant Jesus to bring you. Isn't this just the loveliest thing that ever happened? Now if only Cecilia and Fred were here, too ——"

"They're coming," said Alex, with a warning look at Etta, who had opened her mouth to make explanation. "They — er — had a telegram. It's a surprise, Mother, a — a sort of family reunion."

"Oh!" Mother drew away and patted her gray curls into place before taking her cap and apron from a convenient nail behind the back door. "I'll have to hurry with the dinner. You'll all be starved, coming so far. Wasn't it lucky that I got those chickens ready, and did all that baking? Etta, just as soon as you get your dress changed, run down cellar and get the potatoes and peel them. There's two kinds, sweet and Irish. Celia likes the sweet ones best. Alex, you and Tom get two extra table-leaves out of that closet under the stairs, and put them in the table, and then you can set it for me. Give me that basting-spoon, Teddy. I declare to goodness, you're letting that chicken dry up. You run out and bring in some more wood for the fire. Better fill the wood-box, for I need a lot. After a while, if you're a good boy, I'll let you take a tray over to Bethie. She's my little neighbor next door. I don't know what Papa and I would do without her running in to look after us. She's a real writer, does articles for the household magazines."

"IF any one says any more about telegrams," said Alex to Tom, as they carefully took out the "Sunday dishes" from the old, yellow cupboard in the dining-room, "I'll 'crown' them. This is a surprise party, and don't let any one forget it. Mother asked the Infant Jesus to bring us, and He did — and E. A. Fraser, whoever he may be, is only a very small cog in the machinery operated by His Angels."

* * *

TEDDY paused on the steps of the neighboring house and carefully balanced the huge tray, covered with a snowy napkin, on one hand, while he knocked with the other. This, he thought languidly, was rather a boresome task, carrying a tray to an article-writing spinster, and Mother seemed to think she was doing him a favor by sending him. He had tried in vain to delegate the task to one of his brothers. He waited a moment, and then rapped again, and as he did so, the name-plate on the door drew his attention. Evidently there was more to this woman's name than just "Bethie". "Elizabeth Ann Fraser" read the name-plate. "Elizabeth Ann", quaint and beautiful — and "Fraser".

"Discovered!" cried Teddy aloud. "E. A. Fraser — sender of telegrams!"

And then the door opened, and Elizabeth Ann Fraser stood in the doorway. She was absurdly small and absurdly young. Her eyes were thick-lashed and warmly brown. Her hair was brown, too — red-brown, and curly, and short like a boy's. She dimpled when she smiled, as she did now, tremulously. She was so different from the spectacled, elderly, serious-minded person whom he had expected to see, that he nearly dropped the tray.

"Are you Bethie?" he asked incredulously.

She laughed — a little-girl laugh that seemed to bubble up from her very toes.

"I am Bethie," she said. "And you are Teddy, of course. Theodore

Anthony Enderly — Grandma Enderly's baby. And that's my tray. Thank you! Tell Grandma Enderly I do appreciate it. Won't you?"

There seemed to be nothing left to say or do; for she had taken the tray, but still he lingered.

"I say," he stammered like a schoolboy, "we — we're about ready to eat, over home, and I have to hurry back. But after dinner, on Christmas, we always took our sleds and went sliding on McKenzie's hill. I found my old bob out in the barn, and Etta's old sled, and we're all going. I say — wouldn't you like to go along?"

"If I only could!" said Beth enthusiastically. "But I can't," she added regretfully. "I'm a terrible sinner, and I have to do penance ——"

"Telegrams?" suggested Ted gravely.

"Telegrams," she confessed, blushing rosily. "It was very officious of me. I — I cried all night."

"Confession," said Teddy gravely, "is good for the soul. The Enderlys have decided that 'E. A. Fraser', whoever he may be, did them a good turn. Nobody told Mother or Dad a thing, and we're having a wonderful time. After this, if all can't come at once, we'll take turns coming with our families — those of us who have families — so there won't be any more lonely Christmases for the old folks."

"I'm so glad," said the girl softly. "I lost both my parents — in one year — and ——"

Tears choked her.

"I say — you musn't do that." Teddy took the tray from her trembling hands and set it on the table in the tiny hall. "I'll tell the others — and when they see you, it will be all right. And you'll come sliding — Bethie?"

"I'd love to," she said, with never a reproof for the "Bethie". "Whistle when you're ready, Teddy."

"I never thought," said Theodore Anthony Enderly, as he vaulted the fence that separated the two houses, "that I'd ever fall in love with one of those strong-minded women who write, but —— Coming, Mother," as her voice called him from the kitchen door, "I say!" He sprang up the steps, swung her into his arms and kissed her vigorously. "I delivered your tray, and your Bethie's a — well, she's going sliding with us this afternoon, and — say, Mom! It's great to be home for Christmas!"

When Holly Wreaths are all About

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

I never see the holly cut
At Christmas time, when wreaths adorn
The door of palace, cottage, hut,
But each leaf's edge, as keen as steel,
Brings to my mind His crown of thorn.

Beneath the leaves are small, ripe fruit,
That of its beauty are a part.
Love's willing witness red and mute,
Like crimson drops of Precious Blood
That issued from His Sacred Heart.

Heart of Jesus, Propitiation for Our Sins

RAPHAEL V. O'CONNELL, S.J.

ONCE introduce sin into the world, and the need of propitiation becomes evident. For sin is a defiance of God, which His justice and holiness will not permit Him to ignore. It is an act of rebellion against the authority of God, a setting His law at naught. And yet man is absolutely dependent on God, not only for the present life, but also and more especially for the attainment of His end in the life to come. That end is the vision and possession of God for all eternity — the greatest conceivable union with God, and ineffable bliss resulting from it.

But sin is utterly inconsistent with the Divine union, nor can God look upon it save with profound aversion and loathing. By mortal sin the link that binds the sinner to his Creator has been sundered, the friendship that united them, making them as one, has been broken, and unless it is hopelessly shattered, some means must be found whereby God and the sinner may be brought together again in the bond of mutual love. They are at odds. How then contrive that they shall be once more *at one*?

CLEARLY a due *atonement* is required; the Divine displeasure must be averted; it must be replaced by a favorable disposition on the part of God toward the sinner. There is need of one who, whilst acceptable to God, is at the same time keenly interested in the human race, and anxious to restore to it the Divine favor, and who is capable of offering to God condign satisfaction for the outrages done Him by sin. That is to say, there is room for a Mediator, and man is unspeakably fortunate in having found one in the person of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. For while He is the true and Only-begotten Son of God in virtue of His Divine birth in the bosom of the Father, He is also true man by reason of the human nature, which He has assumed, and is thus a Mediator in the fullest sense of the word, sharing, as He does, the natures of those whom He would unite in the bonds of love.

NOR does it matter that our sins are as scarlet, that they are multiplied above the hairs of our head. The mere fact that God beholds His most dear Son subsisting in our human nature disposes Him to deal with us in a spirit of clemency. By merely presenting Himself to the eyes of His Father in the likeness of our sinful flesh our Lord renders Him propitious to us, inclining Him to forgive and forget the evil that we have done. He is thus Himself "the propitiation for our sins." It is not merely what He says, or what He does or suffers, but what He is that makes the Father look with favor upon our sinful race. For seeing that His beloved Son is one of us, sharing with us our human nature together with its infirmities, how could He still be turned away from us in wrath?

Add to this the resistless eloquence with which His Son pleads for us, offering up prayers and supplications with a loud cry and with tears. No wonder that He is heard, that the Father's anger is appeased, that His justice is disarmed, that He is ready now to look upon us with a friendly eye.

Thus Moses stood of old between the children of Israel and an offended God. "Let Me alone," said the

Lord, "that My wrath may be kindled against them, and that I may destroy them." But Moses, while acknowledging the gravity of the sin into which they had fallen — the gross sin of adoring a molten calf — earnestly besought God to pardon them, saying: "I beseech Thee: this people hath sinned a heinous sin, and they have made to themselves gods of gold. Either forgive them this trespass, or, if Thou do not, strike me out of the book which Thou hast written." And the Lord yielded to the earnest solicitations of His servant, and remitted or deferred the chastisement with which He had threatened to visit an idolatrous people. (Exodus xxxii, xxxiii.)

But how much more readily will God hearken to the entreaties of His own Divine Son, interposing in behalf of those who are His brethren according to the flesh! For Moses, however great and venerable in our eyes, is after all but a servant of the Lord, faithful, it is true, in all His house, but still a servant, and only a servant, whereas Christ is the Son, and His prayers and the voice of His Blood, crying out much more eloquently than that of Abel, will not go unheard, but will pierce the clouds, reaching even to the throne of the Most High.

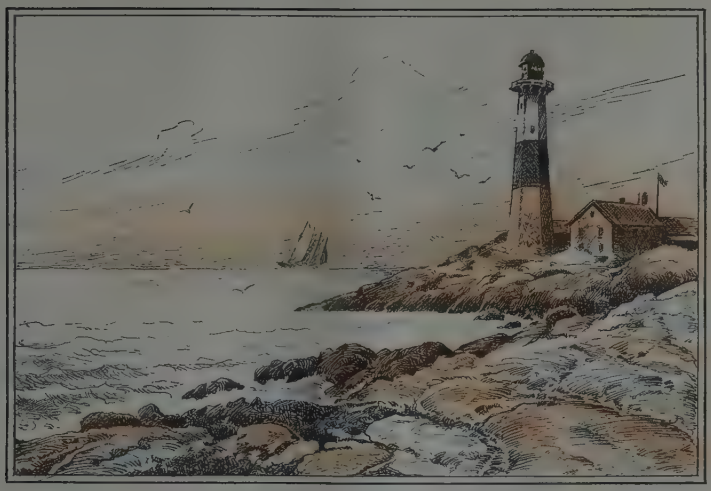
THE Heart of Jesus is full of tender pity for our weakness and our miseries. Whilst absolutely exempt from sin and all that savors of it, our Blessed Redeemer nevertheless shares our human nature, and hence loves us as His own brethren. At the same time, His love is something more than a mere love of sympathy; Christ loves us, so to say, as being in our debt. For His very existence He owes to us, in as much as He is man, having by the will of God, been made in the likeness of sinful flesh, in order that He might pay for us our ransom on the Cross.

It is thus our need of a Saviour that has given to Him His human nature, with that high destiny which is His, to sit at the right hand of God in the highest, and there to reign in endless glory over all creation. Loving us as He surely does, how eagerly must He not yearn to discharge His indebtedness to us, by placating the Father and rendering Him propitious to us!

NO fear that the latter, however deeply outraged by our sins, will not quickly lay aside His anger, when such love intercedes for us. In the love of the Divine Heart the offended Majesty of the Father and the guilty race that has been estranged from Him by sin, meet together in a holy kiss.

The Heart of Jesus then is the propitiation for our sins; but in that saving truth we are far from having a motive for continuing in sin, much less for adding to the evil that we have hitherto done. The ardent love of Christ for each and every one of us, His brethren, does indeed render God propitious to us. What our Lord has done and suffered for us has favorably disposed the Father in our regard, and He is ready henceforth to let the past be past, so as no more to reckon against us our numberless iniquities

This most comforting doctrine, should fill us with hope, even when our own fickleness and cowardice give us most cause to fear. If we trusted in ourselves, we should lean upon a reed; but when our confidence is based upon the mercy of our Creator, and the exceeding great love of our Blessed Redeemer, we may discount our frailty, and hold our ground manfully in the fray, despite the consciousness of many an act of past wilfulness and disloyalty. For the love of Christ never grows less, and His propitiation is never exhausted.



Cathie Burke and the "Witch-Woman"

CHARLES J. MULLALY, S.J.

CATHIE BURKE timidly peeped through a high privet-hedge near the road. Before her was a beautiful garden, with flowers of such varied hues that she was thrilled, as she looked at them. Cathie was nine years old and loved flowers, but she had never seen such gorgeous blending of colors: red and gold, blues and pinks and flaming yellow and a hundred tints and shades that she could not name. She was lost in admiration, as she gazed at the scene before her. Molly McKenna, who was in her class at St. Mary's school, had told her of the thousands and thousands of flowers that were in this garden. Molly had also told her of the great, white house, standing in the midst of the flowers that stretched back and back, ever so far, almost to the brink of the sea.

"But don't let them catch you peeping through the hedge; there's an old woman who lives there and she has barrels and barrels of gold dollars, but she is a witch-woman or something and must be awfully old and ugly and mean, for she will not let any one come into her house or even peep into her garden. I peeped and ran away before she could see me. If you are quick you, too, can peep and then run."

CATHIE was peeping. Yes, there was the white house where the old woman lived. It was a wonderful house, so different from the little, frame cottage, where she had lived with her mother and grandmother as long as she could remember. This great house was snowy white and was so big and beautiful with its long porch and high columns, it looked just like the picture in her history-book of the home of George Washington at Mt. Vernon, in Virginia.

But it was the flowers that caught Cathie's eyes. Such flowers! Even in her wildest imagination she had never thought of such beauty. Molly McKenna's warning to peep and run was forgotten. Cathie was lost in a dream of wonder. She stooped low, to where there was a break in the hedge. To her surprise she found she could crawl through the opening and come in close contact with the flowers. Delighted, she wandered along the gravelled paths from one group of flowers to another, entirely unmindful of her surroundings.

At home Cathie helped her mother in their own, little garden, which was not more than twenty feet square. It was a joy to be with her widowed mother, who was a refined young woman, employed in a local store in the seashore town ever since her young husband had died. That was when Cathie was a baby. Granny Weiss was with them, too, and kept house and watched Cathie during the day time, when Mother was away.

How strangely silent was this beautiful garden! Not a person was in sight to disturb Cathie's pleasure. She roamed along the paths. If Mother were only here! Mother loved flowers and no doubt could tell her the names of many, very many of the more rare ones that grew here. Suddenly Cathie found herself at the end of the garden and overlooking the sea. She had started out unknown to Granny Weiss and had intended only to peep at the wonderful garden and then quickly to make her way to the beach by the old lighthouse, where she could gather sea-shells and some white sand. It was vacation time and there were still two weeks before the opening of classes at St. Mary's school.

In a rapture of delight Cathie stood at the end of the great garden, where the salt spray from the sea made it impossible for flowers to grow. It was a beautiful day; the sun was shining upon the white-capped waters that came tumbling in at the base of the small cliff on which she stood. Cathie loved the sea, loved its varied moods of calm and storm.

"BUT DON'T LET THEM CATCH YOU PEEPING THROUGH THE HEDGE"

"Oh, if I only lived here!" she sighed wistfully.

A dog suddenly barked and brought her back from her dreams. It was a deep, hostile bark. In terror she recalled Molly McKenna's warning quickly to peep through the hedge and then to

run. She remembered Molly's terrifying description of the witch who lived in the big, white house and who had barrels and barrels of gold dollars. Cathie looked wildly about her. She saw a large collie rushing towards her. She screamed with fright. Then there came upon her startled senses a calm, commanding voice.

"Back! Come back, Rex!"

A tall, stately lady appeared from the midst of a group of Japanese maples. She was white-haired and dressed in black. The dog obediently stopped and trotted back to the lady. What was Cathie to do now? Was this the witch-woman of whom Molly had spoken?

"Who are you, child? Where do you live?"

The voice was so calm, so dignified, so self-possessed!

"I — I'm Cathie — Cathie Burke!"

"Do not be afraid! Rex will not hurt you."

"But, please, please ——" Cathie said as she broke into tears, "please — don't let the old witch-woman take me! I — I didn't mean — I only wanted to see the flowers."

The lady came and gently put her arm about Cathie's shoulders and tenderly, even affectionately, stroked her golden hair.

"Come over here, dear, and sit down and tell me if you love the flowers. Tell Rex and me all about yourself. I once had a little girl, just like you — golden-haired like you and she, too, loved the flowers."

"But — but you won't let the old witch-woman ——"

"What witch-woman, dear?" the lady gently asked, as she seated Cathie on a bench beside her.

"Molly — Molly McKenna told me of the garden and of the flowers — and of the old witch-woman who has barrels and barrels of gold dollars and — and Molly said that the witch-woman — lives in the big, white house and, if she saw me, she — she would chase me and ——"

"No, Cathie! No witch will chase you, while I am near you. Could you like me and sometimes come to see me and the pretty flowers? You remind me very much of my own little girl who long ago played here among the flowers and loved them."

Cathie looked into the eyes of the lady. They were sad and wistful, and blue like her own mother's eyes. Soon she found herself telling the lady of Mother and Granny Weiss and about school and what Molly McKenna had told her of the big, white house and the garden. The lady smiled and then there came a sad look in her eyes and her lips suddenly drew down in severe lines that puzzled Cathie.

"So you go to the Sisters' school. Do you like them?"

"Oh, I love them!" Cathie exclaimed with enthusiasm. "They are awfully good. My teacher is Sister Stanislaus and she is so gentle and kind. You, too, would just love her, if you knew her; and she's to teach me this year, because she is going up with her class. A new Sister has come to take the fifth grade. I love Sister Stanislaus and, when I get big enough, I'm going to be a Sister."

THE lady's brow clouded with a strange look.

"I hope you never become a nun," she answered in a cold, severe voice. "Do you not love your mother and Granny enough to stay with them?"

"Why of course I do!" Cathie laughed. "But I told Mother and Granny Weiss and they know all about it; how I'm going away — oh, ever so far away, to be a missionary Sister, just as Sister Stanislaus wished to do, but she is delicate and not strong like me, so her Superiors kept her here to teach us. Her greatest friend is a missionary Sister, oh, ever so far away."

"WHO ARE YOU, CHILD?"

"And what did Mother say when you told her? Doesn't she love you and wish always to keep you near her?"

"Mother says that, if God loves me so much as to want me close to Him, she will never object. Granny Weiss just hugs me, when I tell her and promises to pray for me."

"And who will look after Mother and Granny when they grow old and will be lonesome and sad and will need you to help them?"

"Mother tells me that God will look after that and Granny says she will be in Heaven then and — and — "

Cathie paused as she saw the strange, hostile look in the lady's eyes and noted the drawn lips and a quick expression of disapproval.

"You are a queer child and I do wish you were not at school with those horrible Sisters, who do not know what human love means and who teach children to forget filial piety and its duties to parents. Oh, I hate — hate the very name of Sisters."

Cathie was frightened at the vehemence of the lady's outburst. How different now was that kind, dignified face! Suddenly there flashed before her mind all that Molly McKenna had said of the witch-woman who lived here in the big, white house. Could this dark, angry lady be the dreaded witch who would chase her, if she even looked through the hedge? Cathie was pale with fright and broke into sobs, for she saw that now there was no escape. The huge collie rose restless and angry.

"Oh, please — please let me go home! I — I promise — never — to come here again."

The lady's face suddenly changed; an expression of alarm spread over it.

"Forgive me, child dear, if I frightened you! But I am old, very old and very sad. I had a little girl — just like you — and I loved her — loved her so much and, then, she left me — left me — and now she is far, far away from me. She is a Sister —

a missionary Sister. Now do you know, darling child, why I do not like the Sisters? They took my own sweet, talented daughter from me and sent her to a foreign land."

Cathie now felt more at ease. Her fright was gone. She was tenderly sympathetic.

"But didn't God make it up? And give you a hundredfold reward? You know He promises that, and God can't go back on His promise. Why, you have this pretty garden and the big, white house, and the sea, and even Rex. Maybe God will give Mother and Granny Weiss a pretty garden and a big, white house, when I go away. Sister Stanislaus told me that God has blessed her and her family, because He promises a hundredfold reward to those who leave home and all for love of Him and that means a reward to one's mother and Granny, too."

"You dear, queer child, I do love you! I wish to have you ever near me! Cathie, will you ask Mother to let you come to see me again? You have brought sunshine into an old lady's life. I know we shall be good friends and love each other. See, even Rex loves you and will want to welcome you."

Long after Cathie had gone, Mrs. Merton sat silent and thoughtful. She was thinking of the past: how her only daughter, Marian, for whom she had planned a brilliant marriage, had one day come and told her she wished to give her love and her talents to God; to make her life one of usefulness and of service to others helping souls to reach God. Mrs. Merton now recalled how she had op-

"OH, GRANNY, YOU WILL LET ME GO AGAIN TO VISIT HER?"

posed the plan. She had been a woman of strong ambitions and before her husband's death their home had been a social centre, especially in the summer vacation months. She did not even now realize that she had been a worldly-minded woman and for this reason had never understood her daughter's desires and plans for the future. She had striven first by kindness, then by harshness to break Marian's will. It was all useless. Despite threats of disinheritance her daughter had answered that God was calling her to a life of higher duty and she would answer the call. Mrs. Merton could even remember Marian's answer when told that she lacked filial love.

"Were I to follow your desires and marry Captain Scott of the Army, I would have to leave you and go with him to a foreign station or to some military reservation and you would very seldom see me. Now that I wish to be the bride of Christ, you object to my true happiness. Am I not in this world to save my soul and by my prayers and good service in God's work to help you, by God's blessings and graces, to save your soul? I know my dead father, who is with God in Heaven, approves my plans."

THAT was twenty years ago. Marian had gone, and as she was of age, had entered the novitiate of a teaching and missionary congregation. Her letters came regularly, but Mrs. Merton, in her anger, had never read them; had flung them unopened into the fireplace. She thought with bitterness of a communication from the Sister Superior telling her that Marian, now Sister Ignatius, had volunteered for hospital work in a leper colony in a far away island of the Pacific Ocean. She had not answered the communication. Even now the thought made her shudder. Her gentle, talented Marian laboring amid repulsive scenes of living death! She clenched her hands at the thought.

"And this dear child, this lovely little Cathie would go the way of my own dear child! No, not if I can prejudice her young mind against Sisters and their teaching. I will prejudice Cathie, teach her to dislike them and — yes, if possible, I will adopt her, promise her my wealth, anything to be revenged on these Catholic Sisterhoods who so heartlessly stole my child's love from me."

While Mrs. Merton sat planning how she could accomplish her purpose, Cathie was enthusiastically relating to Granny Weiss her experiences of the morning.

"Oh, Granny, you will let me go again to visit her?"

"Certainly, certainly, if it helps the poor, old soul. But you mustn't go too soon."

IT was two weeks later that Cathie again peeped through the hedge of the beautiful garden and then crawled through the opening she had discovered at her first visit. The big collie at once recognized her and barked joyfully and gamboled about her. Mrs. Merton came to meet her.

"Oh, Cathie dear, I have waited and waited and I was about to call at your house to see if you were ill."

"I would have come sooner, but Granny Weiss told me I must not be a bother to you. Granny says I can be a terrible bother at times."

"I will write Granny and let her know that I want you often — so often I cannot count the number. Come and tell me about school and that old, mean Sister Stanislaus who plans to steal you from me."

"Sister Stanislaus isn't old and she isn't mean. She is not planning. She only laughs when I tell her I wish to be a Sister and says all little girls wish to be nuns until they get big. She told me to pray that God might direct me, when I get big and old

enough to decide. Oh, you'd love Sister Stanislaus if you knew her. I know you would. Sister is awfully bright and she is writing a play for Christmas and I'm to be in it. Won't you just love to see me in it?"

"But what is the play about? Won't you tell me?"

"I don't know yet, but I'll tell you just as soon as I know," Cathie replied seriously.

Each Saturday morning found Cathie at Mrs. Merton's big house. It was too cold to sit in the garden and Cathie often found herself in the great drawing-room before a fire of burning gas-logs. Mrs. Merton sadly smiled at the little girl's enthusiasm for every thing connected with the Sisters and the school. Her subtle attempts to prejudice Cathie against Sister Stanislaus caused her little visitor only a gay laugh.

WHEN SHE OPENED HER EYES, SHE WAS STARTLED

"Oh, you don't know her! I tell you you don't know her. You would love her and the other Sisters, too, if you only knew them."

Mrs. Merton saw her attacks must be more subtle, for Cathie was loyalty personified.

Christmas was approaching and Cathie had not been at the big, white house for several weeks. Mrs. Merton was restless and even sent her maid, Marie, to ask if the child was ill. It was the Saturday before Christmas that Cathie came with a large package and joyfully laughing.

"Oh, you can never guess what I've got. It's my costume in the play and I know my part by heart and guess what I came for. I'm going to do my part and you must be Henry."

"Who is Henry, Cathie?"

"Oh, I'll tell you, but wait. It's a mission play. Let Marie help me to put on my costume and then I'll come. Oh, you mustn't look before I come. You must close your eyes, until I tell you to open them, because we haven't any stage curtain here like the one at school."

Mrs. Merton sat quietly, expectantly, with eyes closed, smiling with amusement, until she heard a step near her. When she opened her eyes, she was startled. A frown, a deeply wrinkled frown, came over her face. But Cathie did not notice the frown for, dressed as a Sister, she was intent upon her act.

"The play is called 'Henry Verjus'

who became a missionary and a Bishop in Borneo. I am Sister Gonzaga and I am telling my class of this letter I hold in my hand.

" '. . . Now listen, children, while I tell you of this letter from a dear, lovely Sister whom I know. She is on a far-off island, far from home and from those she loves. Her bed is made of dry banana leaves stuffed into cheap cotton. Oh, I knew her and how gentle she was — how she loved God and longed to go where little savage children needed her. She tells me how their little chapel is made of cheap pine-boards, but God is there and she prays that you, some of you brave little boys and girls may some day come to help her save souls. Priests are needed and Sisters, too. Many who are now there are very old and feeble.' "

Cathie paused.

" 'Now, children, there is the bell. I must ask you quietly to go into the chapel and pray for this lovely missionary Sister out — yes, out among the lepers. Also, pray God to send brave boys and girls to the missions'."

THE little nun did not see the face of the lady before her. It was a dark, scowling face, clouded with bitterness. So this was the way these designing Sisters worked upon the minds of children!

"Now you stand here," Cathie eagerly said to Mrs. Merton. "Class is over. You are little Henry, one of my pupils. You have been to the chapel and you come back and say: 'Sister, I will be a missionary'."

Slowly Mrs. Merton said:

"Sister, I will be a missionary."

" 'Henry, to be a missionary means that you will be poor, very poor and that you will endure many hardships'."

Cathie nodded to Mrs. Merton and whispered:

"Say, 'Sister, I will be a missionary'."

"Sister, I will be a missionary."

" 'Henry, to be a missionary means you will suffer hunger. You will often sleep under the open sky or in the filthy huts of savages who might even kill you'."

Again Cathie whispered and Mrs. Merton, as Henry, answered:

"Sister, I will be a missionary."

" 'Henry, to be a missionary means' " and the little nun's eyes were filled with tears, " 'means that you must leave your dear mother whom you love and — and who loves you so tenderly. You — you may never, never see her again'."

Mrs. Merton had sunk into her chair. Cathie was too engrossed in her part to notice her older companion. Then as in a trance she whispered:

"Say, 'Leave my mother? Never, never see her again? Ah, that is different'."

The little nun did not notice that the words were not repeated. She was looking off into space. Her voice had a tender pathos that was unusual for a child.

" 'Yes, I understand the dear boy. See how he walks with troubled mind. He is thinking of the souls, countless souls stretching out their hands, pleading for him to come and bring them comfort and the light of Faith. He sees the children unbaptized, the aged dying without the saving Sacraments and they are calling, calling to him to come, to help them. But then, there is his mother. He loves her, even as I loved mine and oh, I still love her and beg God to bless her because of my sacrifice! It was a sacrifice that tore my heart. It was not easy to leave her and I fear she does not now understand that it was for souls and for love of her I gave myself to God. Ah, poor Henry, poor child, may Christ let you see your duty! See, the boy is faltering! His little hands are clenched in sorrow. He is weighing God's love

(Continued on page 64)

THE SHEPHERDS COME TO ADORE — Gherardo delle Notti

Palma il Vecchio

AN ECSTASY OF LOVE

THE REST IN EGYPT

Baroccio

Orazio Borgianni

THE HOLY FAMILY

Reparation

JOHN CORBETT, S.J.

IN THE Encyclical *Miserentissimus Redemptor* which the Holy Father issued on the eighth of last May, he recalled to the world the duty of reparation that we owe to the Sacred Heart of Jesus because of the shameful ingratitude of men. At the same time he pointed out that the devotion to the Sacred Heart, as practised in the Church today by the universal celebration of the Feast on the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, comes to us from Saint Margaret Mary, the humble Sister of the Visitation Order, to whom our Lord gave the commission of making it known.

It is manifest, of course, that the Pope does not base the doctrine of the devotion on any private revelations. What we are taught about reparation is derived from the dogmas of the Redemption and of the Communion of Saints. None the less the Holy Father invites us to consider "the complaints made by our Lord in His apparitions to the Saint and what He expects and wishes from mankind."

THE spirit of reparation is an essential part of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Now, that it is set forth so plainly by His Holiness and the Act of Reparation is prescribed for the Feast of June in place of the former revised Act of Consecration, which is transferred to the Feast of our Lord, Jesus Christ, King, all lovers of the Sacred Heart will rejoice that hereafter there can be no possibility of misunderstanding the true nature of the devotion.

The very striking manifestations of this devotion on the part of individual Saints in earlier days seem to have begotten a tendency to look on Saint Margaret Mary as only one item in the course of its development in the Church, whereas the fact is, that the worldwide movement came from Paray-le-Monial. It is the devotion that she practised that has become familiar to Catholic piety; it is her message that the enemies of the Church attacked and that was approved and accepted by the Church; it is this devotion that Pope Pius XI has officially proposed to the world in this Encyclical.

WITHOUT guaranteeing the authenticity of the revelations with which the Saint was favored, the Church has accepted the message contained in her writings. Every one knows how large a part reparation plays in them. The two special ways in which we are to practise reparation are by receiving Holy Communion, especially on the First Fridays and by making the Holy Hour.

We cherish the hope that not many of our readers fail to receive our Lord every First Friday. Fewer, perhaps, are faithful to the practice of the Holy Hour. All of us should strive to become apostles of the Sacred Heart, by urging our friends and acquaintances to console the Sacred Heart in the ways He has deigned to request.

It is most edifying to learn of the sacrifices made so often by our Catholic men and women to ensure their First Friday Communions and we gladly bear witness to the generosity of our priests who spend many hours in the confessionals on the Thursdays before the First Fridays to hear all the children during the day and all the adults in the evening hours. Their hearts rejoice as they give Communion to the hundreds that throng

to the altar-rail in every church on every First Friday. What a consolation that is to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

The Communion of Reparation and the Holy Hour are intimately bound up with our Apostleship of Prayer. Besides the First Fridays on which all our Associates have been able to gain a Plenary Indulgence and the third Sundays which are usually assigned at our Local Centres for the general Communion of Reparation to which a Plenary Indulgence is attached, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by our Associates every time they make a Communion of Reparation. Moreover the association founded to bring about a perpetual series of Communions of Reparations was taken over as the Third Degree of our League over thirty years ago.

No one who has any knowledge of the world needs to be told of the wide field of reparation that is offered by the indifference and the sins of men. A thousand millions of the human race are steeped in idolatry; nearly three hundred millions profess to follow Christ, but are outside the true Church. Alas, how many sins we have to lament, sins that bruised the Heart of Christ in His agony in the Garden, just as the foreknowledge of our desire to make reparation brought Him comfort and strength.

It is this dogmatic truth that underlies the practice of the Holy Hour taught by our Lord to Saint Margaret Mary. She was told to rise between eleven and twelve on Thursday night and spend an hour prostrate in prayer in union with our Lord's prayer in Gethsemani. The Holy See grants to all Associates of the Apostleship a Plenary Indulgence every week if they spend an hour in any kind of prayer, uniting themselves with our Lord in the Garden. If it is made privately, the hour must be between 2 p. m. Thursday and Friday morning. No special posture is prescribed. Whenever it is made in public by the Associates of a Local Centre, the Reverend Director has authority to assign any hour on any day of the week. In many Centres it is held on the First Friday evenings before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

Our Cover

OUR January cover is a copy of "The Adoration of the Magi" by Matthäus Schiestl. The frontispiece, which is another study of the same subject, is by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, born at Venice in 1696. Tiepolo's earlier work shows his careful study of the paintings of Paul Veronese and of Titian, and it is only in recent times that his wonderful merits as a draftsman and colorist have been recognized. Nearly every important gallery in Europe possesses some example of his work. He died on May 27, 1770.

Our February Number

Our cover and frontispiece for February portray the boyhood of our Saviour. The cover design is an original painting made for us by John M. Kavanagh of New York. The frontispiece "The Journey to the Temple" is by Plockhorst. That our readers may continue to be familiar with the paintings of the Old World, we shall reproduce in duotone four pictures by Johannes Schraudolph. The original paintings adorn the Cathedral at Speyer, on the Rhine.

Doré

The Childhood of Christ

Two of the Evangelists, St. Luke and St. Matthew, tell us in a few chapters all that we know of the birth and boyhood of our Divine Saviour. The charm and interest of the events they narrate have deeply impressed all Christians. No subjects are painted more frequently by the great artists of the world. Such representations, even though in some respects fanciful, help us to pray about the life of our Lord, to imagine ourselves, as St. Ignatius bids us, actually present, when the scenes were

Doré.

The Magi on the Way

enacted: for we were all there in the mind and Heart of the Infant Jesus. He saw us as clearly as He beheld the adoring shepherds or the Magi. Had we been there on the first Christmas night, our hearts would have been overflowing with adoration, love, and sympathy for our Divine Lord in the arms of Mary, His Mother; and had it been our privilege to travel with the Magi on their quest for the King of the Jews, we should have marvelled at the coldness and indifference of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, when the city was in a hubbub because of these strangers from the East.

Doré

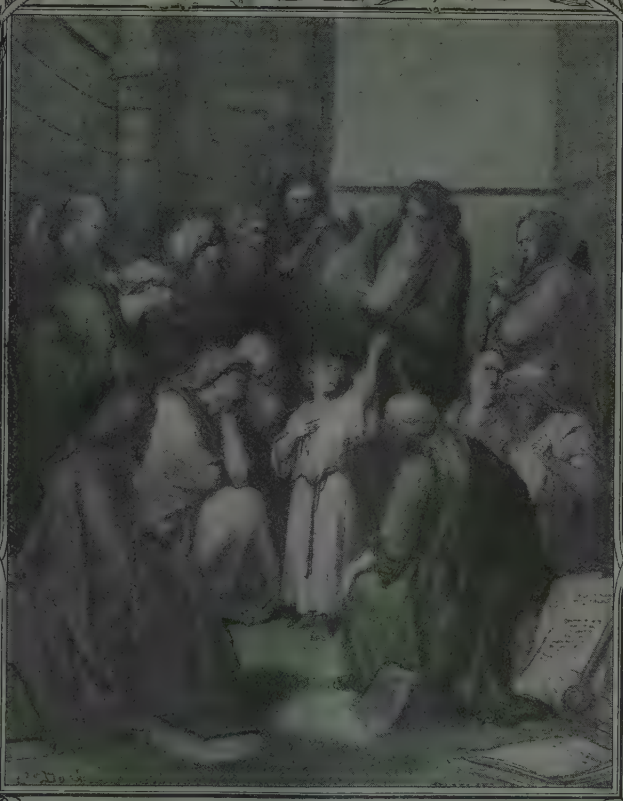
The Flight into Egypt

As far as we know, not a single inhabitant of the city thought it worth while to travel six miles southwards to Bethlehem to find the newborn King. The only one in Jerusalem really concerned was the brutal tyrant, Herod, whose designs on the life of our Lord forced St. Joseph to rise in the night and take the Child and His Mother and flee into Egypt. This was a test of their entire confidence in the Providence of God and of a perfect obedience to His commands in spite of the hardships they might have to endure on the road and during their sojourn in a land given over to idolatry.

Doré

The Murder of the Innocents

Other ways might have been devised of rescuing the Divine Babe, but St. Matthew points out how these incidents fulfilled what had long before been prophesied about the Messias, both His coming forth from Egypt and the wailing in Bethlehem for the innocent little ones, who were thus associated with Christ and were taken to Heaven because their blood was shed instead of His. May we not hope that they obtained grace and mercy for their heartbroken mothers from whose arms they were snatched? They are counted as the first martyrs for Christ.



Doré

In His Twelfth Year

We are not told when the Holy Family returned from Egypt to Nazareth. Only one later incident of the childhood of our Saviour is recorded. It is the mystery of His stay in Jerusalem, unknown to Mary and St. Joseph.

Pius writers have emphasized the lesson of this event, as an assertion of God's rights over every child. No mother has ever been loved by son or daughter as Jesus loved our Blessed Lady. Yet think of the sorrow He allowed her to bear, when the will of His Heavenly Father was manifested. His example has given strength to loving sons and daughters to make similar sacrifices.

On the Saviour's Birthday

GRACE H. SHERWOOD

MRS. CAMERON gave the hominy a thorough stirring and pulled it to the back of the stove, so that it would not burn, even if Margery forgot it while she was out. An hour or two more and it would be done; that much, at any rate, ready for tomorrow's feast. She went into the dining-room to see the time; only seven o'clock. She might, if she started at once, be the first in line at Confession and have plenty of time left for marketing and such shopping as she had to do.

Margery came downstairs just then. Margery was fourteen, tall for her age and her mother's stay and prop in her widowhood. For that matter all the children were that, stays and props: Edwin, aged twelve, who had just finished setting up the Christmas tree; Doris, ten, and Baby Tim who was only three. They made life harder, of course, so many mouths to feed and one or other of them always needing shoes but they were such a joy! And so good! They tried so hard to help just as Margery now.

"Timmie's sound asleep, Mother! I told him maybe Santa Claus would come, if he went to sleep right away!"

Margery's eyes searched her mother's silently. What they said was: "He *will* come; won't he, Mother? You won't disappoint Timmie or any of us, I know, in spite of Father being gone!"

Mrs. Cameron's eyes filled with smarting tears. This time last year! What a Christmas they had had! And now, just the children and herself. But God's will be done! Besides, they, the poor innocents, were too young to be saddened.

Edwin and Doris came down stairs together. They had been getting ready to go to market with Mother. Mother told them that she was going to Confession first.

"You can meet me at the church in a half hour or so."

They had gone to Confession in the morning, all of them. As she put on her hat she remarked to Margery, who was to remain at home:

"If Mrs. Kearns comes, her dress is ready, on the hall table. I hope she does," she added, "although I haven't any right to spend *that* money. It is for the coal I bought yesterday."

Mrs. Cameron had a way of tak-

ing her children into her confidence about money-matters since their father's death. Much better, that way than vague promises she could not keep. Then when they had to do without things, the children knew why and were content. But it was hard. When Ed was alive there had been economy, of course, but reasonable wants could always be satisfied. Still, she had so much to be thankful for.

Mrs. Cameron opened her pocketbook and began to count carefully. Margery's heart sank. So often since Father died, when Mother did that, it meant that something had to be gone without, something that Mother, until she counted *very* carefully, thought that possibly they could have. Mrs. Cameron took the bills out in her hand to make sure..

Eighteen dollars exactly. That would have to lay in provisions for the week, contribute to the Christmas collection tomorrow, besides getting the children something for Christmas. Mrs. Cameron had not had a moment to shop before. She had been too busy making dresses for other people.

She must keep a steady head about the eighteen dollars. It was such a temptation to go out and buy something nice for the children, fur-lined gloves for Margery's cold hands, a sweater for Edwin whose sweater was darned beyond belief, galoshes

AN HOUR OR TWO MORE AND IT WOULD BE DONE

for Doris who *would* walk in the slush. But it was out of the question. That eighteen dollars just had to last until some more money came in. She would have to get some little things, things that did not cost much.

THE moment she was out of the front door, there was an excited confab. Each of the children had a dime saved without Mother's knowledge. Edwin had cleaned off snow for his, Doris had walked, twice, when she took Mrs. Kearns's work home. Margery had the worst time to get hers together, because on account of Timmie she could not be spared for errands. However, in spite of the difficulty it was Margery who had thought of it.

The confab was about how to manage a Christmas present from each for Mother on a dime apiece. Mother's going off, first, by herself had been a boon. Now, Edwin and Doris could start at once and shop before they met Mother. Margery appointed Doris treasurer of the expedition.

"Get the most you can for the money!" she instructed, "and for goodness' sake don't lose it!"

"She wrapped it in paper, for safety and put it in Doris's pocket herself. Edwin should have had the honor of carrying the money, being the elder, but he had lost fifty cents last week going to the store, and he was not to be trusted with this precious money. Doris suggested that shopping on such a limited sum might be done advantageously with the old gentleman who kept the bookstore near St. Alphonsus's church. She was a talkative child and had struck up an acquaintance with him on her errands to buy the Catholic weekly. Closing the front door carefully, after a warning from Margery about Timmie, the two made for the bookstore.

"You ask!" Doris insisted, when they got inside. "You're older!" Edwin, who hated buying, had hoped Doris would take this on her. Nevertheless, he did his duty.

"I want a Christmas present for my mother for ten cents!" he blurted out, his face red with the effort.

Doris was proud of her brother. She, now, would have asked to see what they had and so on but Edwin sailed right in and had the worst over at once, that he wanted a Christmas present and had only ten cents to pay for it. Boys were good for a lot. The old gentleman appeared greatly interested.

"Now let me see what I can show you for ten cents!" he exclaimed, getting out a tray. "How about a rosary?"

It was fifteen cents, really, but the children need not know.

Edwin looked doubtful. Mother had a silver rosary that Father had given her. Doris, however, was delighted. Only the other day Mother had said:

"I must get another rosary, so I won't lose this."

"Take it!" she whispered. "Mother wants another rosary. It will do for *your* gift!"

Edwin did not consider this fair.

"No, *you* thought of it. It is *your* gift."

"All right!" assented Doris instantly.

She was not the least bit squeamish. She extracted a dime from her package.

THE storekeeper, who had not heard this by-play, thought the transaction finished and was taking up his tray, when Doris stopped him.

"That's only *one* Christmas present," she explained breathlessly. "My brother wants one, too."

Edwin stood silent, helpless to choose. Old Mr. Martin smiled.

"How about a scapular medal?"

It, too, was more than ten cents. Edwin, who was always for closing any deal at once, would have taken the medal gladly, but Doris tugged at his sleeve.

"It's smaller'n mine!" she protested, "and you're *bigger*!"

This *was* a dilemma! Edwin, trying to think a way out of it, grew redder than ever. But Mr. Martin, who had overheard the tragic objection, came to his rescue.

"How about a magazine for Mother to read?" And he held up one with the picture of the Inn at Bethlehem on its cover. "That's larger."

"I'll take that!" said Edwin, immensely relieved.

The Inn was in colors. Quite an impressive gift for ten cents! Doris paid the storekeeper from her package.

"And now," she continued happily, "there is only Margery's to buy. Margery's our big sister. She has to stay with the baby while we go to market with Mother," she explained, returning to her customary loquaciousness.

"In that case," said Mr. Martin, rising to the occasion, "you will want a still larger gift." He took down a framed picture of the Blessed Virgin — the Madonna of the Chair, first, however, erasing the price-mark. "How would this do for Margery?"

THE OLD GENTLEMAN APPEARED GREATLY INTERESTED

Doris was carried away with it, the colors were so pretty. So was Edwin, but he said nothing, as was his wont. Old Mr. Martin fumbled a good deal tying up the bundle. It had flashed on him at the mention of Margery's name who his talkative little friend was, one of the Cameron children who had lost their father so suddenly last spring. He had not known before. He hated to take their last dime, which Doris pushed over to him, paper and all.

Doris was happier than ever, over their shopping. To go in the store with only three dimes and come out with so much! The package, on account of the glass, had to be carried

carefully. It would not do to put it in the basket, Mother might see it. However Doris's coat was able to hide it nicely.

When they got to church, Mother was standing in the portico talking to a man. He proved, on closer inspection, to be Mr. McAvoy, who kept the coalyard where Mother dealt. Mother handed him some money just as they got there. It was Edwin, the silent one, who saw this. Edwin observed a lot. He thought a lot, too, about his mother and how hard she had it since Father died.

"Children," said Mother, when Mr. McAvoy had gone, "I have to go back to the house to see about something."

It was only two squares back to the house. Doris considered this a streak of pure luck. She had been afraid she would slip on the ice and break Margery's gift. Besides, you

NO. NOBODY WOULD BE HUNGRY IN THE CAMERON HOUSE CHRISTMAS DAY

couldn't slide a bit when you had a picture to carry. Moreover, Margery had said she would tie up the things pretty with some red cord and tissue-paper she had saved. This would give her a chance. The moment she got in the house, she flew upstairs, Edwin going soberly behind her as usual. Mrs. Cameron did not notice. She was looking at the hall-table. Mrs. Kearns's package was still there. Margery was dressing the tree.

"Mrs. Kearns did not come after her things; did she?" she asked in an anxious voice.

MARGERY, in the nine months her father had been dead, had learned to recognize certain intonations in her mother's voice.

"No, Mother," she said, almost as anxiously. She was fixing the string of an ornament. She tied it jerkily, sensing that something had gone wrong with her mother's plans.

Mrs. Cameron began to count her money again, her face clouding. She took out a dollar and laid it between the pages of her prayer-book and handed it to Margery.

"For the collection, tomorrow. Put it in the hall-table drawer. If I don't take it with me, I cannot break on it."

Margery, seeing her mother count her money for the second time in an hour, became alarmed.

"Did you lose any, Mother?"

Since Edwin's disaster with the fifty cents losing money seemed an imminent danger. Just then Doris and Edwin came back, Edwin going over soberly to Marjorie and whispering something.

"Upstairs, under my bed, Mother's things" was what he said.

He need not have been so careful, though. Mother was too concerned over money to pay any attention.

"Did you lose any, Mother?" Margery asked again, when Mother had counted twice every bill and piece of money she had.

Mrs. Cameron looked from Margery to the younger children and then decided suddenly to take them all into her confidence about the thing that was worrying her. It seems that, meeting Mr. McAvoy, she had inquired about his family and had learned that they had a new baby at their house.

"He has a big family and I don't believe he does much business at that coalyard of his," Mother continued; "so I thought he needed the money for our ton of coal and I paid him. I *know* he needed it by the way he thanked me," Mother was emphatic. "Besides, I owed it. I wish, however, that Mrs. Kearns had come. She always pays spot cash. That is why I came back, I thought, perhaps her money would be here."

Margery looked at her mother in still greater alarm.

"Won't you have enough, Mother, to buy Timmie something? The rest of us are old enough to know about Father and everything, but I *told* Timmie Santa Clause might come!"

MRS. Cameron calculated her money once more. The coal had been eleven dollars which, leaving out the money for church had left her exactly six dollar bills. She closed her pocketbook with a click, calculations at an end.

"Come, children!" she called cheerfully. "I will manage some way."

As she began to button her coat, cheer returned to the room at once, like magic. When Mother said she would "manage" there was nothing whatever to be feared. Margery, humming *Adeste* softly, hung the repaired ornament on the tree.

"Although," Mother reminded them, "you needn't expect chicken or anything fine tomorrow! But we had to pay what we owed *first*!"

The children agreed, heartily.

Mother knew everything about things.

"Just so *Timmie* has something!" Margery insisted, and the others agreed with that, too.

The little procession set out once more, Edwin trailing behind with the basket and Doris skipping ahead and sliding on every square inch of ice in sight.

"Market first!" directed their mother, her mind intent on dinner.

A pot roast took the biggest slice, a dollar and a quarter, but with carrots and the hominy at home, it would be a substantial dinner and leave enough for supper. Butter and eggs made the next inroads. Still, even after a few concessions to the season were made, such as cranberries and a bunch of celery she had over two dollars left, nearly three, counting the odd change. And there was plenty of home-made raisin bread at home, baked that morning, and apples, left from the bushel sent her from the country. No, nobody would be hungry in the Cameron house Christmas day. The apples, baked, oatmeal and raisin bread, would make breakfast tasty.

While the precious butter and eggs were being stowed carefully in the basket Doris, the sociable, ran into a friend, Mary Burke, a schoolmate, who was crying bitterly. In her arms was an attenuated Christmas tree, really, not a tree at all, just a branch broken off, enough to make any child weep. Mary, it seems had acquired a stepmother since last Christmas.

"Pop's away and she wouldn't get me a tree!" Mary sobbed. "I had a quarter, but now that I got this with it I ain't got nothing to put on it!"

In the utter desolation of the situation grammar was thrown to the winds.

Edwin, who had hardly said a word since they left home, now spoke up unexpectedly. He hated tears, girls' tears (Doris was forever crying), but *this* was real trouble. No tree at *Christmas!* That was because Mary hadn't any mother!

"Margery and I made things for our tree, this year," he told Mary awkwardly. "Mother showed us. She did it, when she was little. We blew out eggs and painted the shells and put strings in them and made chains out of gold paper. Maybe we can help you make some, if you come home with us."

He looked questioningly at his mother for confirmation of this project. A lump rose in Mrs. Cameron's throat. His father, all over again! Always ready to help out some one. But there was no time, now, to show Mary how to manage. Suddenly, an inspiration came.

"Do you think, Mary, that your stepmother would let you come around and spend tonight and tomorrow with us and enjoy *our* tree?"

Mary flung the pseudo-tree away with a whoop and flew home to find out. She was back in an incredibly short while, waving a big paper-bag at them.

"She says I can come!" She waved the bag again. "These are my Sunday clothes!"

The arrangement was a fact.

EDWIN took the girls and the marketing home, while Mother went on. Arrived at the house, all hands pitched in to finish dressing the tree. Edwin took charge of the garden. He had a crib, started last year. Father had said he would get him the Wise Men for next Christmas and a more imposing St. Joseph. His St. Joseph was entirely too small. Well, it would have to do, this year.

Margery put the stockings up, while Edwin was making the best of his crib things. She did it with misgivings about them somehow. Timmie's little sock now, and Doris's

two, one for her and one for Mary, and even Edwin's three quarter sock were nothing to worry about. But her own would take so much to fill it! Mother had not said a word, either, on the chair "not the weeniest bit". Mother promised, absently, her mind full of what was still to do. Apples to core and bake and oatmeal to cook for breakfast. And that was the

SUCH A CHRISTMAS MORNING!

about them, but Christmas would not be Christmas without hanging stockings!

Mother came in just then. She looked at the stockings and looked away quickly, her face changing color. She had forgotten the candy for them, completely! What with Mr. McAvoy and managing for dinner and all on so little. The worst of it was that she had spent all she had.

The children, tired out, were glad to go to bed. Margery, making Mother promise not to lift the paper least. There were two other jobs that would take time.

The children out of the way, she got out their gifts. Margery's had been made a week, a blouse. She took it from its hiding-place and hung it on the tree. The store which sold the Wise Men which Edwin wanted had been closed and she had had to substitute a box of paints; he loved to paint. Timmie had a train, ten cents a car; there was a doll apiece for Doris and Mary. They had not cost much, undressed, but that was

the worry. It was nearly eleven o'clock and two dolls to dress! And even they were not the real worry, there were plenty of scraps about to dress them in; it was the candy that was the problem.

The five stockings, hanging in a row, seemed to point accusing fingers at her. How could she have forgotten? And she had only fifty cents left. What *was* she to do? She could not leave herself without a penny. Well, she would think it over, while she was dressing the dolls. Mrs. Cameron was a swift sewer. Snip, stitch, now under the machine, now by hand. There, the under things were done for *one*, at any rate. This one was to be dressed in blue silk, left from a slip.

SUDDENLY the bell rang softly. Mrs. Cameron went at once to open it. It was Mrs. Kearns, a box in her hand. Mrs. Cameron led the way back to the warm dining-room.

"Are they asleep?" Mrs. Kearns demanded in a Christmas whisper.

Mrs. Cameron, wondering, said they were.

"First, though, here is the money I owe you."

Just then she caught sight of the doll. Her face fell.

"I am too late!" she exclaimed. "I should have told you I had some things for the children!"

As she spoke she began nervously to take things out of the box, a scarf for Margery, a sweater for Edwin, a Canton flannel bunnie for Timmie, a doll, dressed in pink silk, for Doris.

"You need not mind taking them for the children," she said tactfully. "I made them all myself. I only wish I had been in time," she added when Mrs. Cameron had finished exclaiming and thanking her.

"Plenty of time," Mrs. Cameron laughed and told her about Mary.

"So that is why there are *five* stockings! I have been wondering." After a moment she added timidly: "I have been wondering, too, if you would let me fill them. I brought some things, on the chance."

Mrs. Cameron's eyes misted, so that she could not see for a minute.

"You are *too* kind!" was all she could get out.

"Then I *may!*" said Mrs. Kearns delightedly, taking oranges and candy and what not out of the inexhaustible box. "Only it is *you* who are kind. This is my first Christmas with my son gone!"

"Oh, I did not know!" Mrs. Cameron said hastily.

She only knew Mrs. Kearns slightly, and heard that she was a widow come to live with a bachelor brother who traveled a good deal. She must have looked too compassionate for her visitor said, smilingly:

"No, he isn't dead. He is at a Mission in India. He was ordained in June a year ago. This helps a lot," she added cheerfully, as she held a stocking open and proceeded to make it bulge. "I can't help missing him."

MRS. Cameron dropped Mary's doll (she was finishing the blue one for Mary) and went and put her arms about Mrs. Kearns. They stood there a moment, silent, comprehending. Then Mrs. Cameron said softly:

"I have no extra room, but if you will share my room I would love to have you spend Christmas with us."

"Oh! May I? My brother is away."

Mrs. Kearns's tone told of her pleasure.

"If you *knew* what you did, tonight!" Mrs. Cameron exclaimed, as, everything done, with Mrs. Kearns's help, they prepared to go upstairs together. She did not explain about the candy, sensing that kind Mrs. Kearns would reproach herself for not having sent the money for her work earlier in the evening. "How you ever guessed," she continued,

"that Edwin needed a sweater as badly as he does is beyond me."

Mrs. Kearns smiled discreetly and said nothing. Doris's loquacity, telling about Mother having to darn "ever so many places," had served a turn. Two turns, for it had seemed like old times to Mrs. Kearns to be making a sweater for a boy at Christmas.

"My son was born on Christmas day," she said presently.

What she did not tell was that it was in thanksgiving for such a son that she tried to bring happiness to these children, for the sake of Him who had given her a son on His own birthday and then called him to the priesthood! All of us have much to be thankful for on Christmas day and the spirit of thankfulness should make us think of others.

SUCH a Christmas morning! *Two* visitors and Doris adored visitors! No one even peeped into the dining-room until after Mass. But *then!* Margery just couldn't get over her scarf which, being Batik, matched her blouse, it had so many colors in it. Edwin insisted on wearing his sweater, although the dining-room was at a summer temperature. Timmie hugged his bunnie and got his train of cars under every one's feet. At the last moment, Mrs. Kearns had discovered that Doris and Mary had only one gift apiece and had slipped out and brought back with her two darling pencils on a ribbon, so that they would not feel left out.

She brought back something else, too, three perfectly wonderful Wise Men and an adequate St. Joseph, besides the most lifelike of animals. They had been her son's. She had set the Crib up, just to have something of his around. But this way she would enjoy it more.

Mother could not get over the children having thought of her. Three gifts! Was ever a mother so blessed? And the Madonna was hung at once to smile on them at Christmas breakfast.

"And I really dreaded the day a little this year," Mrs. Cameron confided to her guest, as she bade her "Good-by" after tea, "and instead I have been downright *happy*, all day. Thanks to you!"

"Thanks to yourself!" her visitor contradicted warmly. "Look what you did for Mary and for me. Don't you remember the widow's cruse of oil?"

"How about yourself?" Mrs. Cameron returned quickly.

The Baby King

FRANCIS X. PEIRCE, S.J.

O little Baby King,
Make me, in everything
Like Thy sweet Mother.

Heart, mind and spirit bring
Always on Thee to cling,
And live none other.

Ah, little Baby King,
Heed please the pray'r I sing
To Thee, my Brother.

For the old Mothers

FLORENCE GILMORE

LATE in the afternoon of the twelfth of December, Sister Mary Matthew was called to the parlor. She went down hurriedly, with a beaming smile on her habitually smiling face. It was not often that she had a visitor. Three quarters of an hour later she knocked at the door of the Superior's room and, as soon as Mother Hildegarde caught sight of her, she exclaimed kindly, but not without a gleam of amusement in her keen eyes:

"Why, Sister, what has gone wrong on the fourth floor? What's amiss with your dear, old women? Your face is a yard long! I know of old that you are cheery enough about your own troubles, but break your heart over theirs."

"I am distressed about their Christmas, Mother; it's all spoiled," Sister answered, with a quaver in her voice. "Of course I've been taking for granted that the members of St. Rita's Guild would bring their treat on Christmas afternoon, as they have done for six or seven years. My poor dears have been looking forward to it and talking of it for weeks, wondering what the little gifts will be this year, and whether they will get candy or popcorn in their stockings. And — and, Mother, just a little while ago Mrs. McCrehan, the president of the Guild, came to tell me that the women have decided to give their Christmas treat to the girls at the Good Shepherd Convent this year. I told her it is a fine idea, and I tried my best to mean every word I said — for it is; but all the time she was talking, I was struggling to keep back the tears. To think how disappointed my old people will be!"

"Yes, I'm afraid they will feel badly about it," Mother Hildegarde admitted. "But, after all, there will still be the Midnight Mass, and the Crib — and a particularly good dinner."

"I know; but only a few on my floor are able to go to Midnight Mass, and some of their dim, old eyes can hardly see the Crib, and dinner will be all over in half an hour," Sister answered dejectedly; but after an instant she continued, with some

return of her usual cheery manner: "But, Mother, just this minute it occurred to me. There's Miss Murphy, you know."

"We cannot ask her for anything more for many and many a day," Mother Hildegarde instantly objected. "No one has done so much as she for our old women. She's really the only one who is particularly interested in them; but we must be careful not to impose upon her. She gave them their new beds, and a Victrola, and those pretty, scrim curtains. She's not rich. As head of the ready-to-wear department in a big store like Dunn & Dennison's, I suppose she draws a large salary, but she is not wealthy."

"I know," Sister Mary Matthew reluctantly admitted; and after a moment's thought she made another suggestion: "Miss Murphy sings very nicely. I've often heard so. May I ask her to sing for us on Christmas day?"

"Yes, you may do that; and I feel certain that your charges will enjoy some sweet music as much as a trifling gift," Mother answered; and smilingly she added in warning: "But be very careful, Sister, not to ask for more than the songs."

"I won't, Mother," Sister Mary Matthew promised. Then, in almost the same breath, she asked artlessly: "But you won't mind, will you, if I hint a little, just a little, for some candy or cakes?"

"Indeed, I will! Even the vaguest hint is forbidden. Remember!"

THE next morning was cold and windy and snowy, but as early as possible Sister Mary Matthew set out. She went directly to Miss Murphy's office on the third floor of Dunn & Dennison's store, where she had been two or three times before, when they were planning to buy new beds for the old women's ward at the hospital.

Miss Murphy was seated at her desk with an open letter in her hand and a number of other letters and circulars were piled neatly before her. She looked very self-contained and businesslike and, after she had risen to shake hands cordially with Sister and to push forward a chair for her, she said crisply, going straight to the point:

"Well, Sister, what can I do for you today? Are the curtains satisfactory?"

"They are beautiful, Miss Murphy. My old women are very happy about them," Sister answered.

"I am glad to hear that," Miss Murphy said; and paused, rather pointedly, to allow her to explain her errand.

SHE was very busy, and she knew from experience that Sister Mary Matthew was inclined to be garrulous, when she was encouraged to talk freely of her charges. Sister understood that Miss Murphy was hurried and was quick to explain her call.

"I'll interrupt your work for only one minute, Miss Murphy. I came to ask you ——. You see, it's this way: Again and again the ladies of St. Rita's Guild have been good to our old women on Christmas day; but this year they are going to treat the girls at the Good Shepherd Convent instead. It's very kind of them: but you know, very old people are like children, and they'll be woefully disappointed to be deprived of their Christmas celebration. Perhaps, you and I would, too! None of us ever quite grow up, do we?

"So I wonder, Miss Murphy, if you — I've often heard that you sing beautifully, and I wonder if you will come to us some time on Christmas day and sing simple old Christmas songs in my ward: the *Adeste Fideles,* for instance, and *Holy Night, Silent Night*".

"Of course I will, Sister; I'd love to. To tell the truth I sing only fairly well — and without accompaniment. But I know your old women will not be hard to please. They'll probably think me a second Adelina Patti," Miss Murphy answered readily and laughingly. After a pause, she added: "But I ought to take them something. No one goes anywhere empty-handed on Christmas. Didn't the women of St. Rita's Guild give them some kind of treat?"

"Well — yes! But we — we thought we'd like — we'd have only music this year," Sister Mary Matthew answered stumblingly.

"I don't think much of such a Christmas treat as that, and I know your old women would not. What has the Guild been taking to them?"

"A trifling gift for each one — a handkerchief, or knitting needles, or perhaps, a pin-cushion, and a little candy, but — but," Sister stammered, looking more and more troubled with each word.

Suddenly Miss Murphy laughed.

"Oh, I see, Sister! That too considerate Superior of yours tied your tongue before you left home. Well, fortunately I don't have to obey her. I'll get a small gift for each, and plenty of candy."

"But you have done so much for them already," Sister objected, her face fairly beaming.

"This is going to be an economical little treat, I warn you," Miss Murphy responded.

Then, remembering Mother Hildegarde's instructions, and afraid that she had hinted without intending to, Sister Mary Matthew said seriously:

"But truly, Miss Murphy, I'm afraid Mother won't like it. She says that you have already done ten times as much as any one else for our old people. You have been lavishly generous."

For a moment Miss Murphy made no reply; then she turned to Sister with a sad and wistful look on her ordinarily smiling but rather hard face, saying earnestly:

"You and Mother Hildegarde

HER ARMS WERE FULL OF BUNDLES

must let me be as good to them as I can. It's a comfort to me to do something for them. You see, Sister, when I left school, twenty-five years ago, I should have stayed at home with my mother. My father had been dead for six months; I was her only living child; she was not strong; and she had very small means.

"But I hated the crude little Western village in which we lived. I went to Cleveland in search of work — and got it. I was confident that I could make good, and I did. For a time I sent money to Mother regularly, and I wrote to her — sometimes. She had had very little schooling; it was not easy for her to write a letter, and I moved so often during the first three or four years that she could never be certain of my address. So I heard less and less often from her.

"I worked hard and was promoted until I became buyer for the ready-to-wear department of a large store, was sent abroad twice a year, and earned a big salary. I began to live at a business women's club, dressed as well as the others did, and shared all the amusements that interested them; and — and thought less and less of my Faith, and less and less of Mother. I forgot both.

"I had stopped writing to her, and for some years she had not known where I was, when I was offered this position at a bigger salary than I had ever had. So I came here. All the while I was proud of succeeding, and all the while trying to persuade myself that I was happy. But I wasn't, I wasn't! I've never been happy since I began to neglect her."

MISS Murphy interrupted her narrative for a moment to close the door of her office, and to say:

"This is a long, egotistical story, Sister, but I want you to understand — you and Mother Hildegarde.

"Well, soon after I reached here, I had the only illness I've ever had since I was a child," she continued slowly. "I was ill for weeks, and had long, long, lonely hours for thinking; and I thought — of her — and of Him. I went to Confession and Holy Communion; it was easy to find my way back to Him; but — oh, Sister, I missed my mother so, when I was ill! She had taken care of me in every illness I had ever had before — so tenderly and sweetly. I was miserably homesick all the time that I lay in bed — homesick as I had never been, even when I first went to Cleveland. Night after night I dreamed that she was beside me, and awoke crying for joy."

"YOU were young; you did not think," Sister Mary Matthew said comfortingly; but she was thanking God in her heart that she had always been good to her own mother.

"No, no! There was no excuse. I was selfish, heartless. But as I regained my strength I made plans which I thought would be easy to carry out. I determined to go home for Mother, to bring her here, and to lavish care and love upon her.

"As soon as I was able to travel, I took a train to our little town — Jacksonville; and went directly to the rented house in which we had always lived. A woman whom I had never seen before opened the door. She could tell me nothing of Mother; but, seeing my distress, she suggested that I should make inquiries next door. The people there had lived in the neighborhood for a number of years, she said.

"At the next house a woman remembered vaguely that a Mrs. Murphy had once lived in our house, but had grown too frail to stay alone, and had gone to a relative, somewhere in Pennsylvania. And the woman explained garrulously how she had heard that Mrs. Murphy had a daughter who was rich, but never sent a penny to her old mother.

"I took the next train to —— Pennsylvania. We had a distant cousin there, and I felt certain that it was to her that Mother had gone. But the cousin had been dead for four years. I asked everywhere — every one; but no one knew anything about Mother. A few remembered that she had been in the town for a short time: that was all I could learn."

Miss Murphy paused for a moment, but Sister Mary Matthew could find nothing to say:

"Mother is an old, old woman now, if she is still living; and I don't know how to make reparation to the Sacred Heart and to her except by being good to other old mothers for her sake," Miss Murphy added sadly.

"God will accept that. I'm sure He will," Sister said gently.

MISS Murphy had promised to sing at four o'clock on Christmas afternoon, and afterward to distribute her gifts. By two o'clock Sister Mary Matthew and all her charges were deep in feverish preparations. Several beds were pushed aside to clear a space at one end of the long ward, and a small platform was improvised from a wooden box. Before it, in zigzag rows, were ranged seats of every description: rockers, invalid chairs, stools and a bench.

Every old woman smoothed her hair, polished her shoes, and donned her best dress or best kimona, if she was fortunate enough to own more than one. Sister Mary Matthew laughed at their eagerness, but not one among them was more excited or happier than she.

By half past three each woman was in her place, and Miss Murphy entered the ward promptly at four o'clock. Her arms were full of bundles, and behind her followed one of the nurses and the driver of the taxi in which she had come, with their arms so full that they could hardly walk. An audible flutter of approval passed over the audience when they appeared; and after the packages had been stacked in a corner and Miss Murphy stood on the platform, smiling and self-possessed and exquisitely gowned, more than one old woman exclaimed, "God bless you!" or "God bless your heart!" in a way unusual at concerts.

SISTER Mary Matthew noted how Miss Murphy looked smilingly into the crowd, as she took her place; but that the sight of the pathetic, careworn old faces seemed to wring her heart, for her smile vanished suddenly; and as she sang she kept her eyes above the heads before her.

She sang *Adeste Fideles* and *Holy Night, Silent Night,* bringing tears to many a dim eye, and a thousand sweet memories to old hearts; and then she gave two light numbers to make every one forget all other Christmases. Afterward, she passed up one aisle and down the next, giving a present to each patient, and to each a red tarlatan stocking filled with small cakes and candy. The women were as happy as so many children over their treasures — all but one of them, who wept silently in her corner. She would not look at Miss Murphy; she did not want anything, she murmured.

"The poor dear! I noticed that she cried all the time that you were singing. She would have slipped from the room, when you began to distribute your gifts, if I had not stopped her," Sister Mary Matthew told Miss Murphy; and in a very low tone, she added: "She's all alone in the world, poor thing! Not a relative anywhere!"

Miss Murphy laid a very gentle hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"I'm alone, too," she said sweetly, tenderly.

But the old woman only cried the more.

"I am going to put your little gift and your candy in your lap, and you can examine them after a while," Miss Murphy said to her.

She had done so, and had turned to go away, when at last the old woman spoke to her:

"Oh, my little girl! My little Maggie!" she sobbed.

And then, before Sister Mary Matthew understood what had happened, Miss Murphy was on her knees beside the woman's chair, with her arms about her waist and her head on her shoulder. It was she who was sobbing now, and the old woman who was the comforter.

"My dear little girl!" the old woman said, again and again.

But Sister heard Miss Murphy whisper but one word:

"Mother!"

"Thanks be to God!" Sister cried in her heart. "Miss Murphy can be happy now. Now she can be good to her mother."

His Bitter Doses

Passion of Christ, make me strong.
"Anima Christi".

FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.

"THE swallowing is hard, awfully hard, but I get comfort when I remember and think of your own bitter doses." Those were the lines penned far, far afield where God's missionaries fought His battles in the outposts of civilization; and they were the cry from the heart of a strong man of Christ. A few months back the call came to "go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred — and come into the land which I shall show thee." The order came suddenly, quite unexpectedly and it rocked the man even though he had vowed himself to serve God wheresoever He willed, and fully meant his vow. And so he squared his shoulders and took the blow. As the two priest-friends knelt in the great Cathedral before the final parting, they both laid his burdens at the feet of the Master.

And then, when months had passed and wide seas separated them, the word came back: "I think of your own bitter doses." Yes, the companion had had bitter, bitter doses, and they had come often and for long. Of these he had told his friend, for they were much united, and now the words came back that the taking of those "doses" in what was felt to be a manly way was nerving a fellow-soldier's heart to fight lustily ahead in a battle that was far harder.

"But I get comfort when I remember and think of your own bitter doses." How that thought should come home to us as we kneel in adoration before our Lord! He had His "bitter doses", more bitter than human heart has ever known. At birth, He was an outcast, and His Mother found but a stable for His covering and a manger for His bed. And so it will help me to kneel at the Crib and remember this His "bitter dose", when the pinch of poverty makes me wince. It will nerve me to stand the slights of men, when I think of the "bitter dose" of rejection by His own and see the scorn on many a lip as the slurring query comes: "Can any good come from Nazareth?" To labor unrewarded by success, to be unsparing of self by day and by night

and yet to garner but scant harvest from it all — is a trial that breaks many a stout heart. Yet, when that trial comes, it would ease the pain to think of the "bitter dose" of disappointment that was our Lord's, when after three years of journeying up and down the land of His own chosen people He could find at the end so few, so very few, that remained in any way true to Him. Yes, and of His specially picked Twelve, one betrayed Him, one denied Him, and all ran away.

Sometimes, too, the very pillars of life seem to crumple beneath me and the very foundations seem to be moved. It may be, too, that men mock me for my failure and wag knowing heads over all the wreckage. What of it? Then above all times I must remember the "bitter dose" of Calvary and I must go out and stand long and prayerfully beneath the Cross in the gathered darkness. "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" will find an echo in my heart.

Oh, what comfort in our trials — no matter what they be — to know that the same "bitter doses" have been tasted by my changeless Friend and that He has shown me how to drain the cup of sorrow to its dregs! That is a consolation and a strength that no other faith gives and it is that I must gain as I kneel before Him.

Dear Jesus, I do not like the "bitter doses" of life and "the swallowing is hard." One day it is this trial, another day that; one day a disappointment and another day a failure; one day a slight and another day a sneer; one day false friends, and another day scheming foes. Oh, it is all so hard, all so discouraging! And yet I must face it all and see it all through manfully. So I thank You from my heart for having gone before me and suffered so much for me. You drained the cup of sorrow that is pressed to our lips so often in this valley of tears. So please give me much grace in the hour of trial to remember Your own "bitter doses".

Cathie Burke and the "Witch-Woman"

(Continued from page 36)

against his mother's love; souls in need against the tender embraces of his mother. O, Christ, Thou didst leave Thy sweet Mother! Let him see that Thy love will supply in his sorrowing mother's heart, his absent love! Henry's face is changed! He sees the leper children stretching out their arms to him. He is coming back. I know what he will say. God has won! Souls will be saved! Henry, Henry, what is your answer?' "

Mrs. Merton did not need to be prompted. She rose and flung her arms around the startled little nun.

"Child, child, Cathie dear, I know what Henry must answer. Yes, I, too, will answer with Henry, 'I will be a missionary'. I will thank God for the brave daughter He gave me and — oh, Cathie, I must thank you and Sister Stanislaus. I will write; no, I will cable Marian, my brave Sister Ignatius, at this bright Christmas time and tell her that I love her, and that I am sending a thousand dollars to help her lepers. On Christmas day, you and Mother and Granny Weiss and I will go to Mass together in my big car. We will go to Holy Communion, too, and you will pray for me. Then we shall all spend the day together here and you will sit in my Marian's place at table and be my little nun. I will love you and, like Granny Weiss, I will pray for you, that you may ever whisper to our Lord: 'I will be a missionary!' "

IN FRONT OF ALL, FRANCES SAT IN HER WHEEL-CHAIR

The Hard Heart

And the Lord hardened Pharao's heart. Exodus x, 27.

GEORGE M. A. CAIN

"YOU'RE a hard-hearted man, Michael Duros," the old priest said slowly that early afternoon of Christmas Eve.

He had staggered through much drifting snow to save one of his poorest families from eviction. Michael Duros laughed.

"With God's help," he snapped profanely, "I'll stay hard-hearted."

"Once God helped a man to stay hard-hearted," the saddened priest reminded. "Maybe you remember the Pharao who would not let Israel go. God spare you his punishment!"

Michael's face darkened with rage.

"Yes, I remember your hard-hearted Pharao," he shouted. "And I know how little difference a softer heart would have made. I once got soft-hearted. I promised your God everything if He would forgive me and spare to me the wife who made life worth living. My wife died. I have no belief in your God or use for you. I shall find out why you got in here. Some one can spend his Christmas praying for a new job. This poor family can pray for a home. That's all!"

"May God have mercy on you!" the white-haired priest spoke sternly as he went out. "Nothing man does is ever all. God's word is always the last."

Ten minutes later Michael Duros took the wheel from his chauffeur and grimly won another victory from

the high-piled, drifting snow, as he drove past hundreds of stranded cars with a curse for every difficulty he overcame. But his grimness showed no victor's smile. The slight drag of his left foot, the hardly noticeable droop of his shoulders, as he entered the vast pile he called home, hinted rather of harrowing fear or total defeat.

Unhappy for him had been that old priest's allusion to that Pharao who, despite the awful plagues of Heaven, steadily refused to yield to Moses's and Aaron's pleas to let the enslaved Israelites depart from Egypt. Michael Duros really remembered distinctly only the last, worst plague, which laid low Pharao's first-born and those of his people.

Some said that the rich man's one possession he cared for enough to treat humanely was the little daughter, now a helpless cripple, his wife had left a baby at her death seven and a half years ago. Some said Michael Duros was partly insane. Certainly his hard mind was prey to all the superstitious dreads which so often beset those who forsake the sane reasonableness of Faith. Now he could not walk fast enough through the long halls, until he caught sound of music from the biggest room of the whole wing that made his little Frances's nursery, to assure him that the priest's reminder of the long dead Egyptian had not been a malediction capable of working its curse upon his child before he could reach her.

SANELY he paused to breath deeply, to still the thud of his heart, to steady himself. His disturbed nerves must not disturb those of his child. The famous trio, which would cost him thousands for her holiday entertainment, was playing no dirge. It was playing "*Venite, Adoremus!*"

Little sanity, though, in the rage that purpled his face, as he leaped forward to stop the least hint of Christian significance in his child's Christmas! But all sin, all inordinate affection, all uncontrolled anger is foolish enough for madness; too often these produce such physical derangements of brain and nerve as are true insanity.

MICHAEL Duros's sin was pride, an inordinate love of himself. Without scruple or mercy for others, or even health, he had gone after money and its power, until, at forty he had paid for his long vigils of scheming for money with a first paralytic stroke. Only at the end of his helplessness had he thought of marrying and chosen one of his nurses, whose evenness of disposition and willingness to please him pointed her out as the likeliest source of the relaxation the specialists insisted on. Her love for him was a born nurse's mother-love for a big, spoiled boy who needed her.

Love for his money would have given her a happier year of married life. He truly found his pleasure in striving to please her; but he credited himself with perfect knowledge of what would please her. Her task became the difficult one for her, of appearing to enjoy the social functions, dances, theatre parties, the gorgeous clothes and jewels he provided.

His love for her was real enough to reach its climax when her life hung in the balance at their baby's birth. A million dollars slipped from his grasp while he made frantic efforts to find the doctor to save her to him. For most of his business was a mighty gamble of wits with men not more scrupulous than he, or less ready to derive advantage from any situation that took his attention from the vast game.

And, almost for the first time in his life, Michael prayed in those days. His prayers seemed to be heard. When baby Frances was six weeks

old, her mother began to get about the yet incompleted palace. Michael consulted the successful physician, planned a summer Sunday's surprise. At half-past eight in the morning he went to her room to find her already dressed to go out.

"How did you guess?" he demanded cheerfully.

"Guess what?" she answered. "Are you going to Mass and Communion, too?"

"Mass and Communion!" he echoed flippantly. "Hardly. Neither are you. We're going to the place I've bought for our summers — just one hundred miles out on Long Island. By a quarter of ten traffic would make it an hour's job to get out of town. I guess your health is still good for an excuse."

"Hardly for missing Mass to do a hundred-mile ride, Michael. Come. There's time to put a breakfast aboard the car. We need lose no more than half an hour. If you had told me yesterday ——"

Her tone took finality for granted. Those weeks had put a strain on Michael's nerves and blood-pressure.

"No!" he cried with an oath, "We'll go when I say. No silly notions about your religious duties are going to spoil the whole day for me."

HER soft answer that they both owed a highest, and just now a special, duty to God who had so nearly restored her, but increased his wrath. He leaped at her, seized her shoulders and shook her, as he raged:

"I'll teach you where your duties lie. I'll teach you that you're my wife. No woman is going to tell me my duties. No woman is going to upset my plans."

The frail woman went white and fell at his feet. To double the cold terror that gripped him then, there burst upon his ears another woman's voice so nearly baritone as often to be taken for a man's.

"Now you've killed her! Out of here, Michael! Out with your very love so deadly selfish as to be jealous of your God! Go! I'll get doctors and nurses. Go! Pray the God you've defied to forgive you, to spare her life, if possible, and your soul the guilt of murder!"

JANE Duros, his tall, angular, elder sister had ever commanded his respect. He would gladly have made her his partner in business. He had tried in vain to get control of her share of their heritage. She was a lawyer, whose piety caused her to devote her splendid talents to the service of the poor. He inwardly admired her strength. With a glow of family pride he had accompanied her as godmother to his child. He had been pleased with the friendship which had grown up between the big, masculine woman and his soft, gentle wife, and which had brought her now to go with Mary to Mass.

Now, as one strong hand grasped the telephone-receiver, her other still pointed accusation at him. Her stern eyes still commanded, while her voice shouted for nurses and servants and spoke calmly into the telephone. He fairly slunk away to do exactly as she bade.

Yes, for nearly a fortnight he prayed as he had never prayed before. He confessed his sins and received Communions. He vowed away all he possessed, a life as devoted to charity as his sister's.

But was Michael Duros's "soft-hearted" in his praying? Every vow, every offering, even his penitential sorrows and his promises of amendment were conditioned in a sort of effort to command God's fulfilment of a bargain for an earthly favor. "Thy will be done!" meant nothing to his heart. The Almighty hears our requests; He cannot be bullied by the orders of His creatures. And the last bitter days of Michael's praying

were tinged with accusation that God was defaulting obligation!

Michael had not attended his wife's funeral. Had he been able, he would have stopped that funeral. Helpless with a second stroke of paralysis, he had been drugged back to sleep, whenever he woke to mouth inarticulate blasphemies. And now, more than seven years later, he boasted contemptuous atheism. He had not been inside a church or breathed a prayer in those years. He had surrounded his tiny daughter with servants ready to swear that they would never tell her so much as a Christian story.

For an hour or two each day he had made himself the essence of all the tender, gentle generosity none but

"WE'LL GO WHEN I SAY"

she saw in him. A great toy-store held commission to provide one new toy a day for him to present her. Despite his slight lameness he never failed to prove the most fascinating toy of all. No romp was ever too severe a strain for him, that brought a gurgling laugh from her lips. A happy, healthy, pretty child, up to her sixth year she was the joy of his life and seemed to find him the chief joy of hers.

Then, one afternoon she begged him to toss her once more into the air. Thousands of times he had done it, for all that slight unsteadiness of his left arm. This time the arm turned under her sturdy weight. Laughter turned to a quick gasp, a short cry of pain, while the healthy, little body writhed in agony for a few seconds and went still.

As usual, he was alone with her, unwilling to share his pleasure in her with a servant. Aghast he picked up the oddly twisted body and stood stock still, holding her in his arms, staring in blank amazement at what he held. His sister's voice broke his numb silence.

"What have you done this time?" it demanded sternly, as it had ordered him from his wife six years before.

Providence had sent her. Providence had started her train of thought to a birthday present, to realization that a godchild's first Holy Communion was nearly due, to certainty that her sponsorship must involve the instruction of the child she scarcely knew, in a home where she had long been unwelcome.

She had waited too long to use his wife's death as a threat. She had not believed him really mad. But her right in the now immensely valuable acre of land on which his home stood had never been settled. If need be, she was prepared to bargain with this for access to the child, whose sponsor she was.

So she had come, had disregarded servants' warnings against interrupting his play-hour, had found him thus staring at the broken, little body, as he had once stared at his stricken wife. Now she did believe him mad.

"She — she fell," he gasped in reply. At that moment he could think

of no fear for himself. "Oh, Jane — what — what's happened to her?"

Providence! Once more this gaunt, mannish, hard-headed, but soft-hearted sister snatched opportunity to save him, if she might, from complete madness, to save the last object of his love from what she thought his madness had done. She got him to a chair before he could drop again the burden he would not release; she got in servants, doctors, other and greater doctors; she saw through an almost hopeless operation performed by a whole group of specialists.

And Jane's stay in Michael's home as the poor child's constant companion had never been hindered. She had devoted herself to what was the deepest interest of his heart. Through that terrible first night she had sat beside him and held his trembling hand in her firm clasp, nor troubled him with the fact that her other hand held her beads and that her occasional deep-throated word was spoken between silently breathed prayers. He knew what she had saved him from.

Most of the year after, it had appeared that little Frances must die in baptismal innocence. For it was a year of tortuous treatments and varied operations. Michael refused to believe that his child must live a hopeless cripple, that yet more pitiful mental weakness might accompany the physical helplessness. The summer before, a great foreign surgeon had seemed to do a little better than all the others.

"Now," he had said at the end of a month's splendidly skilful labor, "if we can but make and keep her happy, there's a chance for the tired little heart and brain."

Only then Jane had begun to teach her godchild the "great secret" even Daddy might share only after the dear God had come to her lips and heart. She got happy mental results, but little physical improvement.

Michael had tried other methods. His order had gone forth that no whim of hers could be too extravagant to indulge. He devoted himself to conceits for her amusement. He felt defeated, understood that the smiles on her lips were pretenses to please him, saw they could not be kept up for moments.

A HAPPY, HEALTHY, PRETTY CHILD

No doubt she had already tired of the costly music. Little hope that she would keep up interest through a whole reel of the lovely juvenile motion picture for which the music was to be incidental. She kept up some pretense still of fun in having the great room furnished for a fairy-princess's throne-room, with a niche for her chair in costly hangings on a dais at one end, a light but costly crown for her fair head, a jewelled sceptre which all, in fairy costumes, must kneel to kiss ere they addressed her royal highness. Perhaps she would like the two gorgeous Christ-

mas trees beside the throne today, the glittering decorations. Possibly his own later appearance and march up to her side as a jolly Old King Cole, to the music she had once sung for the nursery rhyme, could win a real laugh. So he had planned. So it might have been.

JANE had planned very quietly for little Frances's first Holy Communion on her Lord's Birthday. Good, old Father Riker had heard her Confession and promised to give her Holy Communion at the pretty temporary altar set up in a small, unused room upstairs. Long since half the servants had absolved themselves from Michael's wicked oath, when they had learned that this was not rightly a non-Catholic home. A chauffeur would bring the priest, others conduct him to the improvised chapel, while Michael slept at the other end of the huge house, never the wiser. Poor Michael! He might have seen happy animation on his child's wan face at the preparation of the room.

But the narrow space and the tiny crib at one side of the altar had not satisfied the little queen. At best this room was bare beside her gorgeous throne-room. And this was no worthy statue of the precious Infant, for a child who had dozens of mere dolls as big and natural as life.

No easy child to change from a purpose was this little one whose every word was law. Aunt Jane yielded. She offered a compromise, that the "great secret" might be preserved. The large crib must be cleared away after a brief interval in good time for the father's homecoming at four.

"But then Baby Jesus won't see the picture," had been Frances's last objection.

"Remember, dear," the aunt had met it, "these are but His statues. He is God and sees all the pictures in the world."

So the big crib had come and been set up. And men stood by, waiting to take it all down again and cart it away. But the frail, little queen found such joy in the novel devotion that she called for its repetition again and again, until the pious aunt's bones were aching and more of nervous fear than of prayer was in her mind. And on this very day an old priest had put superstitious dread in Michael's heart. And he had hurried the closing of his office and speeded his driving and, as he entered the house, heard the strains of the Christian hymn.

He stopped dead at the door. There, between the gorgeous trees stood the open cave, the Holy Mother and foster father, the Child in a manger. Before it lay the golden crown and the silver sceptre of his little queen, together with less costly "Wise Men's" gifts. In front of all, Frances sat in her wheel-chair, her bare, golden head bowed over her thin clasped hands. Beside her knelt his sister and one of the nurses. About them knelt half the servants of the nursery, arrayed with skins and shepherd-staves over their silly courtier costumes. Even the dark-eyed, foreign musicians were kneeling, as they played the glad refrain.

MICHAEL'S brain snapped. He stepped forward on sudden tiptoe to his sister's side. He caught her by her shoulders. Off balance, she toppled to the floor.

"So this is your work!" he flung at her, as he mounted the steps.

But he had upset no weak wife this time. Jane was on her feet, as he seized the life-sized statue of the Holy Infant.

"Stop him! Oh, stop him!" she shouted with her great, husky voice.

Another voice rose in a scream:

"Daddy! Oh, Daddy! Oh, my precious, darling Baby Jesus! Daddy!"

But nothing could stop him. Little Frances's thin hands buried her face, as she shrank from the sight. His glaring eyes burned upon her, as her head drooped. He but shot one sidewise glance at his sister, as she hurried toward him, still crying for help.

"He's mad, crazy! Such a rage as this killed his poor wife. Only God knows what anger of his crushed that child. Stop him before he kills her now!"

But it was at Jane that he tried to hurl the heavy bit of statuary. Perhaps she owed her life to the fact that its weight demanded both his hands, and the uncertain left turned it aside to crash upon the marble floor.

"Baby Jesus!" he roared at his child. "There He is — this Jesus they've been telling you about. And now — here go the rest of you traitors, liars, thieves — after your Baby God!"

But he had spoken too boastfully. Those three musicians outraged by the sacrilege, the porters outraged by the damage to the statue, and the chauffeur made short work of getting themselves atop his bulky but prostrate form.

"Get the police!" some one ordered.

Michael Duros groaned. Then his rolling eyes found the wheel-chair and saw the slumped little figure inert upon it.

"O God! God!" he cried. "Get a doctor! Quick! Quick!"

Almost every one leaped toward the wheel-chair. He jumped up so suddenly as to upset the rest and was beside the wheel-chair as quickly as Jane and the nurse.

"Still alive!" they whispered, as their fingers touched the limp wrists.

Michael Duros dropped upon his knees.

"O God, God of Heaven," he was crying, "spare her! Take me, take me and hurl me to the hell I deserve, but spare her. O God! None can forgive me. I have committed the devil's own sin. In my pride I have willed that none should worship aught but me. I have tried to give her joy, and taken from her Thy joy. God! God! Punish me! Give her — Thy love!"

A prayer of despair, perhaps; but at last an unselfish prayer, a humble prayer. The high-wheeled bed was brought down from the well equipped operating-room above. Gently they shifted the limp figure to it.

"Still alive," they whispered again.

The operating-room was in order for any emergency long before the chauffeur could battle through the snows to the house of the nearest doctor familiar with the rich child's case. Still they waited, and still the unconscious little one seemed to wait, an hour — almost another. Then the

chauffeur brought Father Riker with the doctor. He had caught the tired old pastor at the end of the weary afternoon of Christmas Confessions. Briefly he had told what had happened.

The priest looked a little startled as he recognized the dark features of the hardened sinner. But Michael Duros was sinking to his knees. Some one came to lead the priest to the extemporized chapel. The priest touched the kneeling man's shoulder.

"I have our Lord with me," he whispered. "We'll pray."

The hardened sinner groped after him. It seemed that he could never see again for tears. The candles were lighted, the tiny pyx was laid on its white cloth.

"He is a God of infinite mercy," the priest whispered softly.

In the operating room to the left the doctor shook his head.

"Only the priest can do more for her,"

He injected stimulating salt into almost lifeless veins.

"Maybe that will give her a conscious moment for Communion," he said, and joined them in pushing the high bed to the chapel.

JANE in the lead stopped them with an amazed look on her face which caused them all to stare at what she saw. Michael Duros was kneeling; Father Riker was seated. He made a Sign of the Cross over the bowed head of the hard-hearted sinner. It seemed impossible that a man with Michael's life could have made a Confession so quickly as that. But possibly the aged priest had seen something in the penitent's face which caused him to urge the Confession on. They saw it now — death.

Michael looked up in a daze. He knew as he looked that little Frances could not live. O God — and was he forgiven? All the sins he had forgotten! No — it would never do. Perhaps — perhaps the priest would hear him again, afterwards.

BUT look! Oh, look! Her eyes were fluttering open; her lips were moving. The "*Confiteor*"? He had failed — twice now — to get the once familiar words. But he had been — O, God — could man be sorry enough for his sins?

But she was not sorry. She was saying rapturously:

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

And he had tried to give her joy, and held her back from this! Why had he not known how sweet Jesus is? What mattered death? She had "Jesus, Jesus!"

"O Lord, I am not worthy — not worthy! If I could ever get worthy for Thee! Jesus, take all I possess! Only come to me just once more!"

Why was the priest giving her but half the Host? Well, she knew no difference. Of course there was none. She looked as if she had already gone to Heaven. And he? Oh, might he ever hope? Why, he was dying now — going down — down — down —— But she was pleading; and Jesus was coming after him. Hands were catching him, holding his head. Nearer, nearer! How had the old priest known? No matter!

Death — with Jesus! *Gloria in excelsis!*

To join the Apostleship of Prayer apply to the Reverend Director or to a Promoter in a Local Centre. Your name will be registered on your promise to make the Morning Offering. If there is no Centre in your vicinity, write to 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

Interests of the Sacred Heart

A League Banquet

The thirteenth annual banquet of the Secretaries, Promoters and Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart of the diocese of Cleveland was held on Sunday evening, October 21, with a record attendance of five hundred. The occasion was signally honored by the presence of the Bishop of Cleveland, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., to whom we are indebted for the explanation of the November "General Intention". The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph F. Smith, LL.D., V.G., was among the speakers. The chief speaker at the banquet was Father Charles J. Mullaly, S.J., the National Director of the Apostleship of Prayer. A printed programme, containing a list of the Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart with the name of the parish and date of establishment, was presented to each guest as a souvenir.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop expressed his earnest desire that Centres of the League be established in all the Religious communities, among the nurses in the hospitals, in the training schools, in the monasteries, among men and wherever the League has not penetrated. He wished to have it "include every family in the diocese."

Father Mullaly in his address called attention to the wonderful efficacy of the League through its Third Degree in bringing the faithful to the altar-rail. He emphasized especially the advantages of the "block-system" to render Promoters' work most efficacious in the larger towns and cities. When a Promoter has the care of one or more blocks, there is a minimum loss of membership and the danger of neglect is very small. Moreover, the system keeps the pastor in close contact with every section of his parish, from which he receives a monthly report through the League Promoters.

The success of these annual reunions in the diocese of Cleveland prompts the hope that similar meetings may soon be held in all of our dioceses. They are an admirable method of bringing the Local Centres closer together in their common enterprise of making the Sacred Heart better known and loved.

A Statue of the Sacred Heart

Catholic Spain has ever been noted for its devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. A recent manifestation of this respect for the desire of our Lord to have His image honored is the announcement of a sculptors' competition to be held in connection with the Barcelona Exposition of 1929. A prize of 50,000 gold pesetas (about $10,000) is offered for the statue of the Sacred Heart that will be ranked first. We are indebted to "The Tablet" (London, November 3, 1928) for this news and for the conditions of the competition.

Although the devotion to the Sacred Heart, as we have frequently called to mind, antedates St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, the Visitandine Nun, whom our Lord chose to make it known throughout the world, the Barcelona judges wish the revelations to her at Paray-le-Monial to inspire the competing sculptors. The Heart is to be clearly shown (in its true place, not in our Lord's hand) and the message of the statue is to be: "Behold this Heart that has loved men so much and from the most of them it receives only coldness, indifference and

ingratitude." It is to show the Son of God, true God and true Man, not at any selected moment of His life (such as Gethsemani or Calvary) but in a synthesis expressing his entire career. Further, He is to be shown detached from individual relationships, not, for example, as giving favors to St. Margaret Mary. He is to be portrayed as a Man of Sorrows, wounded by our ingratitude and our sins, yet the work must not seem morbid to beholders.

The successful statue will, no doubt, be reproduced throughout the whole world, and the competition should result in an increase both in attention to the devotion and in the number of lovers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The Feast of our Lord Jesus Christ, King

Most consoling were the reports from many dioceses of the United States on the way in which the Feast of our Lord Jesus Christ, King, was celebrated on October 28. In Baltimore a great Eucharistic demonstration was held on the campus of St. Mary's Seminary. Besides the priests of the Archdiocese, hundreds of sanctuary boys and four hundred and fifty seminarians, there were over five hundred Holy Name men in the procession. In Washington over a thousand Holy Name men gathered in the crypt of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at the Catholic University of America. In the diocese of Cleveland a triduum was held in every parish, preliminary to the Feast. At St. Louis five thousand Catholics gathered at the Municipal Theatre in the open air on Sunday afternoon to pay tribute to Christ the King. They repeated the pledge of loyalty read by the Most Rev. Archbishop, sang the hymn, "Holy God", and listened to addresses.

"The Evangelist" of Albany, N. Y., recording a gathering of the Holy Name of the diocese at the cathedral on October 28, points out how appropriate this Sunday is for such demonstrations of loyalty. Perhaps in the coming years this Feast will be chosen for the Holy Name parades that in past years have been held in many dioceses on other Sundays of October.

Slovenes in Argentina

At the autumn conference of the Catholic hierarchy of Jugoslavia, held at Zagreb in the presence of the Apostolic Nuncio, Father Anton Mrkun, who had just returned from a visit to Argentina, made a report about the spiritual condition of the Croats and Slovenes in that Republic. 76,000 of them are without any spiritual ministration in their own language. The dearth of priests makes it impossible for the Spanish-speaking priests to acquire the language of these immigrants and therefore there is urgent need of missionaries from their native land to save the Faith of their brethren in South America.

Church Unity Octave

The purpose of the Church Unity Octave is so much in harmony with the aims of the Apostleship of Prayer, crystallized in its watchword: "Thy Kingdom come!" that we hope none of the Associates of the League will fail to take part in it. More than one thousand prelates of the Church have signed the petition to the Holy Father to have its observance made universal, like the devotions to our Lady in May and October. We are asked to pray that the Holy Father may recognize in this petition a desire of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The Octave will be held in our churches from the Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, January 18, to the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25. Seven years ago the hierarchy of the United States adopted a resolution, recommending its observance. The daily intentions are as follows:

January 18: Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Return of the "other sheep".

January 19: Return of Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20: Submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21: That Lutherans and other continental Protestants may return to Holy Church.

January 22: That all Christians in America may become one with the Chair of St. Peter.

January 23: Return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24: The Conversion of the Jews.

January 25: Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Missionary Conquest of the world.

Catholic Boys Triumph The Third International Oratorical Contest for High School boys was held on October 13, at Washington, D.C. There were eight contestants who had won the championship in their respective countries. Of the eight boys six had received their training in Catholic schools. The first three places were won by Catholic boys from France, Argentina and Canada. It was announced later that the French victor and the Canadian intend to study for the priesthood.

Early First Communion The Secretary of the Congregation of the Sacraments in Rome has published a little book on the age for first Communion. It is dedicated to Cardinal Gasparri and the "Osservatore Romano" in its announcement of the booklet takes occasion to express the view of the Holy Father on this point. It says that, when Cardinal Boggiano was setting out to act as Papal Legate at the Eucharistic Congress in Bologna, the Holy Father expressed his sorrow that the decree on early first Communion is not obeyed by some. Last July 19, at his Mass in St. Peter's the Holy Father gave their first Communion to three little girls only six years old. He wished thereby to give an object-lesson to the Catholic world. Every child that has completed its seventh year and has acquired the use of reason is bound to make its Easter duty.

Should This Happen?

During the past two years hundreds of letters addressed to us failed to reach our office. On April 10, a Post Office employee was arrested, charged with stealing our mail in transit. Why? Because some subscribers did not heed our warning never to put temptation in the way of Postal clerks and carriers by sending cash without registering the letter and demanding a return card. This is the third Postal employee arrested by the Government for stealing our mail. As theft of our mail injures our work seriously and causes disappointment to subscribers, we again urge all our readers to follow our instructions and to send cash only in a registered letter.

League Activities

The New Year and the Consecration of Families and Parishes.

WE ARE pleased to note that in more and more parishes in the United States the beautiful custom of consecrating the parish and the families of the parish to the Sacred Heart is rapidly growing. It is an effective means of increasing devotion to the Sacred Heart. Where this custom exists, it is usual to unite it with the services held on the eve of the New Year, when the "Miserere" and the "Te Deum" are recited, the first as an act of repentance for sin and the latter as a prayer of thanksgiving for favors received during the past year. The consecration of the parish to the Sacred Heart is made during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

Where the consecration of families is combined with the consecration of the parish, the pastor, or the Director of the League, directs the parishioners at the conclusion of the service to proceed to their homes and there to read the Act of Consecration of the family to the Sacred Heart. He informs them that a Plenary Indulgence may be gained both on the day on which the consecration of the family takes place and on that of the renewal year after year. In many parishes, after a sufficient lapse of time is allowed for parishioners to reach their homes, the church bell is rung as a signal and the pastor has the consolation of knowing that all the families in his parish are, at the same moment, consecrating themselves to the Sacred Heart and begging Christ to preside over their assemblings, to bless their enterprises, to sanctify their joys and to alleviate their sufferings.

For the convenience of our readers we give on page 91 the Act of Consecration prescribed on March 1, 1918. There is a shorter act, not official, not indulgenced, inscribed on the portrait of the Sacred Heart, that was designed to serve as a souvenir of the family consecration, and on which the names of the members of the family might be written. Notice of this may be found in the advertising section.

NEW LEAGUE CENTRES.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	LOCAL CENTRE.	DATE.
Amarillo	Littlefield, Tex.	Sacred Heart Church	Oct. 22, 1928.
Baltimore	Clinton, Md.	St. John's "	Oct. 25, 1928.
Belleville	Carmi, Ill.	St. Polycarp's "	Oct. 9, 1928.
Boston	Chestnut Hill, Mass.	St. Lawrence's "	Oct. 22, 1928.
Boston	Waltham, Mass.	Notre Dame Training School	Oct. 9, 1928.
Brooklyn	Richmond Hill, N. Y.	St. Benedict Joseph's School	Oct. 19, 1928.
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Rose of Lima's Church	Oct. 22, 1928.
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Ghost "	Oct. 22, 1928.
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Louis' Academy	Oct. 15, 1928.
Denver	Cheyenne Wells, Colo.	Sacred Heart Church	Oct. 22, 1928.
Detroit	Roseville, Mich.	Sacred Heart School	Oct. 23, 1928.
Dubuque	Guttenberg, Ia.	St. Mary's Church	Oct. 19, 1928.
Duluth	Mountain Iron, Minn.	Sacred Heart of Jesus "	Oct. 11, 1928.
Fort Wayne	Dyer, Ind.	St. Joseph's "	Oct. 19, 1928.
Kansas City	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Teresa's "	Oct. 24, 1928.
Lead	Murdo, So. Dak.	St. Frederick's "	Oct. 22, 1928.
Milwaukee	Wauwatosa, Wisc.	St. Anthony's "	Oct. 17, 1928.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	NEW LOCAL CENTRE.	DATE.
New Orleans	New Orleans, La	St. Francis Xavier's "	Oct. 31, 1928.
Oklahoma	Fairfax, Okla	Sacred Heart "	Oct. 11, 1928.
Peoria	Bement, Ill	St. Michael's "	Oct. 22, 1928.
Philadelphia	Malvern, Pa	St. Patrick's School	Oct. 19, 1928.
Philadelphia	Ringtown, Pa	St. Mary's Church	Oct. 22, 1928.
Providence	Newport, R. I.	De La Salle Academy	Oct. 15, 1928.
Providence	Providence, R. I.	St. Sebastian's Church	Oct. 31, 1928.
St. Augustine	Jacksonville, Fla	St. Paul's School	Oct. 24, 1928.
Savannah	Savannah, Ga	Benedictine "	Oct. 24, 1928.
Seattle	Shelton, Wash	St. Edward's Church	Oct. 31, 1928.
Sioux City	Lidderdale, Ia	Holy Family Church	Oct. 9, 1928.
Tucson	Phoenix, Ariz	Brophy College	Oct. 31, 1928.
Wichita	Caldwell, Kans	St. Martin's Church	Oct. 9, 1928.
Wilmington	Port Deposit, Md	St. Teresa's "	Oct. 23, 1928.

Total number of New Centres, 31: Churches, 22; Schools, 5; Training School, 1; College, 1; Academies, 2.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	LOCAL CENTRE.	NO.
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	St. Xavier's Academy	4
Columbus	Danville, O	St. Luke's Church	6
Davenport	Davenport, Ia	Immaculate Conception Academy	10
Erie	Sharon, Pa	St. Joseph's Church	14
Kansas City	Kansas City, Mo	St. John's "	1
Lincoln	Roseland, Nebr	Sacred Heart "	4
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis	Mercy High School	30
Milwaukee	Racine, Wis	St. Rose's Church	3
Milwaukee	St. Francis, Wis	St. Francis' Seminary	4
Mobile	Mobile, Ala	St. Joseph's Church	4
Mobile	Mobile, Ala	Mercy Convent	9
Mobile	St. Bernard, Ala	St. Bernard's Abbey	2
New Orleans	Lockport, La	St. Sauveur's Church	6
New York	Hart's Island, N. Y.	Department of Correction	15
New York	New York, N. Y.	Mary, Help of Christians' Church	6
Ogdensburg	Massena, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	3
Oklahoma	Fairfax, Okla	Sacred Heart "	5
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa	Holy Family "	5
Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh, Pa	St. Mary's "	24
St. Cloud	Breckenridge, Minn	St. Mary's Presentation "	12
St. Louis	West Alton, Mo	Immaculate Conception "	2
St. Paul	New Ulm, Minn	Holy Trinity School	20
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	St. Ignatius Church	40
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	Sacred Heart Academy	20
Scranton	Old Forge, Pa	St. Mary's Church	6
Trenton	Ocean City, N. J.	St. Augustine's "	10
Wheeling	Wheeling, W. Va	St. Joan of Arc's "	13
Wilmington	Port Deposit, Md	St. Teresa's "	5

Total number of Receptions, 28; Diplomas issued, 283.

NEW DIOCESAN DIRECTOR.

DIOCESE.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Tucson	Rev. Joseph F. Howard, S.J.	Brophy College, Phoenix, Ariz.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

1.	Acts of Charity	3,483,760	11.	Masses heard	4,340,785
2.	Beads	3,396,174	12.	Mortifications	1,610,712
3.	Way of the Cross	3,460,193	13.	Works of Mercy	1,527,895
4.	Holy Communion	4,257,164	14.	Works of Zeal	2,841,672
5.	Spiritual Communion	3,196,732	15.	Prayers	5,470,018
6.	Examen of Conscience	2,005,019	16.	Kindly conversation	684,890
7.	Hours of Labor	672,005	17.	Suffering, Afflictions	3,713,975
8.	Hours of Silence	693,598	18.	Self-conquest	1,782,010
9.	Pious reading	587,862	19.	Visit to Blessed Sacrament	3,941,697
10.	Masses read	7,153	20.	Various good works	6,337,594

Total Good Works, 54,138,718.

Editor's Notes

I VISITED a home where sorrow had recently entered. The mother of the family had died and left her husband with five little children. As I sat talking with the bereaved father, the children clustered around him, listening to my words intended to console. Suddenly the oldest of them, a boy of ten, walked across the room to a picture commemorating the consecration of that little family to the Sacred Heart.

"Look, Daddy, here is Mother's name signed with ours on the consecration picture."

The father quietly went to the picture and stood beside it. I followed him and the children gathered around us.

"Our consecration of the family is a great consolation to me now in my trial," the father remarked, "and I tell the little ones that their mother's name signed below the Act of Consecration should make them feel that she is very near to them and that the Sacred Heart, too, is near to us; for the words show that we consecrated to Him the trials, the joys and all the happiness of our family life, and the prayer here asks Christ to pour out His blessings on all the members of our family, absent and present, living and dead."

It was the voice of the ten-year-old boy that broke the spell of silence that followed his father's words.

"And the picture says that 'when, one after the other, we shall have fallen asleep in Thy blessed bosom, O Jesus, may all of us in Paradise find again our family united in Thy Sacred Heart!' That means that Mother is waiting in Heaven for us, doesn't it Daddy?"

The consolation which this little family experienced in their hour of sorrow will come to every family that consecrates itself to the Sacred Heart. There will be a comfort in the thought that their departed dead had knelt with them and begged Christ to reign over their minds and their hearts and to be ever in their midst. The names of those now deceased signed below the Act of Consecration will be a constant reminder of that day of reunion when we shall be united before the throne of God.

We pray that every Catholic family in the United States will take advantage of the holy New Year season to consecrate itself to the Sacred Heart. We urge that this Act of Consecration be commemorated by a framed picture of the Sacred Heart.

THE train had not as yet started from the terminal. I put my overcoat and valise on the rack above my seat and sat down quietly to read. From the rear of the car came a woman's voice, high in pitch and rasping in its sharpness.

"The hag that bumped into us as we got on the train was no lady. I didn't say any apologies because I thought she was to blame, though she said something about being sorry. I guess with all her finery and good clothes she isn't much, and I should not be surprised if she is one of these high-flyers who drink liquor. Now down my way we know a lady by the way she acts."

A man sitting opposite me turned and looked down the aisle of the car and remarked to his companion:

"Listen to that cackling old igno-

ramus and scandal-monger! I saw the unavoidable accident to which she refers and I heard the sincere apology from a lady of refinement who is highly respected in this town. This cackler has no concept of refinement."

He might have added "and of charitableness". How strange it is that many who in public speak loudest of refinement and charity often do not know the meaning of the words! Moreover, such people give little thought to the moral obligation of not making rash judgments against the character of others. Rash judgments, when they are formed with full deliberation and with the consciousness that there is not sufficient ground for them, are sinful. If the matter seriously affects the character of another, they are gravely sinful. All of us have a right to the good esteem of our neighbor, unless we have forfeited such esteem by bad conduct. Rash judgments violate justice which binds in serious matters under penalty of mortal sin.

"IS IT not wonderful, Father," a man remarked to me, "the influence one person can have on another by good example? Up to ten years ago I was rather careless about the practice of my religion, until I received a real jolt that set me thinking and caused me to take my religion more seriously."

"What was the jolt?" I asked.

"I had been successful in business and decided to take a vacation in the form of a hunting trip in the northern woods. I arranged with a non-Catholic friend to accompany me, and the two of us set out with eager expectations. We hired an old man in the neighborhood of our camp to be our guide and instructor in the art of hunting in the trackless woods. He had been recommended to us as the best in that region. In my preliminary talk with him I found him a most intelligent fellow and a great reader. What surprised me was his knowledge of real worth-while books. But I received the jolt I referred to when I told him that we would start at seven o'clock Sunday morning. He looked at me curiously and then said:

"'I thought from your name that you were a Catholic.'

"'I am,' I replied somewhat irritated by his calm, scrutinizing gaze.

"'Well then, all is easy,' he answered quietly. 'We start after the seven o'clock Mass here in the village. That is our first Mass; we do not have Mass as early as six o'clock up here, where there is only one priest. I am sure you are not one of those half-apostates who call themselves Catholic and then insult Almighty God by deliberately committing the mortal sin of staying away from Mass on Sunday without a grave reason.'

"I foolishly blurted out that my companion was not a Catholic.

"'That does not excuse you and me from the laws of the Church,' he answered. 'You and I are not going to start out on a hunting trip by committing mortal sin. We can start at eight o'clock, at the end of Mass.'

"And start we did at eight o'clock. That guide put me on my metal and, do you know, I thank God that I met him. Since that day I have never missed Mass on Sunday or on a holyday of obligation and, with God's help, I never will. That man's loyal practice of his Catholic Faith had a remarkable effect on my non-Catholic companion, who remarked to me at the end of the week:

"'These few days out in the woods with you two Catholics have interested me very much. When you two insisted on going to Mass last Sunday, that showed me your religion is real. Your friend, the guide, is an intelligent fellow and suggested the names of several Catholic books for me to read. I intend to read them and learn more about the Catholic religion'."

Our Question Box

Can a Catholic girl who went through a form of marriage outside the Church with a non-Catholic, now divorced, be now married to a Catholic?

The Bishop's court will have to examine her case. If the court declares her free to marry, her marriage may take place. If the first union took place before April 19, 1908, it may have been a valid marriage, which can be dissolved only by death.

If people were invited to a Protestant home on Friday, would they be allowed to eat meat for fear of offending the hostess?

Ordinarily it would be the duty of such persons to inform the hostess beforehand that Catholics do not eat meat on Fridays, and arrange for another day to avoid embarrassment. If this would be impossible, the hostess, far from being offended by their abstinence, might be greatly edified. A Catholic lawyer was put into such circumstances once. He abstained from meat at the dinner. The son of the hostess apologized to him the next day for forgetting about Friday, but added: "I am very glad you did not eat any meat. Had you done so, my mother would have lost all respect for you."

Should one strike one's breast during the Elevation at a low Mass?

It is not forbidden when assisting privately at Mass, neither is it prescribed. Those serving on the altar should not do so.

If a man goes to Confession and the priest refuses him absolution, telling him to return in a week, must he wait a week and must he return to the same priest?

The answer to both questions is "No." He may go to another priest that same day, if he wishes; but he should explain the sin clearly to the second priest and not try to get absolution by subterfuge.

If in registering a name in a religious society a mistake were made in the name, for example, by putting a wrong initial or misspelling the name, would that affect the validity of the registration?

No.

May one make a petition to the Sacred Heart, if one is not a member of the Apostleship of Prayer?

Certainly. Our Lord is granting favors to all classes of people all the time. It is, however, somewhat hard to understand why anybody should hold back from joining the Apostleship of Prayer. The Holy Father says he wants every Catholic to belong. All that is necessary is to have the name registered at some Centre and to say the "Morning Offering" every day. See page 15.

What is to be thought of a letter we received said to be written by our Lord?

It is a forgery and should be destroyed.

How is the approval of the Pope obtained for the "General Intentions" and the "Mission Intentions", recommended each month to the prayers of the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart?

Every summer a special audience is granted to the Rev. Director General Delegate of the Apostleship of Prayer, during which he submits to the Holy Father the list for the coming year. Our present Holy Father goes over the list very carefully and has at times suggested changes. He has on several occasions assured the Directors that these Intentions are in a special way

his. THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART in each country is, as it were, his voice. When the list has been approved, it is communicated to the National Directors. The Intentions are translated from Latin into the vernacular and made known officially each month in THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, the "League Leaflets" and the "Monthly Calendar".

Can a person be admitted into a Religious Order or Congregation, if he or she has previously taken temporary vows in another community?

No. Canon 542 § 1 includes such persons among those whose admission would be invalid.

Must each cloth Scapular be blessed, if substituted for a worn pair?

No. The blessing is necessary only for the pair with which one is invested.

Is it necessary to wear the Scapular of our Lady of Mt. Carmel around the neck?

Yes. The cloth Scapular must be worn, so that one piece hangs in front and the other on the back, if one wishes to gain the Indulgences. When the Holy Father granted the privilege of substituting the Scapular medal for the cloth Scapular, he expressed the desire that the latter should continue to be worn. The Scapular medal need not be suspended from the neck. It can be worn or carried in any reverent way, for example, attached to one's Rosary-beads.

During a mission I was invested in the five Scapulars. I also got a Scapular medal. It was blessed before I was invested. May I use it as a substitute for the cloth Scapulars?

Yes. It makes no difference when the medal was blessed, provided it received the five blessings.

Why does the Church forbid cremation?

Out of respect for the human body, which will rise again from the dead, she prescribes Christian burial. In cases of necessity, for example, during a pestilence, the Church would not prohibit it. Cremation is a pagan way of disposing of the bodies of the dead and the originators of the modern revival of the practice were irreligious and enemies of the Catholic Faith.

Is there any objection to a married man's serving Mass?

None at all. It is most edifying to see elderly men, fathers of families, serving the early Masses, when it is hard to get altar-boys. Every Catholic man should learn to serve Mass and be prompt to volunteer to do so, when he notices that an altar-boy is not at hand.

How are the millions of intentions and good works gathered for publication in your calendars?

Each Promoter is expected to collect the intentions and good works of the Associates, or these lists are deposited in the "Intention Box". At the end of the month they are added up by the Secretaries and sent to us on special blanks. These are totalled by us and then printed. Associates, who say the "Morning Offering" faithfully, pray each day for every intention recommended by our Associates, even when not sent in. But we encourage all Secretaries to send us the record, because the numbers published are a great incentive to prayer and a source of confidence for all Associates.

Is there any truth in the belief that the seventh daughter or seventh son in a family has power to cure?

No. The belief is superstitious.

Is it necessary to have vigil lights blessed, when they are burned either in church or in the home?

No.

Does a person fulfil the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays, if he goes to a church that is not his parish church?

Certainly. It is expressly stated in Canon 1249 of the Code of Canon Law that the law is fulfilled by being pres-

ent at Mass in any Catholic rite, in the open air or in any church or public or semipublic oratory or in cemetery chapels. Parishioners who hear Mass elsewhere than in the parish church should remember that this does not excuse them from the obligation of supporting their parish church.

If there is no Mass on the First Friday in a country church and the people therefore miss the First Friday Communion, must they begin again the series of nine First Fridays?

Yes, if they wish to share in the promise made by our Lord to St. Margaret Mary. He made the promise in favor of all who would receive on the First Fridays of nine months in succession. No matter what the cause of interruption, if Communion is omitted on a First Friday, the series must begin again. Communion on Saturday or on Sunday may not be substituted.

To gain the Plenary Indulgence granted for the Forty Hours' Adoration, is one visit enough during the time of exposition?

Yes. During the visit one must pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. Confession and Communion are also prescribed.

Can a band around the hair be considered a sufficient head-covering for a woman at a Mass or church-wedding?

No. She should wear some sort of hat or veil.

Is there any special meaning in the number of strokes, when the bell is rung for the "Angelus"?

No.

Who is St. Philip of Jesus?

One of the martyrs of the Franciscan Order, crucified in Japan on February 5, 1597, together with the three Japanese Jesuits. St. Philip was born in Mexico City. He was admitted to the Order as a boy, but left in 1589 and went to the Philippine Islands. In 1590 he was readmitted and six years later was on his way to Mexico to be ordained, when the ship was wrecked on the coast of Japan. He is patron of the City of Mexico and honored in South America and in the dioceses of Los Angeles and Baltimore.

Are Catholics allowed to eat meat or excused from fasting on St. Patrick's day?

There is no general permission of this kind in the United States. In some dioceses the permission has been granted at times by the Bishop. If it is granted, it is announced each year in the local Catholic weekly.

Are the Religious of the Cenacle cloistered?

The word "cloistered" in English is usually applied only to those who are bound to observe the strict Papal enclosure, that is, to members of Religious Orders, in which solemn vows are taken. Women thus bound are not allowed to leave the quarters in which they dwell, nor may any one of either sex, with rare exceptions, enter those parts of their houses or gardens. The Religious of the Cenacle are a Congregation, not an Order. They are said to be "semi-cloistered". Like the Religious of the Sacred Heart and those of the Society of Mary Reparatrix, they may go about within their houses and gardens, even where externs may enter, but they do not leave the grounds except on rare occasions.

N.B. Before sending in questions, inquirers are requested to read over recent issues. Many questions are sent that have already been answered. It is impossible to answer all of the hundreds of questions received. Questions will not be answered by personal letter. All personal questions, especially about sins or marriage, should be submitted to some priest who can learn the details. Always sign your name and give your address. Write on a separate sheet of paper, apart from all other business and send the letter to "Our Question Box".

Thanksgivings

Total Number of Thanksgivings for the Month: 3,591,267.

Vocation Realized

Tiffin, O.—"When I was about fifteen years of age my one desire was to become a Religious, but there was one drawback. From the time I was a small child I had been troubled with interior ailments. My parents sought relief from a number of physicians but to no avail. I now sought refuge in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I promised to say a Rosary every day, to have three Holy Masses said and publication. I am happy to say that not long after all my ailments left me. I entered the convent and am now a happy Religious."

Being Led to Faith

Muar, Johore States.—"Last week having purchased some articles I left one of them in one of the shops and only discovered the loss after I had reached home. It was impossible to trace it, as I did not have the slightest idea whether I left it in the taxi, dropped it on the way or left it behind. I had lost complete hope of its recovery, when the idea struck me to go back to the city and perhaps I might find it. I made a resolution to publish it, should my parcel be restored. Thanks and honor to the Most Sacred Heart, I had scarcely stepped into a shop, when the man in charge handed me my parcel, which he had safely kept awaiting my return. When I was suffering terribly with toothache I promised to publish it should my pain go away, and almost immediately the pain was lessened, and eventually stopped altogether. I may also mention that none of us are Catholics, but since we have gained wonderful blessings through faith, we are now studying the catechism and hope to be baptized in the Catholic Faith, in the very near future. It is also strange how a MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART came into our home, being brought by a friend among other reading matter, but for which incident I would not have known of it, and therefore been ignorant of the blessings I could receive."

Girl's Life Saved

St. Louis, Mo.—"A Badge of the Sacred Heart was given to a younger sister of mine, while at work with some Catholic girls. My sister always wore it pinned on her with the confidence that Jesus would protect her, and her friend promised to pray for her. Two weeks ago a young man of short acquaintance took her out automobile-riding. When she noticed that he took a different route from the one promised, she became afraid and begged him to turn back. He fought with her and finally she jumped out, and fell unconscious. A passing automobilist noticed something moving and passed on, but returning to investigate, was surprised to find that it was a piece of my sister's dress waving that had attracted his attention. He brought her to the hospital, and she is now out of danger. There is a large family of us, all non-Catholics, and all of us maintain that it was the Sacred Heart whose Badge she wore who saved her life. She said she laid her hand on the Badge and said, 'Jesus, save me; Jesus, help me', and jumped. She is very proud of her Badge."

Saved from Temptation

Newfoundland. — "Please publish in your Thanksgiving column: Saved from great temptation through a story in THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART."

Hand Restored

Grand Rapids, Mich.—"My nephew, the only support of his widowed mother and a little brother, is a professional violinist, and had signed a contract for the season. On the third day of his recital in the Boston Theatre, he arose early, turned on the hot water faucet in the room at his hotel, and suddenly fainted for the first time in his life, without apparent cause, as he keeps regular hours and is a good living boy.

"When he regained consciousness, his left hand was dangling under the rush of steaming hot water from the faucet, and all the flesh was gone from his fingers. Expert doctors in New York declared that he could never use the fingers again, and his delicate touch for the violin required 100 per cent. efficiency for public entertainment. The sinews, muscles and nerves seemed ruined forever. They used modern restoratives, and finally grafted flesh. He remained in the hospital for months, always hoping against hope that he would yet play with that hand. He patiently and prayerfully manipulated the fingers for hours each day, and, when discharged from the hospital, he played golf for hours in the hot sun to bleach his blood-red fingers and hand. Eventually he took up his work again, and has for more than a year been drawing the usual salary, sending all his earnings to his grateful mother, to pay for the home they are buying.

"During his vacation weeks he returned to the hospital for treatment, having the flesh cut between fingers, as it grows together and hampers rapidity of action on the instrument. He arranged a part for himself, in which he could wear white kid gloves, and plays successfully with these presentable covers, which of course demands extraordinary accuracy of touch and movement. We are all most grateful to the Sacred Heart for this restoration. A Badge of the Sacred Heart had been applied, and other blessed articles, as petitions for Divine aid."

GENERAL FAVORS

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others, the Badge or Promoter's Cross was used as a petition for Divine help; for others, the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

Alabama.—Recovery, peace of mind, undesirable company-keeping stopped, safe trips.

Alaska. — Recovery, lived until arrival of wife, protected from serious injury, pension received, price improved.

Argentine Republic.—Recovery.

Arkansas.—Confirmation, money received, article found, good crops, rain.

Arizona. — Situation, house secured, home for family, articles returned, salary increased, success and happiness for brothers.

Bermuda.—Lawsuit won.

British Guiana. — Recovery, successful operation, cessation of storm, safe return, crying stopped, no comments made, protection in earthquake, not annoyed, permission received.

British Honduras. — Recovery, safe delivery.

British West Indies.—Recovery, protection during hurricane, scholarship won.

California.—Eleven recoveries, nine situations, four successful examinations, three safe deliveries, operation avoided, trip taken, correspondence stopped, success in school, tooth extracted, trees cut down, safe journey,

mixed marriage avoided, Sacraments received, return to Sacraments after twenty years, news from friend, anxiety relieved, safe return, friendship renewed, married before priest, preservation from illness, apartment rented, intemperance overcome, contract awarded, article found, husband located, financial aid, hotel sold, child found, protection from burglars, just settlement, conversion, scandal avoided, temper controlled, perfect baby, favorable diagnosis, pledge taken, return to work.

Canada.—Six recoveries, three situations, two successful examinations, accident not serious, Confession, cattle passed test, financial aid, able to receive Communion, good husband, undesirable attentions discontinued.

China.—Mission protected.

Colorado.—Three recoveries, two situations, two successful examinations, two successful operations, preservation from illness, innocence proven, financial help, peace of mind, quarrel settled, safe return, protection in storm, peace in family, good crops, success with poultry, money returned, position retained, game won, case dismissed, friend's return.

Connecticut.—Three recoveries, two successful operations, three situations, two operations avoided, disappearance of scars, certificate received, reconciliation, relief from pain, safe returns, car sold, recreation for boy, economy practised, preservation from illness, embarrassment avoided, tooth extracted, successful trip, Catholic friend, success in school, trouble averted, life spared.

Cuba.—Escaped injury.

Delaware.—Recovery, situation, salary increased.

District of Columbia.—Recovery, no doctor required, permanent position, scholarship won.

East Indies.—Safe delivery.

Egypt.—News of sister.

England.—Successful examination.

Florida.—Four recoveries, situation, successful operation, operation avoided, loan secured, relief from pain, protection during storm, Sacraments received, peace in family, absolution received, Easter duty made, financial aid, protection during hurricane.

Federated Malay States.—Operation avoided, successful examination.

Germany.—Scandal avoided.

Hawaii.—Recovery, money found.

Idaho.—Husband's recovery.

Illinois.—Thirty-nine recoveries, six safe deliveries, twenty situations, five successful operations, two operations avoided, two successful examinations, fault corrected, safe voyage, protection during storm, mind restored, environment improved, apartment rented, infection avoided, scandal avoided, graduation, negative X-ray, Catholic husband, happy death, escaped serious injury, debt paid, peace in home, hemorrhage avoided, eye saved, good crops, success with poultry, error located, relief from worry, promotion, saved from hold-up, reputation saved, note cashed, financial aid, friendship restored, return to Sacraments, temperature lowered, pension received, family kept together.

India. — Recovery, successful operation, foot straightened, return of servant.

Indiana.—Twelve recoveries, five situations, five conversions, two successful operations, successful examinations, lancing avoided, sight unimpaired, nervousness overcome, return to the Sacraments, relief from worry, successful program, friend met, reached destination, Catholic husband, trial avoided, perfect baby, preservation from illness, good home, case won, Baptism, financial aid, reconciliation, debt paid, work retained, money order found, health improved, good tenant, success with work, mission attended, good crops.

Iowa.—Twelve recoveries, four situations, four safe deliveries, successful operation, operation avoided, successful examinations, teeth fixed, able to walk, funds secured, successful under-

taking, conversion, successful treatment, safe journey, property saved, hemorrhages stopped, conversion, farm rented, accounts collected, check honored, reconciliation, Catholic engagement, Sacraments received, letter received, message satisfactory, better position, help in storm, saved from destruction, son's return, trouble avoided, crops harvested, article found, return to school, money returned.

Ireland.—Disgrace averted, property restored, animal saved, successful lawsuit.

Kansas. — Six recoveries, six situations, two safe deliveries, partnership dissolved, good husband, protection in storms, home obtained, conduct improved, preservation from contagion, watch found, peace of mind, decision made, favorable diagnosis, saved from disgrace, permission to return home, chickens saved, not transferred, children found, house rented, undesirable company given up, successful harvest, fire extinguished.

Kentucky. — Twelve recoveries, six successful examinations, three successful operations, four situations, two conversions, operation avoided, escape from injury, cases settled, opportunity to hear Mass, saved from fire, lessons not missed, visits paid, houses rented, innocence proven, Confession, home in time, robbers caught, reconciliation, articles found, successful entertainment, trouble averted, husband and wife reunited, hemorrhage stopped.

Louisiana.—Nine recoveries, six situations, two safe deliveries, tenant secured, debts collected, success in business, good weather, loan secured, taxes paid, peace in family, injury not serious, preservation from illness, married before priest, position retained, teeth fixed, religious vocation, salaries increased.

Maine. — Two recoveries, situation, operation avoided, opportunity to receive Sacraments, sales made, present received, mind restored, spared suffering.

Maryland. — Recovery, position retained, funeral attended, Confession, news from brother.

Massachusetts. — Twenty-five recoveries, thirteen situations, five successful operations, five successful examinations, three operations avoided, three safe deliveries, tenements rented, relief from coughing, salary increased, trouble averted, relief from worry, sight saved, position regained, happy death, news from friend, diploma received, return to Sacraments after ten years, vocation made known, disappearance of growth, note paid, marriage made possible, night's sleep secured, help in difficult situation, article found, intemperance overcome, protection in storm, hearing regained, safe return, nuptial Mass said by relative, position changed.

Michigan.—Ten recoveries, six situations, three successful examinations, three successful operations, two safe deliveries, negative sputum, safe return, business sold, nervousness overcome, wedding attended, not transferred, peace at work, good crop, home sold, attendance at Mass, hemorrhages stopped, return to Sacraments, non-Catholic promised to take instructions, quarreling stopped, financial aid, conversion, undesirable friendship discontinued, favorable diagnosis, scandal avoided.

Minnesota. — Twenty-two recoveries, six situations, four successful operations, three successful examinations, three operations avoided, safe delivery, pin dislodged, last Sacraments received, life protected, steady work, preservation from illness, dinner held, Catholic marriage, papers obtained, temptation overcome, sight saved, farm rented, articles found, innocence proven, friendship renewed, mail obtained, good tenant, intemperance overcome, friendship renewed, misunderstanding adjusted, good crops, mortgage paid, prize won, friend met, reconciliation, scandal avoided, Confession, saved from disgrace, settlement out of court.

Mississippi. — Three recoveries, two successful examinations, two successful operations, lawsuit won, property sold, children found, successful business arrangement, good schools.

Missouri. — Twenty-two recoveries, six situations, three safe deliveries, three operations avoided, successful operation, lot sold, relief from scruples, peace in family, preservation from contagion, baggage found, lawsuit won, exoneration, cessation of storm, obstacles overcome, financial aid, trouble averted, fears groundless, happy death, character saved, mind restored, home sold, satisfactory appointment, baby baptized, friendship renewed, return to Sacraments, salary increased.

Montana.—Recovery, situation, operation avoided, happy death, property and money transferred, pledge taken.

Nebraska.—Eight recoveries, five situations, safe delivery, successful operation, work near Catholic school, undesirable company-keeping stopped, preservation from illness, lives saved, no serious trouble, happy death, apartments rented, peace, trucks sold, watch found, growth not cancerous.

Newfoundland. — Recovery, operation avoided, three successful examinations, financial aid, preservation from illness, position retained.

New Hampshire. — Situation, favorable diagnosis.

New Jersey. — Fourteen recoveries, four situations, successful operation, safe delivery, successful examinations, conversion, trouble averted, relief from pain, husband and wife reunited, pin found, license secured, baby baptized, satisfactory program, fears groundless, appointment kept, life spared, house rented, money received, use of hand, article returned, satisfactory X-rays.

New Mexico.—Recovery, final vows made, loan secured, property saved.

New York.—Fifty recoveries, twenty-four situations, eleven safe deliveries, ten successful operations, seven successful examinations, two operations avoided, protection in storm, solution of difficulty, Confession, life spared, good home, article found, husband and wife reunited, peace of mind, undesirable meeting avoided, return to Sacraments after thirty-five years, happy death, work secured, son's return, fears groundless, success in business, intemperance overcome, lawsuit avoided, loan secured, sight improved, misunderstanding avoided, conversion, graduation, date set, favorable diagnosis, vacation secured, peace in home.

North Carolina.—Hemorrhage avoided.

North Dakota. — Three recoveries, situation, safe delivery, safe journey, favorable weather, desirable home, able to resume duties, protection from accident, no damage by fire, credits made, reconciliation, high average, fountain pen found.

Ohio. — Sixteen recoveries, thirteen situations, seven successful operations, three conversions, three operations avoided, two successful examinations, two safe deliveries, relief from blackmail, reconciliation, salary increased, friend located, safe journey, peace in home, preservation from illness, article found, sight improved, not crippled, sent to Catholic college, friendship continued, return to Sacraments, not sent to jail, lawsuit avoided, cow saved, mind relieved, rooms rented, hemorrhage averted, protection from injury, successful undertaking.

Oklahoma.—Two recoveries, two situations, safe delivery, successful examinations, favorable diagnosis, help in difficulty, return to Sacraments, graduation.

Oregon.—Recovery, return to Sacraments, vocation decided, financial ruin averted.

Pennsylvania. — Thirty-six recoveries, twenty situations, six successful operations, three operations avoided, three safe deliveries, calamity averted, wrong righted, successful undertakings, conduct improved, estate settled, sight improved, return to Sacraments after

forty years, teeth extracted, released from home, financial aid, article found, life spared, Catholic husband, trunk delivered, reconciliation, large class, peace of mind, no rain, deposit refunded, no ill effects, position changed, hand healed, trip taken, safe return, success in business, safe removal, position retained, success in studies, return to school.

Philippine Islands.—Two recoveries.

Rhode Island.—Nine recoveries, five situations, two successful examinations, successful operation, operation avoided, safe delivery, peace in family, safe return, reconciliation, scandal avoided.

Siam.—Brother's recovery.

South Dakota.—Four recoveries, successful examinations, school near home, land sold, injury avoided, conduct improved, brother protected.

Tennessee.—Safe return.

Texas. — Six recoveries, situation, successful examinations, safe delivery, operation avoided, successful operation, safe return, peace in family, preservation from illness, sight saved, financial aid, salary increased, not required to pay damages, no trouble getting to church, letter received, life spared, not crippled.

Utah.—Full time work retained.

Vermont.—Three recoveries, operation avoided, situation, house rented, voice restored, happy death, relief from undesirable attentions.

Virginia. — Two situations, relief from pain, help in work, permanent position, successful program.

Washington.—Three recoveries, five situations, safe delivery, successful operation, car sold, friendship restored, boy found, satisfactory settlement, success in business, saved in accident, attendance at Catholic school, preservation from contagion, undesirable marriage avoided, eyes helped, friendship renewed, no infection, records found, Catholic tenant, return to Sacraments after twenty-five years, promise kept, satisfactory sale, trouble and expense avoided, not divorced, compromise made, child protected, crop harvested, protection from fire.

West Virginia. — Three recoveries, operation avoided, friendship restored, brother's return, no rain, safe return, ring found.

Wisconsin.—Nine recoveries, six situations, five safe deliveries, three successful operations, three successful examinations, three operations avoided, secret kept, safe return, peace in family, preservation from illness, flat secured, school finished, graduation, reconciliation, present at reception, favorable diagnosis, news from friend, no serious developments, return to Sacraments after forty-two years, protection from fire, saved from embarrassment, Catholic husband, successful recital, scandal avoided, family reunion, pupils increased, papers signed, consent of parents received.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters, Associates and readers, for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

All Thanksgivings must be sent to the Thanksgiving Department, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Write in a separate letter on one side of the paper, stating the special favor received and give the name of the sender, the town and State. The names of senders will never be published, but if the names are not given no attention will be paid to the Thanksgiving. Thanksgivings contained in letters about other business will not be recorded. If no particular favor is mentioned, or expressions are used such as "a great favor," "a spiritual favor," "a temporal favor," "the granting of a wish," the Thanksgiving is included in the general Thanksgiving at the end. The work of preparing letters of Thanksgiving for publication is very burdensome; so we ask all to follow the rules. Promise of publication is fulfilled by sending the letter to our office. So many letters are now received that it is not possible to record them all.

Some Good Books

Mary Rose at Rose Gables. By Mary Mabel Wirries. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. $1.00.

The gifted author of this book, to whom readers of THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART are indebted for many charming stories has now led Mary Rose to the brink of womanhood and shows her engaged in a year of social experiment, actually running a house and farm. One of the best features of the story is the example of a Catholic girl's modesty and reticence towards the young man she loves. Until the time comes for her to bind herself by the promise to marry, he is uncertain of her intentions. The book deals not merely with young people of the high school and college age but with men and women and arouses the hope that the author may one day give us a full blown novel of Catholic life in the United States.

God and Creation. By Father Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. $3.00.

The first volume of "The Truth of Christianity" series was from the pen of the late Father Francis X. Doyle, S.J., Professor of Philosophy and Apologetics at Georgetown University. It inaugurated a series of textbooks for colleges and universities and is now followed by "God and Creation" by Father Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J., another Georgetown Professor. This new volume is aptly described as "an epitome of the fundamental truths of religion as found in the Scriptures and in the tradition of the Church together with the arguments from human reason." The usefulness and the timeliness of the work are apparent from a glance at the analytical table of contents. Men's minds are agitated today over such subjects as evolution, the descent of man, the fall of man, hell, Purgatory, spiritism and hypnotism. Clear, succinct statements of Catholic teaching on these points will be found here. The volume, however, is no mere text-book. It will be treasured by the student as a reference-book for after-life. It ought to find a place on the shelves of every educated Catholic. Special terms are made by the publishers for its introduction into college classes.

Two Hundred Sermon Notes. By the Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. $2.25.

Two previous books by this Reverend author have been found stimulating and helpful by priests. No one will be disappointed with the present collection of "Sermon Notes" Rarely does the outline run beyond a page in length, but it is always meaty. Some of the subjects are the attributes of God, the Beatitudes, the Passion, Easter apparitions, the Church's seasons, the Sacred Heart, our Lady, and some twenty-five Saints. It has been suggested that people who are wont to make daily mental prayer could wisely use these "notes" as points for reflection.

The Treasury of the Faith Series. The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 60 cents each.

Besides the timely book on "Eternal Punishment", by the Rev. J. P. Arendzen, which we reviewed in November, we have received five other vol-

umes of this excellent series. "Divine Providence" by the Most Rev. Richard Downey, the new Archbishop of Liverpool, "The Angels" by Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., "The Fall of Man" by the Rev. B. V. Miller, "Christ as Priest and Redeemer" by the Rev. M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., and "Actual Grace" by the Rev. E. Towers, are the other titles. No Catholic library should be without these books. Non-Catholics, who wish to learn what Catholic doctrine really is, should be urged to read them; so we hope that our friends will call them to the attention of public librarians.

The Life of Christ. A Historical, Critical and Apologetic Exposition. By the Very L. C. Fillion, S.S. Translated by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. Volume Two. B. Herder Book Co., 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. $4.00.

Should any of our readers wish to make a valuable present to a seminarian, a priest or a college library, let them send a check ($12.00) to the publishers for this "Life of Christ", the second volume of which is at hand. The publishers deserve thanks for the prompt publication of this second volume. We hope the third will follow shortly. A work of this kind has been sorely needed to counteract the output of blasphemous attacks on the Divinity of Christ. This volume brings us to the Transfiguration of our Lord.

Christ in the Old and the New Testament. Bible and Catechism Combined. By Sister Mary Gonzaga, Ph.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. $3.00.

Designed for the higher grades of our schools, this book is also adapted to home use and will be effective in fostering a loving knowledge of our Lord and of the Catholic Faith. About fifty pages are devoted to the prophetic announcement of Christ in the Old Testament. The rest, nearly 650 pages, gives a complete narrative of our Lord's life with comments showing the true Catholic doctrine. It makes the teaching of religion vivid, centering it around the earthly career of our Divine Redeemer. This book will help our Catholics to point out the complete harmony of our Catholic doctrines with the data furnished by the Bible.

Universal Knowledge. A Dictionary and Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences, History and Biography, Law, Literature, Religions, Nations, Races, Customs and Institutions. Edited by Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., D.D., Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D., James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., John J. Wynne, S.J., S.T.D., assisted by numerous collaborators. Volume II. The Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

The second volume of this splendid work contains the articles that fall under the letter B. The 890 pages contain 2,913 articles of general and enduring interest. It is a great satisfaction to be able to recommend unreservedly a book of reference of this kind. No library will be complete without it. Hence Catholic readers should call for it at the public libraries. On ethical and religious topics it is indispensable for those who wish correct information.

Hail Holy Queen. A Book of Prayer and Counsel for Catholic Girls and Women. The Roman Missal for Sundays. By the Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P. and the Rev. John A. McHugh, O.P. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y.

Of the making of prayer-books there seems to be no end, and yet many of our people seem to attend Mass without them. This prayer-book has clear type, is well printed and neatly bound. It contains over seven hundred pages, yet it is neither bulky nor heavy. The book is admirably suited to the class for whom it is designed.

The Catholic Church and Confession. By the Rev. Leonard Geddes, S.J. and the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. $1.00.

Few of the volumes in "The Calvert Series" are likely to prove more useful than this brief treatise on Confession. It gives the reader a clear definition of the doctrine, a description of the practice, a defence from Scripture and tradition and a historical review of the practice in the history of the Church. Any one who desires to know what Confession means in the Catholic Church will find a correct statement in these pages.

Dan's Worst Friend. By Father Robert E. Holland, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. $1.25.

Dan's story brings us through his third year in High School and the following vacation, during which he journeys for the first time from Washington to Buffalo. Dan is no hero in the usual sense of the word. He has too many defects; but his experience with the thieves helps to build up his character and by the end of the book he has learned who his "worst friend" really is. We cannot refrain from expressing the wish that slang expressions had been toned down somewhat especially in the first few chapters. They seem to the present reviewer unnecessary.

Pour le Christ-Roi. Miguel-Augustin Pro de la Compagnie de Jésus. By Antonio Dragon, S.J. Imprimerie du Messager, 4260 rue de Bordeaux, Montreal, Canada. 165 pages.

Catholics in all parts of the world have been greatly edified by the constancy of their Mexican brethren in the midst of the violent persecution that has been going on of recent years. No example of this has attracted wider attention than the case of Father Miguel Pro who went to his death with a smile on his lips. Welcome, then, is this interesting sketch of his life. We hope it will have a wide circulation.

Prayers for the Consecration of the Family to the Sacred Heart.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, who didst manifest to Saint Margaret Mary the desire of reigning in Christian families, we today wish to proclaim Thy most complete regal dominion over our own. We would live in future with Thy life, we would cause to flourish in our midst those virtues to which Thou hast promised peace here below, we would banish far from us the spirit of the world which Thou hast cursed; and Thou shalt reign, over our minds in the simplicity of our faith, and over our hearts by the whole-hearted love with which they shall burn for Thee, the flame of which we shall keep alive by the frequent reception of Thy Divine Eucharist.

Deign, O Divine Heart, to preside over our assemblings, to bless our enterprises, both spiritual and temporal, to dispel our cares, to sanctify our joys, to alleviate our sufferings. If ever one or other of us should have the misfortune to afflict Thee, remind him, O Heart of Jesus, that Thou art good and merciful to the penitent sinner. And when the hour of separation strikes, when death shall come to cast mourning into our midst, we will all, both those who go and those who stay be submissive to Thy eternal decrees. We will console ourselves with the thought that a day will come when the entire family, reunited in Heaven, can sing for ever Thy glories and Thy mercies.

May the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the glorious Patriarch, St. Joseph, present this consecration to Thee, and keep it in our minds all the days of our life. All glory to the Heart of Jesus, our King and our Father!

Obituary

The Rev. F. X. Boeding, St. Lucas, Ia.
The Rev. John F. Butler, Conneautville, Pa.
The Rev. Eugene Comerville, Meadville, Pa.
†The Rev. Michael P. Corcoran, Jersey City, N. J.
The Rev. Thomas I. Cryan, S.J., Washington, D.C.
The Rev. Patrick A. Dooley, S.J., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
The Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., Cincinnati, O.
The Rev. Hugh S. Healy, S.J., Woodstock, Md.
†The Rev. John P. Hines, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.
†The Rev. Joseph A. Hopkins, Oswego, N. Y.
The Rev. Anthony J. Keyes, S.J.,
Mountain Village, Alaska
The Rev. Gerald Kilb, C.M., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
The Rev. Francis J. Mack, Jermyn, Pa.
†The Rev. John E. McCann, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Rev. William A. Motley, Lawndale, Pa.
The Rev. Thomas F. Murphy, New York, N. Y.
The Rev. B. M. O'Boylan, Newark, O.
The Rev. William T. O'Brien, Baltic, Conn.
The Rev. Joseph Rubey, Wilmette, Ill.
The Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S.J., Santa Clara, Cal.
†The Rev. John E. Shannahan, Galena, Ill.
†The Rt. Rev. Sigismund Swider, Bayonne, N. J.
The Rev. Martin Tobin, Chicago, Ill.
†The Rev. John H. Wagner, Delaware, O.
Brother Arnold, F.S.C., New York, N. Y.
Brother Ludger Kemper, Chicago, Ill.
Brother John Schwertfeger, S.J., Spokane, Wash.

Sr. Agatha, St. Paul, Minn.
Sr. M. Agatha, Buffalo, N. Y.
Sr. M. Aloysius, W. Hartford, Conn.
Sr. M. Avellino, Bridgeport, Conn.
Sr. M. Basil, Hartford, Conn.
Sr. M. Beatrice, Perth Amboy, N. J.
Sr. Evangeline Cleveland, O.S.D., Sinsinawa, Wis.
Sr. Cornelia, Waverly, Minn.
Mother Marie de Loë, R.S.H., Rome, Italy
Sr. M. de Pazzi, Ballina, Ireland
Sr. Amadeus Dowling, Leavenworth, Kans.
Sr. Magdalen of St. Jane de Chantal Herron,
Louisville, Ky.
Sr. Hilda, St. Paul, Minn.
Sr. M. Hildegarde, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Sr. M. James, Providence, R. I.
Sr. Madeline, O.S.D., Sinsinawa, Wis.
Mother M. Joseph Matthews, New York, N. Y.
Sr. Rose Mercedes, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sr. M. Athanasius Murray, Boston, Mass.
Sr. M. Patricia O'Farrell, Fort Smith, Ark.
Sr. M. Robert, W. Hartford, Conn.
Sr. Magdalen St. Catherine, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sr. M. Scholastica, Aberdeen, S. D.
Sr. M. Scholastica, East Orange, N. J.
Sr. M. Thomas, Minneapolis, Minn.
Sr. M. Magdalen Tirk, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mother Xavier, Mobile, Ala.

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Cramer, Mr.
Grove, Mrs.
Le Baron, Mrs.

Alaska
Kellum, Mrs. W.

California
Cassidy, Mrs. M.

Canada
Maguire, Thomas W.

Colorado
Stueck, Anna

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Butler, Arthur
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Mahoney, Mrs. A.
Mahoney, Mrs. T.
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McCarthy, Mrs.
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O'Donnell, Mrs. G.
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Sheehan, Mrs. M.
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Thibodeau, D. F.
Williams, James

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Rothenbucher, Leo
Sherwood, Mrs. M.
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Buckley, Daniel
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Brooks, William

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Herbert, Mrs. M.

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Doran, Mrs. C.
Dowdell, Joseph
Duncan, Mrs. M. W.
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McElhaney, Margaret
Mullen, Edward
Murphy, William
O'Neill, Rose
Piccardo, Mrs. B.
Van Hise, Mary

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Jordan, Frederick
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Keogh, Martin J.
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Larney, Grace
Lyons, Mrs. L.
Marsh, A. F.
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McCusker, William
McNamara, Patrick
O'Beirne, Patrick J.
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Stafford, Mrs. E.
Wuertz, Mrs. J.

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Bradley, Rosa
Byrnes, William I.
Carey, James
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Crowley, Ella V.
Dillon, John
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Gorman, Mrs.
Harding, Mrs. M.
Loeper, Pauline
McGeogh, Angela
Murphy, Anna
Nilan, Howard
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White, Julia
Zwinseller, Emma

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Walsh, Mrs. M. M.

Vermont
O'Heare, Mrs. M. H.

Virginia
Spillaine, Mrs. T.

Washington
Lee, Mrs. A.
Lynch, Mrs. S. C.
*Mink, Mrs. C.

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Doherty, James
Durnin, Philip D.
Eiche, Anna
Elser, John
Furey, Michael
Harbort, Mrs. F.
Krumbholz, Elsie
Lyons, Mrs. E.
McSorley, Charles

* Promoter † Local Director

Kind reader, pray for their souls and for the souls of all the faithful departed.

To join the Apostleship of Prayer apply to the Reverend Director or to a Promoter in a Local Centre. Your name will be registered on your promise to make the Morning Offering. If there is no Centre in your vicinity, write to 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

Sacred Heart Badges should be obtained from the Reverend Director or the Secretary of the parish or other Local Centre in which Associates are enrolled. Those who are near no Local Centre may obtain them from the National Office. Send five cents for each Badge.

Subscribers who have changed their addresses should send word immediately to THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Give both the old and the new address.

A sacred obligation rests on Catholic parents to give their boys and girls a thorough Catholic education. All who can afford it should send their children to High School and College, and they should choose Catholic schools. Consult the list of schools and colleges in our advertising pages.

Calendar of Monthly Intentions

JANUARY, 1929

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for loyalty to the Vicar of Christ.

The Calendar of Feasts and Patrons includes also the virtue to be practised each day by our Associates and the petitions for which our Associates desire the members of the League to pray. These petitions are sent to us each month by Secretaries of Local League Centres. Teachers in our schools will find the virtue marked for each day useful in the training of children.

DAYS.		FEASTS AND PATRONS.	VIRTUES.	PETITIONS.
1	T.	**Circumcision of our Lord.** (Day of obligation.)	Sacrifice.	3,501,267 for thanksgivings.
2	W.	**The Holy Name.**—Octave of St. Stephen.—St. Macarius, C.	Generosity.	3,603,710 for the afflicted.
3	Th.	Octave of St. John Evangelist.—St. Genevieve, V. **Pr. H.H.**	Love of Jesus.	3,578,678 for the sick, infirm.
4	F.	**First Friday.**—Octave of Holy Innocents.—St. Gregory, Bp. C. **1st D.**	Expiation.	3,642,950 for dead Associates.
5	S.	Vigil. — St. Telesphorus, P. M. — St. Simeon Stylites, C.	Prayer.	728,106 for Local Centres.
6	S.	**Epiphany of our Lord.** **A.I.**	Adoration.	692,129 for Directors.
7	M.	St. Lucian, M.	Devotion to Holy Mass.	547,802 for Promoters.
8	T.	St. Apollinaris, Bp. C.	Confessing the Faith.	4,092,716 for the departed.
9	W.	SS. Julian and Basilissa, MM.	Hospitality.	537,602 for perseverance.
10	Th.	St. William, Bp. C. **H.H.**	Gentleness.	533,127 for the young.
11	F.	St. Hyginus, P. M.—St. Theodosius, C.	Firmness.	520,610 for First Communions.
12	S.	St. Arcadius, M.	Endurance.	638,812 for parents.
13	S.	**1st after Epiphany.—The Holy Family.**—St. Veronica of Milan, V.	Daily duties.	747,009 for families.
14	M.	St. Hilary, Bp. D.	Reading Holy Scripture.	793,896 for reconciliations.
15	T.	St. Paul, First Hermit, C.	Contempt of the world.	5,046,718 for work, means.
16	W.	St. Marcellus I, P. M.	Exactness.	472,309 for the clergy.
17	Th.	St. Antony, Ab. **H.H.**	Courage.	531,602 for religious.
18	F.	St. Peter's Chair at Rome.	Devotion to St. Peter.	544,129 for seminarists, novices.
19	S.	SS. Marius and Comp., MM.—St. Canute, K. M.	Detachment.	702,164 for vocations.
20	S.	**2d after Epiphany.**—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM. **C.R.**	Fortitude.	730,198 for parishes.
21	M.	St. Agnes, V. M.	Purity.	592,000 for schools.
22	T.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM.	Affection for Christ.	550,729 for superiors.
23	W.	St. Raymond of Peñafort, C.	Using our talents for God.	533,876 for missions, retreats.
24	Th.	St. Timothy, Bp. M. **H.H.**	Docility.	776,009 for societies, works.
25	F.	Conversion of St. Paul.	Zeal.	804,396 for conversions.
26	S.	St. Polycarp, Bp. M.	Hatred of heresy.	3,698,972 for sinners.
27	S.	**Septuagesima.**—St. John Chrysostom, Bp. D.	Fervor.	1,093,714 for the intemperate.
28	M.	St. Julian, Bp. C.	Kindness.	404,118 for spiritual favors.
29	T.	St. Francis de Sales, Bp. D. **Pr.**	Amiability.	4,378,629 for temporal favors.
30	W.	St. Martina, V. M.	Confidence.	5,092,810 for special, various.
31	Th.	St. Peter Nolasco, C. F. **H.H.**	Charity.	For "Messenger" readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D.—Decree; Pr.—Promoter; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence.

The League in Schools

A Use of the Treasury Sheet.

WE HAVE frequently shown how the Treasury Sheet of the League of the Sacred Heart can be used as an effective help in the spiritual training of children. Habits and practices acquired in childhood are not quickly dropped in later life and, even if dropped, their influence still remains.

Experienced teachers, by explaining the Treasury Sheet and its various good works listed, can make the offerings for the intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart a powerful means of fostering virtue in those under their charge. Let us take one example from the "Treasury of Good Works". Under Number 19 we find "Visit to Blessed Sacrament". Visits to the Blessed Sacrament may be used in connection with the Third Degree to bring children close to the Heart of Christ. As all know, the Third Degree consists in receiving Holy Communion weekly or monthly, on the day appointed by the Local Director, in reparation for the sins and sacrileges committed against our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

By suggesting a visit to the church or chapel before and after class and frequently at other periods, children may be taught a spirit of love and reparation to our Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament. They soon learn to bring their difficulties and their trials and troubles to the Sacred Heart, who yearns to receive their love and to comfort them with His graces.

An explanation of how to make a Spiritual Communion at the time of a visit to the Blessed Sacrament will be found helpful. The child may offer any number of Spiritual Communions during the day to the Sacred Heart in reparation for the coldness and the indifference shown Him in the Blessed Sacrament. Children may be told that, even when it is impossible physically to visit the church, they may

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make a spiritual visit and a Spiritual Communion by looking off at night, or at any other time, in the direction of the church and, after making an Act of Perfect Contrition, beg our Lord to come spiritually into the soul so that they may offer Him a Spiritual Communion in reparation for sins and sacrileges.

Those who in childhood learn the habit of frequently visiting our Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament do not, in adult life, easily give up the practice. They know from experience where strength and consolation await them, and realize that their love and devotion to the Sacred Heart will bring the fulfilment of our Lord's promises to St. Margaret Mary.

Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.,
National Director,
Apostleship of Prayer.

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(Continued on page 98)

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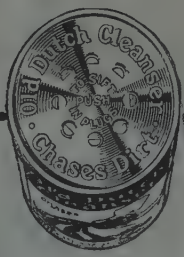

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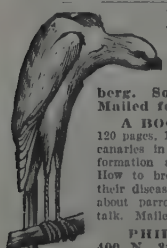

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Would You Know?

(Continued from page 96)

and venerates in a special manner the bodies of those who have been declared to be with God in Heaven, not only because the veneration of the relics of the Saints inspires loyalty and love of God, but because those bodies that shared life with them will enjoy eternal life, when united with the soul on the day of resurrection.

"The foolish assertion of non-Catholics in regard to the Saints and their relics arises from an ignorance of the various meanings of the word 'worship' as used by Catholic theologians. Every Catholic child knows that worship, in the strict sense of 'worship of adoration', is paid to God alone. Catholic theologians, to remove this meaning from any vague or broader sense, such as we have in the English term, 'hero-worship', express the worship paid to God alone by using the term 'latria'. When worship is used in the sense of veneration of the Saints, they use the word 'dulia' to express the servitude of God's Saints to Him as the reason of our honoring them. For the higher honor paid the Blessed Virgin, because she is the mother of Christ, true God and true Man, they use 'hyperdulia'. The clearness of these distinctions in terms used in Catholic theology to express the adoration given to God and the honor paid to the Saints or to their relics, leaves no chance of misunderstanding except to those who are very ignorant or who, in their hatred of the Church, deliberately misrepresent its doctrines in order to deceive others.

"Civil governments guard carefully the relics of heroes and take special precautions to prevent them being stolen by unscrupulous persons. The Church takes even greater care of the relics of its Saints. To guard against fraud, only genuine relics may be exhibited for veneration and these must be proved authentic by a document issued either by a Cardinal or by the local Bishop. Important relics, like the body of a Saint, may not be alienated or permanently transferred from one church to another without special

permission of the Holy See. This law does not apply to small particles of the body or to pieces of clothing of a Saint. As many churches have been wrecked or despoiled in the time of war or of civil trouble, and important relics were stolen or scattered, the Holy See maintains under the Cardinal Vicar of Rome a special department called 'lipsanotheca', for the purpose of passing upon the authenticity of relics submitted to it."

Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.

Correspondence

REV. DEAR FATHER:

I am now nineteen years old. For some time I have been convinced that I should become a teaching Brother. I have had two years of High School and for a year have been working for my father. I obtained a booklet of a certain congregation of Brothers and want very much to join them. My parents were willing, until they were told by our Reverend pastor that it would cost a good deal of money and, if they did not pay, I might be sent home. Will you please tell me if this is so?

Aspirant.

Answer:

Your pastor has been grossly misinformed. Having communicated with the Brothers you mention, we are in a position to state that a young man who is as old as you are and as far advanced in studies, if judged fit for the life, would have no expenses after his entrance. He would be expected to bring with him a proper supply of clothing and to pay his traveling expenses to the novitiate. It is also usual for those who enter Religious communities to bring enough money to pay their way home, should they decide to return or should the Superiors judge them unsuited.

In some communities of teaching Brothers boys, who think they have a vocation, are received at an early age into a preparatory boarding-school,

(Continued on page 101)

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As a gift for myself I select .....

Notice on pages 102 and 103 the choice of souvenirs which may be selected for securing five, ten or more subscriptions.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 99)

where they may study two or three years before they are admitted to the novitiate. In such schools it is only right that parents who are able should pay the modest sum asked for the support of their sons until they are prepared to become postulants.

Catholic Teaching

The Divinity of Christ.

THE Christmas season is a forcible reminder to the world of Catholic doctrine concerning the Child who was born in the stable at Bethlehem. And who will say that this reminder is not most necessary in these our days, when the press is constantly printing blasphemous denials of His Divinity.

A magazine, which we know was used in the past for literary work in some of our Catholic schools, published in its November issue the beginning of a life of Jesus Christ, spun out of the imagination of the writer, a denial of true Christianity. Other popular periodicals have printed sketches of our Lord's earthly career, from which all trace of the miraculous had been removed. The sad feature of such misrepresentations is that non-Catholics have no authority to whom they can appeal, once they lose hold of their belief in the Bible.

Catholics, on the contrary, hold firm to what has ever been taught in the Church about our Lord. He is the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Son of God, true God and true Man, who came from Heaven and took unto Himself a human nature, who was born in the stable at Bethlehem and died on Mount Calvary for the sins of the world, who rose from the dead on the third day after His crucifixion, established His Church, as the infallible teacher of mankind, and will come again at the end of the world to judge the living and the dead.

John Corbett, S.J.

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For 5 Subscriptions

selection may be made of either 296, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 312, 313, 314, 326, 332, 341, or 342.

Number 326 Fac-simile oil painting of the Sacred Heart. An artistic reproduction in a neat frame, antique gold finish, size, 8" x 10¾".

Number 296 You may choose a year's subscription to "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart" for five subscriptions instead of one of the other souvenirs.

Number 304 Sterling silver neck chain, eighteen inches in length, with safety catch, and silver medal of the Sacred Heart.

Number 306 League Emblem brooch. Women will appreciate this gift. It is of attractive, yet simple, design.

Number 308 Cameo brooch with the Sacred Heart in relief, done in ivory white, giving an artistic appearance.

Number 341 "My Companion". A leather rosary case made of pin seal, enclosing a genuine coco rosary, to which is attached a scapular medal and a medal of St. Christopher.

Number 309 Twelve copies of the Combination Almanac and Wall-Calendar of the Sacred Heart for 1929.

Number 303 Gold-filled neck chain, eighteen inches in length, safety catch, with an attractive gold-filled pendant of the Sacred Heart.

Number 305 Official Emblem of the League of the Sacred Heart in solid gold. Every member of the League should wear the Emblem.

Number 307 Identification wallet made of genuine leather, with a plaque of St. Christopher in oxidized silver, and with space for auto license on the opposite side. Size folded, 3 x 4½ in.

Number 332 A medal-plaque of St. Christopher for automobiles, of pleasing design, suitable for any car.

Number 342 A devotional article of special merit in the form of a locket containing a small crucifix, 1¼ inches in length, made of an untarnishable metal, resembling white gold finish.

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314. Gold-plated rosary, with either amethyst, rose, emerald or sapphire imitation stones.

For 10 Subscriptions

You may choose either 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 327, or 330

Number 315 A rose crystal sautoir, artistically cut, with figure of the Little Flower etched in, and with a sterling silver chain. This is the popular souvenir of the season.

Number 317 Framed facsimile oil painting, representing our Lord appearing to St. Margaret Mary.

Number 330 An imported Holy Water Font, artistically designed in metal, silver polished, with a removable glass font.

Number 316 A splendid rosary case made of white metal, with figure of the Sacred Heart in relief on the cover, enclosing a white metal rosary of medium size. The case is two inches wide.

Number 318 A fine pocket prayer-book, size 2¾ x 4½, done in black morocco, gold edges, containing the Epistles and Gospels for every Sunday.

Number 327 Imported Statuette of the Sacred Heart, 10¼ inches high, composition, ivory finish.

Rosaries Which May be Selected for Ten Subscriptions.

319. Coco beads, sterling silver chain, with silver cross.
320. Rolled gold, 1/20 stk., with amethyst, rose, emerald or sapphire beads.
321. Sterling silver chain and silver cross, with amethyst, rose, emerald or sapphire beads.

For 15 Subscriptions

You may select either 322, 323, 324, 325, 333, or 350.

Number 322 A picture to commemorate the consecration of the family to the Sacred Heart. It consists of two frames, safe 12½ x 15 inches for the picture itself, and panel 3 x 9 inches with the Act of Consecration to be signed by members of the family.

Number 350 Imported Statuette of the Sacred Heart, 17 inches in height, composition, ivory finish.

Number 333 A sterling silver rosary case with hinged scapular medal and miniature rosary in sterling silver, suspended from a ring on a chain three inches in length.

323. A fine indestructible pearl rosary with gold-filled chain and cross.
324. A rosary of which the beads, the chain, and the cross are all made of sterling silver.
325. A high grade rosary, gold-filled chain and cross, with either amethyst, rose, emerald or sapphire beads.

These articles are not kept on sale at our office but disposed of only as souvenirs.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

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AUGUST, 1928

True Patriotism

WILLIAM F. CLARK, S.J.

THE General Intention assigned by the Holy Father this month for the Apostleship of Prayer is: "That love of country may be more in keeping with the teaching of the Church". This Intention seems to be a very practical application of the motto of the Apostleship as expressed in the Divine words: "Thy Kingdom come!" For if the Kingdom of Christ is to be extended on earth, one of the practical ways surely of bringing this about will be by making the individuals of that Kingdom upright citizens, loyal to God as well as to the State. The Intention does not seem to imply that there is any lack of some sort of patriotism in the heart of men of the present day; although, if we were to judge by the theories of some modern social organizations, even this might be questioned; but it clearly indicates that patriotism, if it is to be worthy of the name, should be in conformity with the principles and teaching of the Church of Christ.

Love of Country

THERE are many lands that seem to have their attractions according to the tastes and dispositions of the individual. He is drawn to one region for its natural scenery, its clear skies or its uniform temperature, to another for its works of art or its historic memories; but there is one spot which will always hold a place in his heart. It is the land where he first saw the light of day. It is the land which is intimately bound up with family and home and with the fondest memories of his young years. There he played as a child and he can never forget the meadows and hills, the valleys and streams which once seemed to form a part of his young life. This love of home and country was nurtured in that spot by a brief story which told him how this land had been preserved by the sweat and blood of those who had gone before him, and it grew stronger in his heart day by day as he advanced in years, fostered as it was, by the poetry and music which enshrined the heroic deeds of his forefathers.

Nothing shows this love more vividly or more truly than the laments coming from human hearts, when torn from home and country and swept into exile. When the defender of his home and country on the "ringing plains of windy Troy" is lamenting the ravages of the war, the climax of

his woe is the vision of those he loves who are soon to be led as captives to some foreign land. This the great soul of the poet of the Divine Comedy also felt more keenly than any sorrow of his life, and he had full many. It was "the shaft shot from the bow of exile" where "he envies every dove his nest and wings that waft where the Appenine looks down on Arno".

If we turn from profane to sacred history, we are still more assured of the same undying love of country which God has planted in the heart of man. We are reminded of it when we recall the lament of the exiles from Jerusalem, as they "sat by the rivers of Babylon and wept when they thought of Sion, unable to sing the songs of Sion in a strange land". Nor can we forget another exile, who has left us in his *Lamentations* a wail of the bitterest agony that ever came from an exile's heart. And the lament of Jeremias lives again in the words and tears of Christ over Jerusalem, when He drew near the city on Palm Sunday and wept over the destruction which was soon to come upon it.

The Foundation of Patriotism

THIS love of country, so strong in the heart of man was planted there by God Himself and the foundation of it is the virtue of piety. For, as St. Thomas teaches (2a 2ae Qu. ci, a. 1), "Man becomes a debtor to other men in various ways, according to the various excellence and the various benefits received from them. After God the sources of our being and our bringing up are our parents and our country, that have given us birth and nourishment; consequently, man is a debtor chiefly to his parents and his country after God. Wherefore, just as it belongs to religion to give worship to God, so it belongs to the virtue of piety to give love and service to our parents and to our country."

Such is the love of country by which according to the natural law man clings to his fatherland, devotes himself to her service and is ready, if need be, to give his life for her safety. But like other estimable things, it may have hollow imitations. As humility which is one of the highest virtues of the Christian life may have a base imitation, and become nothing more than a cloak for pride; so patriotism may be nothing more than a cloak for selfishness, as it shows itself in the worst species of Modernism, Positivism and Socialistic Atheism. It was this sort of patriotism that so irritated the sound sense of Samuel Johnson, when he declared that "patriotism was the last argument of a scoundrel".

Sham Patriotism

THERE is in vogue today in some parts of the civilized world a patriotism which has degenerated into what is known as Nationalism. This is a species of selfishness not only in the individual, but in the nation at large and its zeal for selfish interests leads to ill will or hatred for other nations, to the destruction of peace among them and to the ruin of Christian charity in the individual. Sometimes this love of country may seem to be upright in those who parade it or boast of it, while it is based on a principle at variance with the law of God. "May my country always be right, but right or wrong, always my country!" This at first sight may sound very patriotic, but it is against the law of God and hence an impious boast on the lips of him who utters it. For, as Leo XIII said in his Encyclical on January 10, 1890,

Sapientae Christianae, "If the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the Divine law, containing enactments hurtful to the Church or conveying injunctions adverse to the duties imposed by religion . . . then to resist becomes a positive duty and to obey a crime . . . If then civil government is wont to put God aside and to show no solicitude for upholding the moral law it departs woefully from the right course and from the injunctions of nature".

Just across our border today there are those who are shouting "Patriotism" and parading their love of country, while they are making laws and at the point of the bayonet enforcing them, which proclaim it a crime against the State for citizens to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience or to receive the Sacraments of their Church, as they would wish. Is this patriotism or is it the last argument of scoundrels?

As the foundation of all true patriotism is the virtue of piety; so all sham which goes by that honored name has it origin in irreligious, atheistic principles of the day or in the corrupt inclinations of the human heart. There is first the Positivism and Liberalism of the day bound up with materialistic Socialism, which teaches that the State is supreme and absolute in its powers, to which all other powers and societies must be subject, that the individual exists for the State and not the State for the individual. This theory of government makes the Church a mere subordinate society existing at the pleasure of the State, and in every way subject to the State. It holds that the Church is not a Divine institution, but a mere subordinate society with neither rights nor authority other than those granted by the State.

Its Source in Selfishness

THESE sources of false patriotism are on the surface and may be easily perceived; there exists however, a more hidden source, which is not paraded, but hides itself under the cloak of virtue, because it is a vice; and men do not, as a rule boast of their vices. It springs from the spirit of the world which Christ came to conquer. St. John the Apostle pointed out this spirit and he has left us in a few inspired words a vivid description of it. "Everything in the world," he says, "is the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life." Selfishness, showing itself in avarice, pride and sensuality — this is the enemy not only of good government and true patriotism but of every individual virtue natural or Divine. Rome in the days of her decline will serve as an example of selfish patriotism. She is represented to us by her own great historian, as he fancied she appeared in the eyes of those whom she had conquered and pillaged: "Plunderer of the universe, when there were no more lands to lay waste, she scoured the seas; neither East nor West could satisfy her greed; to slavery, plunder and slaughter she gives the name of government; she makes a solitude and calls it peace."

This spirit of selfishness together with the false principles of the day Christ came to conquer both by His example and by His Divine teaching which He has entrusted to the custody of His Church, whose sacred duty is to teach all nations to observe all things, whatsoever He commanded. Now the first great principle of the teaching of the Church relates to the origin and Redemption of man, who was created to the image of God and redeemed by Christ "who became Man for our Salvation". Here we have the key to the Divine government of the world in the fatherhood of God, whose children we are,

in the brotherhood of man, as the children of God and the brothers of Christ by whom and in whom the universal law of charity, which should exist between man and man, is established in the Kingdom of God upon earth.

Since, then, man is the creature of God and the child of God, he belongs to God entirely and God's dominion over him is essential, absolute and universal. Furthermore, God in His infinite Wisdom necessarily had a purpose in creating man and this Divine purpose could be none other than His own Divine glory. The ultimate end, therefore, of man's existence in this world is not the pursuit of riches or honor or pleasure; for man's soul with its limitless desires for happiness will never find rest till it rests in God for whom it was created. Man, therefore, as an individual in his dealings with his fellow man must act according to the dictates of God's law; and when governments legislate for their subjects, these enactments must be made in accordance with the law of God; for man who was created for God's glory must do God's will, if he is to attain the end for which God created him.

Two Societies

NOW according to man's twofold end, the one temporal, the other eternal, there are two societies to aid him in reaching the perfection for which he is destined here and hereafter. As there is a society to assist him in obtaining what he needs for his natural and temporal life, so there is another society to aid him in reaching his supernatural perfection. This spiritual society established by Christ Himself is the Church of Christ, a perfect independent society, of which Christ is King, Priest and Teacher. To this spiritual power all Christians are subject; and in so far as the spiritual domain extends, that is, in those things which pertain to the priesthood, to teaching and to spiritual jurisdiction, this is true of temporal sovereignties, if they be Christian, that is, if the members acknowledge Christ as their King. All Christians are also subject to the temporal power in their respective countries, in matters pertaining to temporal jurisdiction, for as St. Paul says writing to the Ephesians: "Be subject to your temporal lords as to Christ". There are then two societies both from God, one directly from God, the other indirectly; both govern the same individual, but in different spheres and with different aims and purposes.

Church and State

BUT can the State perform the duties which belong to it without any regard for the rights of the Church? The State in its government of temporal things for a temporal end is bound to grant freedom to the Church in its government of spiritual things, for the Church has from Christ, its Divine Founder, the right, independent of the State, to carry on the work of her priesthood and of her teaching with the freedom necessary for these ministries. If the State does not allow the Church the free exercise of her ministry in her worship, her administration of the Sacraments and in her spiritual teaching, we have what we call a state of persecution. This opposition on the part of the State the Church is bound to resist, but with the weapons which Christ has left to her. "We hunger and thirst and are naked and buffeted and have no fixed abode. We are reviled and we bless, we are persecuted and we suffer it".

The Church of Mexico is in bondage today, deprived of the freedom granted her by her Divine Founder — the freedom to worship God, to administer the Sacraments and to teach her doctrine as it was taught by St. Peter, St. Leo, St. Gregory. When her ministers are brought before the tribunals for disobeying the so called laws of the State, what will be their defence? They have the same defence as the Apostles had before Jewish authorities. "We will obey God rather than men". If they are led before a military firing squad of executioners, they will take their stand as did the heroes who have just offered up their lives there for the flocks committed to their care, thereby giving another proof of the doctrine that the individual man has rights before God which no State may violate.

If love of country is inspired by these principles it will make men better citizens and more loyal subjects of the State, for whose welfare they will be ready to devote their lives and it will bring more glory to God and more blessedness to man for which even States were ordained to exist.

The Morning Offering.

O JESUS, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for true patriotism.

The August Mission Intention

The Good Example of Foreigners in Missionary Lands.

From the days of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, one of the serious obstacles to the conversion of the natives in missionary countries has come from the bad example given by men engaged in business enterprises in those regions. How hard it is to convince pagans of the superiority of the Christian religion, when they behold the depraved morals of people who call themselves Christians!

In Paraguay and Uruguay one of the cogent reasons for the establishment of the famous "Reductions" by the Jesuit Fathers was the imperative need of preserving the newly converted from the contaminating example of the Europeans. In some places the natives have learned the use to excess of intoxicating liquors, and of deception in trade, as well as the practice of immorality, from adventurers who bore the Christian name. In others, native races harbor nothing but hatred for Christianity to which they attribute the avarice and oppression under which they groan.

These considerations should move us to pray that Europeans and Americans who dwell in missionary countries may not merely refrain from harming the cause of Christ by giving scandal, but by their good example of a truly Christian life be an efficient aid to the missionary's labors.

To join the Apostleship of Prayer apply to the Reverend Director or to a Promoter in a Local Centre. Your name will be registered on your promise to make the Morning Offering. If there is no Centre in your vicinity, write to 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

Vacation

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

THE sweat gathered in tiny beads on Mrs. Gilroy's forehead, and on her upper lip. It ran down her neck, until her fresh, blue chambray clung to her with moist unpleasantness, and her white collar lay wilted and sad. She was broiling bacon while her family, breakfasting in the adjoining room, toyed with their fruit and cereal and waited for her to join them. Scraps of their conversation floated to her on the heat-laden air.

"A green silk sweater," Madge was saying, "to go with my white silk skirt. And the sweetest sport oxfords, white with lizard trim ——"

"And you need them about as much as a kitten needs wings," said Bess scathingly. "Your beige sweater is lovely, and you're a glutton for shoes."

Mrs. Gilroy sighed and looked at her own shoes. She had been wearing them for best, second-best and every-day, too, for nearly a month now. Oh, the children were darling, but they were thoughtless. Only last week Madge had brought home a new pair of sport oxfords, and now she was planning to buy more. But of course——

"You know very well, Bess," Madge herself completed her mother's thought and there was a touch of asperity in her tone, "if I go to Walnut Hills, I have to look like *someone*. I can't look like just *anybody*. Not with Ruth Hill and that crowd!"

Mrs. Gilroy's face glowed with honest pride. Madge did have lovely friends. Ruth Hill's father owned a soap factory. Think of it! A whole soap factory that employed thousands of men! And she, who might well pick and choose from the Four Hundred, was quite content to

count as her best friend the girl who had been her chum at the Catholic High School where her democratic father had sent her. Of course Madge had to have pretty things, and who in the world ever saw her mother's shoes, anyway? It wasn't as if she ever found time to go any place.

"But I did use to have pretty feet," said Mrs. Gilroy complacently. "Madge's shoes would have fitted me in those days, I'm sure. They would even now, if I could wear those outlandish heels. I had the smallest feet in my class."

She began to dish up the bacon, smiling reminiscently.

IN the other room the conversation continued. Within the next month all three of the children would be having their vacations. So, too, would their father, but his was always spent mending and fixing around the place and puttering in the garden. Walter was foregoing his this year, too, because he was saving for a new car. Madge was going to Ruth's house-party. Bess was going to Canada with a camping party. Bess hated the things that Madge loved: dances, teas, frivolous affairs that required dressing, dressing, dressing, waving, powdering, perfuming, chattering nothings, and more nothings.

"I don't see how you can call Walnut Hills a vacation," she said. "It's more strenuous than any labor, and you can hardly afford it, Madge. Ruth is sweet, but how can you hope to keep up with her and her friends on your thirty a week? Why don't you go up in Canada with me? You won't need packs of new clothes for that."

"Canada? For two weeks? I'd die! Trees and tangley places; wild things, snakes, probably, and wildcats and bugs; greasy dishes to wash, and no running water, plumbing or electric lights! Nothing to do but read and write, tramp around and fish, and go to bed with the chickens. No, thanks!"

"That sounds like a little bit of Heaven to me," said her father, laying down his paper with sudden interest. "Planning to fish, Bess? I saw a display of Izaak Walton paraphernalia in Tristrams's window today that set my fingers itching. Nothing to do but read books and tramp around and fish? Say! I wish I could do it. I've always wanted to, but I never made the grade. I thought that was what your mother and I would do on our honeymoon, but we didn't."

"Why didn't you?" demanded Walter, who had been a silent listener to the discussion.

"Well," Mr. Gilroy smiled, "we agreed to disagree. Mother was all for the madding crowds and I for the quiet places. Somewhat like Madge and Bess, here."

"What did you do?" asked his younger daughter curiously.

"We compromised. Haven't you ever noticed that Mother and I always compromise? That's the secret of happy married life. We decided to go one place one summer and the other place the next and to wait a year before we went anywhere, meantime banking the honeymoon money for a nest-egg. So we moved into our new home immediately, and Alice hung curtains, while I made a garden. And we had the finest kind of honeymoon right at home. Didn't we, Alice?"

"Didn't we what?" asked his wife, setting the platter of bacon and the dish of soft-boiled eggs on the table, and mopping her brow before she dropped heavily into her chair. "Want some more coffee, Walter? I don't see how you can drink it on a hot morning like this. I'm too rushed to eat, and there's that bushel of cherries waiting to be canned. What did you say, John?"

"He was bragging about your honeymoon, Mother. Said it was the finest kind any one could have, just getting started to housekeeping. Was it?" asked Walter, teasingly.

Mrs. Gilroy blushed.

"He's in big business," she said tartly (she was always tart when embarrassed) "talking honeymoons at his age. I'm sure I don't know. It was the only kind I ever had or ever expect to have; so I'm no judge."

"But didn't you do what you had planned the next year?" asked Bess. "Which did you do? Go fishing or go to some place gay?"

"Humph!"

Mother buttered her toast with a hand that trembled slightly. The repressed longing of years suddenly threatened to overwhelm her. That honeymoon she had never had! The pink taffeta she had fashioned, dreaming of the good times she would have in it, only to lay it away for years and then cut it up for a party dress for small Bess. But how sweetly it had become Bess's dark, serious beauty! Ah, well!

"We did neither." She answered the girl's question with a briskness that sent the repressed longings scurrying back to their old hiding-places. "The next year, young lady, I had you, and you never let any one have a vacation. Colic and squalling from morning until night, and just about driving me frantic, trying to get anything done."

"I guess you did!" Dad chuckled. "Many's the day I came home at noon to find you whooping it up, and Mother sitting and holding you with the breakfast dishes only half washed, and she crying as hard as you. Many are the nights I had to roll up my sleeves and get busy on the family washboard, because you had squalled all day, and Mother here was all in. You were a holy terror."

"THERE'S THE TACKLE"

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Bess indignantly.

"Thought you were an angelic youngster; didn't you?" asked Madge, triumphantly, "I suppose that's why you're so good now. You're making up for your infant years. But didn't you *ever* go, Mother? Bess is twenty-four."

"Need you proclaim my advanced age from the housetops?" asked Bess severely. "But you did go some time. Didn't you, Mother?"

"No, we didn't," said Mother wearily. "One year it was whooping cough, and another year Walter was born, and then Dad's store failed, and your grandmother died — and once we were all packed to go to Detroit. I was going to stay with Bess Burson. You were named after her, Honey. And we were going to

take in the summer shows, and have some parties, and go dancing on the lake steamers — and then take a long boat trip up Mackinac way, so that the boys could go fishing. Aunt Hulda came from Indianapolis to stay with you children — and what did Madge do but break out with measles."

"Inconsiderate imp!" Walter roughed Madge's golden curls, as he arose from the table. Gave 'em to me, too, if I remember rightly. It's seven-thirty, Dad. We must hurry along."

"All right, son."

Mr. Gilroy pushed back his chair. He kissed his wife, chucked Madge under the chin, and patted Bess on the head.

"Take your vacations while you may, youngsters," he said. "Honeymoons don't always materialize, you see. Mother and I got to the stage where we ceased planning."

HIS words were casual, but his voice was wistful and it struck Bess with a pang, as she watched him follow Walter from the room, that her father was getting old. His step dragged a little, and his shoulders stooped. Mother, too. She looked pityingly at the flushed, tired face. They were both aging; so much so that it was hard to believe that only a few years had elapsed since Dad had been like Walter, and Mother a slim, pretty, young girl like Madge, fond of pretty clothes and gaiety. The contrast between Mother and this butterfly child of hers was perhaps never more keen than it was this morning: Madge in her pretty, black, office dress, with her daintily manicured hands, her beautifully waved hair, her delicately pink cheeks and penciled brows, with her pretty kid slippers and gossamer stockings, and Mother with her portly form encased in its limp dress, her rough hands, her hair which still curled, but was knotted firmly at the back of her head, her flushed, perspiring face, her cotton stockings, her common-sense, shabby shoes. She (Bess) and Madge and Walter had dreams to beguile the monotony of their working days — dreams of Prince Charming, of careers, of achievement, of new cars — the dreams of youth. But poor Mother and Dad — of what did people dream when they got to be the age of Mother and Dad? And they weren't even old in years — forty-four and forty-nine. All work and no play had bent their shoulders, slowed their steps, lined their faces. Would she and Walter and Madge be old at forty-four and forty-nine?

"COME, dreamy Liz!" rallied Madge. "Do you commute with me on the eight-fifteen, or don't you work today?"

Bess started from her musing.

"I'll be ready in a jiffy," she said. "I was just thinking."

"So I observed," said Madge.

Evidently Madge had been thinking, too; for it was she who broke the silence, when they had boarded their car a half hour later.

"Poor Mom!" she said. "It's a shame she has to do cherries on a scorching day like this. We should have risen early and helped pit them. We're selfish, Bess."

"I know," Bess nodded. "I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

"I, too," said Madge. "It is a horrid shame, Bess, when two perfectly splendid people like our mother and Dad have to keep their noses to the grindstone all their lives. They don't ever have a bit of fun. Think of it! All these years, and they never even had their honeymoon. They don't have fun! Do they?"

"Not much, I guess," said Bess slowly. "But I never thought much about it before. They've never said anything. I thought ——"

"So did I." Madge took the unspoken words from her lips. "I never dreamed Mother cared for clothes and things like that. I thought she enjoyed canning cherries and mending the socks and basting the Sunday roast."

"I suppose she does," said Bess. "Just as we enjoy our jobs, but that's no reason why she shouldn't have an occasional vacation. We'd think it pretty awful to stick at our desks year in and year out, cataloging books and typing letters and doing nothing else. Oh, Madge, it's Dad's longing to fish that gets me. I never dreamed — Why, did you ever know Dad to go fishing?"

"Never! Never even knew him to own a fishhook."

"That makes it all the worse. He must be like a caged wild bird. And he's been the best Dad! Remember how he used to take us to the zoo on Sunday afternoons? And all the funny stunts he used to plan for us on rainy days?"

"What about Mother? She has always sewed for us nights when she was dead tired, and planned little parties, and made candy for us. And even now she cleans and presses for us — for me, anyway!"

"They need a vacation."

"They do. Indeed they do. Bess, do you suppose ——"

She was silent before she finished her question. It would be a wrench, giving up the house-party — but there would be other house-parties, other summers, other vacations for her. For Mother and Dad ——.

"Look!" They had alighted from the car at the corner of Sixth and Cherry Streets and the enticing display of sporting goods in Tristrams's window drew the older girl's eye. "There's the tackle about which Dad

TWO OF THE THREE FIGURES . . . WERE FAMILIAR ONES

was telling us. Look at that rod in the corner. Isn't it a beauty?"

Madge's eyes followed Bess's pointing finger indifferently.

"They all look alike to me. I'll accept your judgment. Bess, there's a gray and rose ensemble over at Margot's, where I saw that sweater. It's just about Mother's size. There's a rose scarf and a love of a hat to match it. Mother, in that, with the right kind of slippers and things — and coral ear-rings ——"

Bess was absently counting the money in her purse:

"Eighteen, nineteen, twenty. I can pay part down, and the balance tomorrow. He'll need some new clothes, and there's carfare and boat-fare. Madge, I'm going to send Dad on a vacation instead of taking that northern trip. I know Mr. Kinney will let him have an extra week, when I explain."

A sparkle was in Madge's eye.

"I'll help you explain," she said. "I'm the best little explainer you ever saw. You take care of Dad and I'll take care of Mother — and if Walt will help — and of course he will, good old Walt! — we'll do things up brown. My corner. Bye, bye! See you at lunch. Get Walt to join us; so we can conspire. I won't go to Ruth's. What's a little old house-party compared to a honeymoonless father and mother? Answer me that."

Bess smiled at her with a glint of tears in her eyes.

"You always were a good sport, darling," she said.

* * *

ALL sorts of terrible visions arose before Mrs. Gilroy's mind, as she made that hurried trip to town on the following Saturday morning. Madge had telephoned almost as soon as she reached the office that morning, and there had been excitement in her voice.

"Mother, dear," she said, "will you please meet me here promptly at eleven o'clock? It's very important and you can just catch the ten-fifteen if you hurry. No, no! It's nothing to worry over. We're not dead or dying or injured or anything — and Walter hasn't eloped, but it's important just the same. Never mind the baking and the sweeping! And don't stand there talking. Hurry or you'll miss the car."

AND Mrs. Gilroy, with shaking hands, had donned her rusty best, and obeyed orders. In spite of Madge's assurance to the contrary, she was certain that some one of her brood was either dead or dying. Her first glimpse of Madge's smiling face did more to reassure her than all her talking, and her puzzlement was amusing, but Madge gave her no time for questions.

"Walt said we'd have to lasso you to get you in to town on Saturday morning," she said. "But I told him to leave it to me. We'll have to hurry. You have an appointment for eleven-fifteen, and it's two blocks over."

She tucked her mother's hand under her arm and started, and Mrs. Gilroy went along and said nothing. From the mischief dancing in Madge's eyes, she was quite certain that the children were perpetrating a hoax of some kind, and in all probability she was the victim. It wasn't All Fools' Day and it wasn't her birthday, nor was it any other special day, so far as she knew, but she resolved silently that, whatever happened, she would not manifest surprise. If there was any laughing to be done, it should be with and not at her. Besides she was not sure this was really happening. Perhaps the heat had affected her mind, and this excursion was a product of her delirium. Perhaps she was really at home, baking pies and cakes and doing the scrubbing.

It was hard to stay calm and appear unsurprised, though, through the bewildering things that began to happen to her. She, Alice Gilroy, who had never been in a beauty shop in her life, was being propelled into *Vanity Fair*. She was having a shampoo, a marcel, a manicure, a facial. She stretched herself in the chair like a contented kitten and relaxed to the pleasant touch of the operator's expert fingers. Qualms anent the Saturday sweeping she put resolutely in the background of her mind. If this was a product of delirium, so be it! For the first time in weeks she felt delightfully rested and at peace. When they were through with her, she smiled tremulously at the unfamiliar lady, who smiled back at her from the mirror; then faced Madge with a resumption of her sphinxlike expression.

"Well, is this all?" she asked, coolly.

Madge shrieked with laughter.

"Mother, you're just too delicious!" she cried. "All? No, darling. You've just begun."

JUST begun, indeed! They lunched in a heavenly cool place where water-lilies and a snow-white swan floated lazily on a miniature lake, and soft strains of music invited them to linger long over their salads. But Madge would have no lingering, and soon Mrs. Gilroy found herself trying on gowns, hats, and shoes, selecting lingerie and hosiery, gloves, bags, corsages, and scarfs — buying, at Madge's urging, regardless of cost.

"You will have to wear some of these things, Mother," suggested Madge. "You are having dinner at seven with a party of friends."

"I suppose the party includes Mrs. Coolidge," said her mother with a twinkle. "Well, I don't know who's crazy, Madge, but if it's I, I don't ever want to be sane. I never had such a good time in my life."

She was frankly delighted with herself, when the friendly saleslady arrayed her in the gray and rose ensemble, the gray kid slippers, and all the pretty things that matched them, while Madge busied herself on some mysterious errand at the luggage shop down the street.

Two of the three figures that greeted them in the lobby of the hotel where they were dining were familiar ones: Bess and Walter. But the third, the distinguished-appearing, well-groomed man in the perfectly-fitting suit.

"Christopher's Aunt!" exclaimed Mother, employing the strongest expletive in her vocabulary. "It's my John!"

TWO hours later Mother sank into her seat in the chair car of the Detroit Limited with a tired and happy sigh.

"I wonder where I shall wake up," she said.

Father carefully stowed away her overnight case and his Gladstone before replying. He was particularly careful with the Gladstone, because within its depths there reposed a very new and shining rod and reel, calculated to make the eye of any fisherman glisten with envy. Then he sat beside his wife and smiled upon her.

"Before long," he said, "you will wake up in the Book-Cadillac. At least that's where Walter wired for our room. As soon as we get there, I'm going to unpack and show you that new rod. In another week you'll be waking up in some place where the fishing is good! I'm going to catch something with that rod."

"I have the most adorable pair of silver dancing slippers," said Mother.

"Ye-ah. Reckon we can still trip the light fantastic, Honey, even if we don't know the new steps and my knees are a little stiff. *Yours* will work all right. You'll never grow old. Why, Honey ——" and he cap-

tured her hand, "you don't look a day over nineteen."

Mother blushed and sat severely erect.

"John Patrick Joseph Gilroy!" she said. "Suppose some one saw you — heard you. I hope you are not going to be silly!"

Her husband grinned and re-captured her hand, and regardless of who might be looking, kissed the plump, rosy-nailed fingers.

"Your hopes are all in vain," he said. "I certainly am going to be just that. A man has a right to be silly on his honeymoon; and, though this one is a quarter of a century late, it's a real honeymoon, just the same. God bless those children of ours!"

"Amen!" said their mother.

In the city they had left, three shining-eyed, young folks were turning homeward.

"It's worth a house-party," said Madge.

"And a trip to the North woods," said Bess.

"And a car," said Walter.

"God love them!" said Madge. "Weren't they sweet?"

"It won't be their last vacation," said Bess.

"Not by a long shot," said Walter.

Matins

EDITH TATUM

Today I stand to wait the dawning
Upon a lofty, green-clad hill
Beside the deep and restless ocean
In a world dew-wet and strangely still.

Pale gold stars grow slowly paler,
While on soft pinions of the day
With swiftness comes a shaft of glory
To clothe the clouds in bright array.

The dark ocean in the distance
Gleams with the rainbow's vivid hue
Through silver mist, a fragile mantle,
Upon its ever-changing blue.

Like Noe's dove of long ago
A sea-gull flies on snowy wings,
And in the fragrant eglantine
A bird stirs drowsily and sings.

Earth, air and sea in unison
With Angel choirs glad anthems raise
Ah, how can we alone be mute
Nor sing to God our thankful praise?

A Good Catholic and the Missions

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

TO THOSE who love our Lord and who say that petition in His prayer, "Thy Kingdom come!" it must be sad to reflect on the vast numbers of pagan people who have not yet received effectively the great tidings of salvation. Statistics tell us that at the present time there are on earth some fifteen hundred million human beings. Of these, only about three hundred and fifty millions are Catholics and something more than two hundred million are non-Catholic Christians of all denominations. Thus we are forced to the sad realization that two-thirds of the human race, or about ten hundred million souls, are still in the darkness of paganism.

IF you could go about the nations of the world and see the state of these people, you would be filled with sadness and compassion. In our land, there are a good many persons who practise no religion, but at least most of our people believe in one true God and our institutions are Christian. We have reverence for womanhood and for childhood. The fundamental laws of justice are observed. But in many pagan countries women are looked on as inferior animals and children are merely the property of their parents. The poor are so many chattels, instruments of the despotism of the rich.

Think what your life would be without the teachings of Christianity. Suppose you knew nothing of Heaven or the life hereafter, had no religion except the strange legends about gods and goddesses which had been taught to you from your childhood, were made to worship foolish, hideous idols. This is the case with these poor pagans. They have never heard the name of Jesus or of Mary, and have no idea that God is their Father in Heaven. Many of them lead lives of dreadful toil and destitution, and look forward to no happiness hereafter, because they know nothing of the kindness and fatherly goodness of God.

Our Blessed Lord died for the salvation of all these poor people. It is His wish that they should all be converted, should come to the knowledge of His truth. But since He has left the salvation of man in the hands of man, He relies on us to help to spread His Gospel in pagan lands. Every good Catholic ought to have a personal ambition to do as much as possible for the help of the missions.

Every one, no matter how poor or insignificant he or she may be, can do a very great deal. First, there is the constant opportunity of prayer for the missions, of offering up our thoughts and words and actions, our prayers and sufferings in union with the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, so that the grace of God may be given in abundance to the missionaries and to those to whom they preach.

Every conversion to the true Faith means an immense gift of grace from God. Though the preparation of the missionary opens up the way to belief, his words are in vain unless God moves the heart of his hearers. Hence, no amount of prayer can be too great for the needs of the missions.

BUT the missionaries themselves, priests, Sisters and Brothers, are also in need of prayer. Imagine yourself in a strange land, surrounded by pagans, faced with the tremendous difficulty of winning them away from their pagan beliefs and

practices and inducing them to accept the pure and holy doctrine of Christ, and to make all the sacrifices and effort it requires from poor, weak human nature. You would long and desire to have all the Catholic people pray for you and your flock. Be compassionate, therefore, on the missionaries who are doing God's work among the pagans, and pray for them and for their people. Offer up little sacrifices for them. Perform good works for their intention. Have a general intention that they shall have a part in all your prayers, in the merit of all your thoughts and words and actions.

IF you pray earnestly for the missions, you will be all the more willing to work for them. There are many ways in which even ordinary Catholics can help the missions. Make little acts of renunciation when you are tempted to spend some money for trifling purposes. Give that money to the missions instead. People spend quantities of money on such things as confectionery, useless articles of clothing, which, after they have purchased them, they are sorry they bought.

We are admittedly one of the most extravagant peoples in the world and advertising and publicity agents use every means to make us spend more and more. Artificial needs are being created for us constantly. Our people spend millions and millions of dollars a year on chewing gum. The sums of money expended by women in beauty parlors, by men and women in amusements excel the income of some vast industries. And while our Catholics are squandering money uselessly, the Sisters and Brothers and priests on the missions are sometimes hard put to it to get bread to keep them alive.

Many Catholics would be a great deal better off for a little self-denial. They injure their health by self-indulgence. They eat too much, they refuse to take exercise, they ride on the street cars constantly or in automobiles.

The wholesome self-denial which would cause them to forego excessive eating and drinking and to give up the luxury of riding when they should walk, would be an endowment for the missions. It is true that our people have grown much more generous to the missions in recent years, but there is vast room for further generosity. The few millions of dollars that we give each year to mission societies and funds are a trifle compared to the hundreds of millions spent in self-indulgence.

Besides the giving of money, there are other charities you can exercise towards the missions. Mission societies collect clothing which is out of fashion, or discarded for some other reason and send it to mission lands where hundreds of thousands cover their nakedness. Every sort of of people are in need of garments to supplies is needed on one or the other of the missions.

THE Catholic Medical Mission Board, which was recently organized, has as its principal purpose to supply missionary priests, Sisters and Brothers, the dispensaries in mission lands and the mission hospitals with medical and surgical supplies, medicines, bandages, surgical instruments which are needed to an almost unbelievable degree.

In some of the mission centres the Sisters who have charge of the sick have so many demands for bandages that they are often compelled to use old materials, newspapers, pieces of wrapping paper to keep the dust out of the wounds. By contributing to the work of the medical missions you will help effectively to spread the Faith; for not only do they preserve and lengthen the lives of the devoted

mission workers, but they attract many pagans to the influence of the missionaries. These poor people come to have their ills tended and remain to hear the word of salvation.

Again, you may well take up some individual work, such as supporting a catechist or a mission school from your own funds or from money which you collect from your friends. The numbers of pagans who apply for instruction are so great that the priests themselves are not able to minister to them all; so they employ native catechists, men and women who have been well instructed in the Faith and who go out into the villages and instruct five or six hundred men, women and children and prepare them for Baptism. Then, when the priest comes, he finds everything made ready for him and it is easy for him to complete the instructions and administer Baptism to a whole village.

The missions need innumerable schools, the more schools built, the more children are brought up in the Faith. But each of these schools requires funds to provide and maintain the building, to pay the teachers and to meet incidental expenses. The sum required is very small in proportion to what it would need to maintain a school in this country, but still the schools are so many that the sum total of money required is very great.

The better Catholic a man or woman is, surely the greater interest he or she will take in all these works for the foreign missions. To be a good Catholic means to be like our Lord and to love Him. His Sacred Heart is full of zeal and love for missionary laborers. The more we pray for and help the missions, the nearer and dearer we shall be to Christ.

Wealth

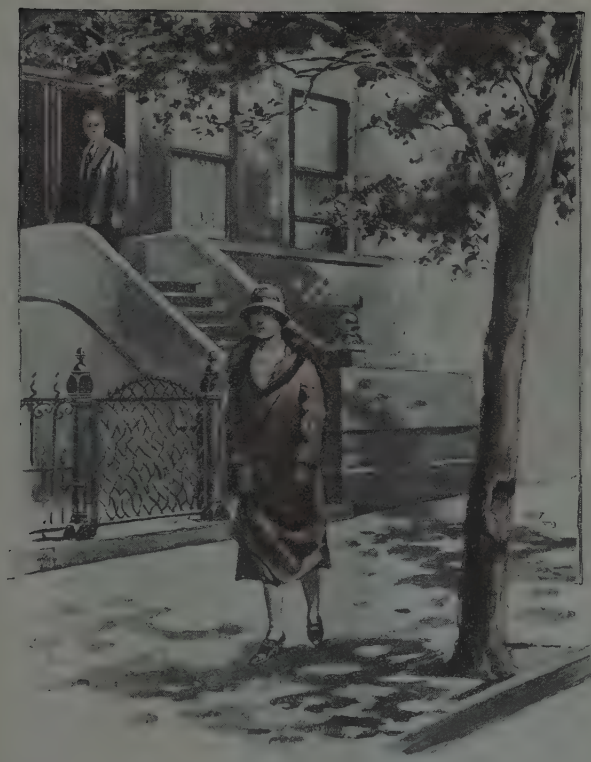
J. Corson Miller

A heart that holds
Thoughts clean and pure
Possesses a silver
That will endure.

Good deeds from a heart,
Be it young or old,
Are the precious nuggets
Of Heaven's gold.

And a heart that loves
God early and long,
Is a diamond, set
In a life of song.

Oh, the heart is a vault
For riches or dross,
But its greatest wealth
Is the weight of the Cross.



HE LINGERED ON THE THRESHOLD A MOMENT, WATCHING HER WALK AWAY

Mary Riordan's Lesson

ELIZABETH JORDAN

MARY RIORDAN opened the door of Doctor Desmond's office and stepped out into the sunshine. As she did so, she tripped and almost fell, and Doctor Desmond's young assistant, Doctor Walsh, caught her arm to steady her. His face was almost as pale as her own. He and she had just had a bad quarter of an hour together. Mary Riordan had never before been told that she was a dying woman. Young Doctor Walsh had never before told a patient that she had an incurable disease and that in the natural course of things she could not live more than a year. He would not have told Mary Riordan that, if he could have helped himself and if there was any prospect of

Doctor Desmond getting well in a fortnight or so and returning to his office responsibilities. There was not. Desmond was making a slow convalescence from typhoid and would not be back for at least a month. Young Walsh, who was a hard and conscientious worker, was anxious to keep up the doctor's excellent professional record while Desmond was away. Mary Riordan needed treatment, mighty careful knowledgeable treatment, and time to prepare her soul for the big change. She had to be told.

When Walsh caught her arm and steadied her, she turned and tried to smile at him.

"I didn't see the step," she admitted. "I guess I was not thinking of it."

"Are you sure you can get home all right?" the young doctor asked her anxiously. "I'd go with you, but you can see yourself the three waiting in the office. Perhaps I can get some one ——"

Mary Riordan shook her head. She had pluck, he would say that for her, true Irish courage.

"I'm all right," she told him. "I'll look where I'm going."

"And you'll walk slow."

"I will. And I'll drop into St. Timothy's on my way and that'll be a rest. Do you go back now and be looking after the others!"

YOUNG Walsh nodded, but he did not rush back into the office. He lingered on the threshold a moment, watching her walk away. She went very slowly, as she had promised to do, and her erect figure was slightly bent. It was only a year ago, he remembered, that she had walked with the proud, free stride of an Irish girl over the downs, head up, shoulders back, facing life with a laugh. A handsome creature she had been and still was, despite that blue pallor around her lips and the strained look in her eyes. She could not be much over thirty. Her death would be hard, mighty hard, on Ed Riordan and the two children. Walsh sighed, went in, and closed the door. Life, he reflected, was pretty hard on young doctors who had not had much practice in passing death-sentences.

MARY RIORDAN crawled on in the late afternoon sunshine. She had an odd feeling that she was wading a stream, as she had done so often in her girlhood, and that the water was above her knees and that the going was very hard. It was as if she were carrying a weight, too; and now she realized that she was.

She was carrying the weight of her two children, the two children who would have to go on through life without her. She was carrying big Ed Riordan, too, a good husband as husbands go, but at times as much a child as either of the little ones. The children would have to be better, hereafter. They would have to think of their mother, to save her steps.

Ed would have to think of her, too. She could not be picking up after him any longer and waiting on him all the time. He would have to do some waiting on her. It was time he did, too — spoiled gossoon that he was. She would have to think of herself now, and the three of them would have to think of her. And first of all, of course, she would have to think of her soul. She was not even sure of the year. She might drop at any time. She had wrung that admission out of young Walsh.

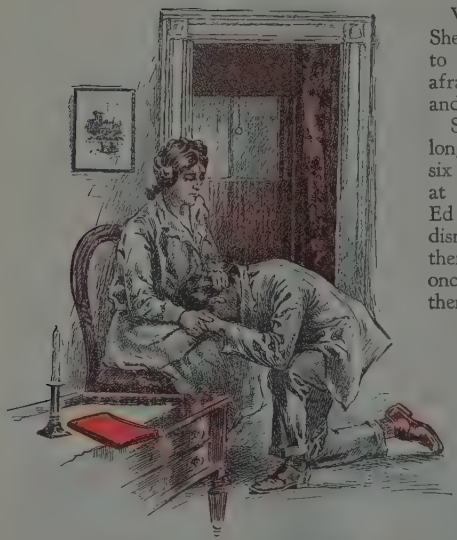
One went quickly in those terrible attacks of heart disease. What was it he had called it? Angora? No, but that's why she remembered it. Angina, he had said it was. She had never heard the word before, but it had something to do with that awful tearing sensation at the heart, as if merciless giant hands were pulling the heart to pieces.

She stumbled out of the sunny street and into the dim, beautiful twilight of St. Timothy's. As she knelt and bowed her head, the familiar atmosphere enfolded her like a wadded garment, yet there was no actual peace or relaxation in it now. She was still thinking of herself. What else would she be thinking of, she bleakly reflected, and how could she depend on Ed to help her through? Like most human beings who have never known illness themselves, Ed was not especially sympathetic when others suffered. That was not because he was not kind, of course. He was wonderfully kind; generous, too. He simply did not understand. It was his instinct to side-step any sympathetic drain on his emotions. Well, he could not side-step this. He would have to stand by; he would have to see her through.

She reminded herself that she ought to be praying; but she could not fix her mind on prayer. She could not force herself to realize that in one short year, or less, she would be up before God for judgment. Her thoughts clung to the simple, practical things of life; the noise the children made — they would have to make less of it now; himself, yelling at her to bring him this and that. Many's the time he had shouted to her from the other end of the flat to come and find something that lay right at his hand. He would have to change those habits.

She restlessly changed her position. She ought not to be thinking of these things, but they seemed to be all she could think of. She loved her church. In it she always felt like a wanderer at home. Why could she not feel that way today?

SHE REMINDED HERSELF THAT SHE OUGHT TO BE PRAYING



HE ENDED BY DROPPING ON HIS KNEES AND BURYING HIS HEAD IN HER LAP

Her thoughts were crowding like human beings in a congested street. Yes, the children would have to help her. Ed would have to help her. No excitement, Doctor Walsh had said. They must keep the house quiet for her. No sudden stooping or bending. The children must do a lot of the picking up . . . Would it be a year or only a few months or weeks or even days? A hand seemed to clutch at her heart and she sat up and drew a sudden quick breath. She must not get frightened, here all alone. Hereafter one of the children must come with her. Odd she could not pray. She wondered how Ed would take it. He would be stunned, but he would help. He had a kind heart, had Ed, and he loved her . . . He would miss her . . . but she must not think of that or of who might take her place later on. That made the heart-clutch come again, and she must avoid those clutches.

Why could she not pray? She loved God and had tried to serve Him. She was not afraid, really — only confused and numb.

She had been kneeling a long time. It must be almost six o'clock. She ought to be at home getting supper for Ed and the children, but she dismissed that thought. Let them wait on themselves for once. She had waited on them enough. She wondered if Father Boyle was in the rectory. He could help her more than any one else. Yes, he would be there, but he would be having his supper. She would not interrupt that. She wondered if Ed and the children would have sense enough to go to the kitchen closet and the icebox and find the things ready there for the evening meal. She was not going to hurry. She had to think things out, and if ever a woman could take her time it was surely on a day like this, after hearing what she had heard.

The twilight deepened. Others entered the church and knelt and prayed and left again. A woman she knew came into the pew and knelt beside her, but Mary Riordan did not look at her. She knew why Josephine Redfield was there. She had had word that her boy was sick in some construction camp away out West. Well, the letter had said he was not very bad. He would be all right, a husky lad like that. What was Josephine Redfield's trouble to hers — Mary Riordan's? And why could she not pray? She felt her neighbor's eyes on her; then felt Josephine rise from her knees; was conscious that she had left the church. It was

getting very dark. Ed and the children would have had their supper by this time. They would be wondering where she was — worrying, perhaps. Well, there was enough to worry about.

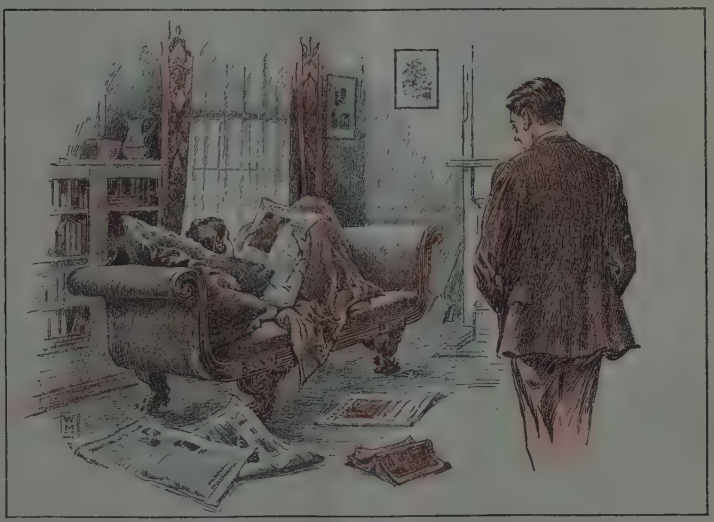
Another hour had passed before she was ready to leave. She had prayed at last, but the peace she looked for had not come. She left the church and walked home through the lighted streets. She must have been at St. Timothy's several hours. It had not seemed long.

Something in her face checked the question on her husband's lips, when she finally entered the sitting-room of her flat. He and the children were there. They had all had their supper and the children had been studying. How gladly they dropped their books to run to her! As she caught them in her arms, the numb feeling left her and she felt the clutch again.

"Mother's not well," she told them. "You must help her by going right to bed. You must undress yourselves and be quiet. I'll tell you about it after they're tucked up," she told Ed, when he at last brought out his question.

The children were awed and obedient. They hardly knew the strange, silent woman who moved about so slowly and carefully and who did not smile at all. They hurried upstairs and talked her over between themselves. Mamie, eight, was frightened and cried a little. But Jimmie, ten, had knowledge of the strange moods of grown-ups.

"She's mad at something. She'll be all right in the morning," he said..



SHE DID LITTLE OR NO HOUSEWORK

In the sitting-room Mary Riordan was telling Ed what young Doctor Walsh had said. He did not believe it. He was appalled, tried to scoff, argued. He ended by dropping on his knees and burying his head in her

lap. That brought the clutch again. She pushed him away, asked him to open a window, drew deep breaths, and made it plain that he must help her. He promised. He would do anything, everything. He made suggestions. They would have a laundress to do all the heavy work — washing, ironing, floor-scrubbing. She could have a little maid, if she wanted one. They could afford it, though he had never thought so before. He agreed with her that they must not tell any one but Father Boyle. He would help her, too. The children must be made to understand that Mother was not well and that they must help her all they could

NEITHER of them slept that night. She told Ed the symptoms she had had and which she had never before mentioned to him. Ed was understanding, appalled, sympathetic. No man could have been more so. It was a good time to make him realize that hereafter he would have to depend on himself more, and not so much on her. He would have to take more responsibility with the children, too. He had been leaving all that to her. She talked on, making Ed see how different everything was to be and how much he must do.

At last she fell asleep, but her husband still lay awake, watching the spectral dawn fill the room and thinking of the strange woman beside him. He felt, as the children did, that he did not know her. He was to lose Mary, but he had really lost Mary already. It was not Mary who had been telling him in those dry, flat tones how different he must be from now on.

From that time the neighbors also noticed and commented on a great change in Mary Riordan. She spent her mornings in bed, her afternoons and most of her evenings in church. She did little or no housework. The children, as the neighbors put it, "ran wild". They were on the streets all the time they were out of school. They were the last to be called off the streets at night. Mrs. Clancy, the laundress, "lived at" the Riordan's. Ed Riordan got most of his own meals and the children's. His face took on a hunted look.

Mary Riordan never smiled; she never chatted with the neighbors any more. She was taking a "rest cure", they were told; but she took most of it in church. The Riordan children had always been the neatest youngsters in the neighborhood. Now they were among the most neglected. Occasionally in a spasm of contrition or love or both Mary Riordan would call them in and give them a good scrubbing. On Sunday she sent them to Mass neatly dressed and with shining faces. The rest of the time they were almost as dirty, as ragged, as unkempt as the Harris children, whose forlorn state had long disturbed the mothers of the block.

DURING the first two weeks of these changes Father Boyle came to the Riordan home every day. Then he came more rarely — once in two or three days, then only once a week. When this happened, Mary Riordan sent for him and reproached him.

"You could help me, Father," she told him. "You could help me more than any one else, if you would. And it isn't like you not to be doing it."

Father Boyle looked at her. He was old and wise and the look was a strange one. But Mary Riordan did not see it. She was lying on the couch in the sitting-room. Newspapers, small garments, and some of the children's toys were scattered over the floor. She herself wore a soiled kimona, and a loose lock of hair fell untidily over one ear. Father Boyle's face grew more serious as he watched her. Only a month ago Mary Riordan had been the neatest housekeeper in his parish.

"Mary", he asked gently, "do you know that your boy, Jimmie, played truant twice this week?"

She moved her head restlessly.

"Ed must handle that."

"Ed's doing the best he can, but he's got his hands full. Do you know that Mamie has got in with that group of youngsters over at the Harrises' place and spends most of her time there? Do you think that's good for her?"

"I'll tell Ed," Mary Riordan muttered.

"It's yourself should see to it," said Father Boyle, more crisply than he usually spoke. "Have you noticed how tired Ed looks?" he asked after a short silence. "The man's all in from worry."

"It's a new thing for Ed to be doing for any one but himself," Mary Riordan said indifferently. "It won't hurt him, for a change."

"It may hurt you, Mary." Father Boyle drew his chair closer to her and swung it around so that he sat facing her. "Mary, I'm not altogether pleased with the way you're taking this," he said slowly.

"You're not!"

Mary Riordan stared at him, hardly believing she had heard aright. She saw herself as a silent, uncomplaining martyr, unflinchingly facing eternity. She had got so she could pray. She spent hours a day at it. She went to Confession every Saturday and Communion every Sunday.

"I've made my peace with God," she muttered. "What else is there to do?"

"That's for you to find out, Mary," said Father Boyle. "Little good would it do you, if I showed you the way and made you take it. You've got to find it yourself — and I'm hoping you'll do it soon," he added with a deep sigh.

Long afterwards Mary Riordan recalled these words and wondered if she would ever have found that way save for Mamie. Spending all her out-of-school hours with the un-

ED BEGAN TO ACT LIKE HIMSELF

kempt little Harrises in their unheated rooms, Mamie came home that evening the victim of a case of pneumonia from which she nearly died. Even when her mother looked into the child's wild eyes and felt her burning skin the call to action was like that of a distant trumpet. She had drifted so far from her family that she barely heard it. Yet she heeded it. She shook off the lethargy that held her, the self-absorption, even her concern as to the welfare of her soul. With young Doctor Walsh beside her, working like a Trojan, she gave her days and nights to Mamie and pulled her through. When the child was out of danger, Doctor Walsh remembered his older patient.

"All this is terribly bad for you," he told Mary. "You'll have to go away and get a good rest. Can't Ed's sister come and look after him and the children?"

Father Boyle, who was in the room, said nothing, but he cast a quick look at Mary. She shook her head.

"Others have been looking after Ed and the children long enough," she said. "I guess it's my turn again. 'Twas my neglect put Mamie where she's been. I will do it, as long as I can do anything. But, of course, I'll try to be sensible about it and rest when I can."

AFTER that the sun came out for the Riordan family, father and children. Ed began to act like himself again. Mary Riordan smiled, chatted with her neighbors, cared for her children, ran her home with such help as she needed, gave such time as she could to Church work, and in short reverted to the fine, God-fearing woman she had formerly been.

Father Boyle noticed the change and said nothing. One day she herself broached the subject that had lain untouched between them for so long.

"Father, I know now what you meant by what you said that day," she began shyly.

"Do you, Mary?"

"Yes, Father. I know now that all I was thinking about was how others could help me, when indeed all I should have been thinking of — selfish woman that I was — was how I could help them. There's only one thing a dying woman can do," she went on sturdily, "and that is to make it as easy as she can for those around her. I'm ashamed of the weak thing I was. But I've learned my lesson and when I see sick women making a whole family wretched, neglecting their children and dragging those they love to the very gates of death with them, I — I — well, Father, I give you my word I could shake them. Of course I'm speaking of those that are not bed-ridden."

FATHER Boyle laughed, but the laugh was very tender. He stood up, put his hand on her arm, and looked at her affectionately.

"And there's another thing you'll learn next," he said, "and that is, that the sick woman helps herself, too, by making her sickness as easy as she can for those around her, and by 'carrying on' in her own job to the last possible minute. You look twice the woman you did two months ago, Mary, and I'm going to see what it means. I don't want to hold out false hopes, but it's just possible the lad, Walsh, made a mistake about your condition. Anyway, now that Desmond's back in harness again I took it on myself to make an appointment for him to come and see you this afternoon. And there he is," he complacently added, "coming up the walk this minute."

It was months more, however, before Mary Riordan got a clean bill of health from Doctor Desmond.

"I had to see her go through an attack before I could be sure wheth-

er it was the real or the false angina," Desmond told Ed Riordan and Father Boyle that summer. "The two of them are so much alike they'd fool a wiser head than Walsh's. But she's all right now, and the fact that she's been able to keep her mind off herself and her health has done a lot to help her. With reasonable care, which I'll see she gets, she'll be a well woman in a year or so. Whereas if you'd pined and moped," he shook his finger at Mary, "you might even have run yourself into the grave from suggestion."

"It was Father Boyle stopped that," Mary murmured.

"It was your own big heart and your own common sense stopped it, Mary," Father Boyle told her. "Now you must teach others the lesson you've learned. God knows there's many a poor woman that hasn't your luck to get well. She's got to go her hard way, and many of them can't work, either. But it'll be easier every step of the way, if they'll give some thought to those that love them and are making the last hard journey with them."

Heart of Jesus, Abode of Justice and Love

RAPHAEL V. O'CONNELL, S.J.

JUSTICE is a highly admirable quality which inclines its possessor to render to every one his due, having for its object the maintenance or restoration of the moral equilibrium. The relations existing between individuals or communities may not be ignored, but must be practically recognized as for instance, those which bind parent and child, employer and employee, the State and the Church, the creature and the Creator — and though there is a narrower sense in which not every violation of the moral order resulting from such relations, is strictly a violation of justice, nevertheless there is also a broader acceptation of the term, in which justice stands for universal uprightness, so that the just man is no other than the man of consummate virtue.

In this sense the term is not unfrequently employed in Holy Writ, and if we understand it so in the invocation of the Litany of the Sacred Heart which we are at present considering, it is plain to everybody how appropriately the Heart of Jesus may be called an "Abode of Justice". From the very first moment of our Lord's Incarnation and His substantial anointing by the Holy Spirit, that Heart has been a fathomless abyss of all the virtues, and having been from the outset hypostatically united with the Son of God, it has been holy with the holiness of the Word, nor could it have lacked aught of what is comprised in the idea of perfect righteousness.

HENCE all the particular virtues find their abode in the Heart of Christ, and among these is the cardinal virtue of *justice*. Far from denying to any one his due, our Divine Lord stripped Himself of all things in order to enrich us. Not only did He renounce all earthly wealth, but He was willing to forego for our sake even His reputation and His sacred honor. Herod might quake with fear, lest the new-born Saviour should seek to drag him from his tottering throne. But no! The Divine Babe, who has come to put us in possession of a Heavenly kingdom, has no thought of snatching away an earthly realm.

In like manner, He who spared the hypocritical accusers of the woman taken in sin, and did not reveal, as He might have done, the burden of their heavier trespasses, was little disposed to impute to any one, even His most wicked traducer, a fault or shortcoming of which he was not guilty. The Scribes and Pharisees had sat on the chair of Moses; hence our Lord bade the people show them the honor and the reverence due to their official station, even while they might not imitate their lives. . .

BUT it is on the last day, when Christ will come again as the supreme Judge of the living and the dead, that He will exhibit in the most striking manner His attribute of justice. We almost shrink from the thought of it in connection with the Heart of our Divine Redeemer. If that Heart is the abode of justice, then what source of confidence remains to the sin-laden soul? To be sure, we trust that no good act of ours, however trivial, were it only the glass of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, will have failed to be recorded to our credit against the dreadful day of doom. But also, our iniquities have risen above the hairs of our head, and dare we hope that they will appear less grievous or less numerous than they are, in the eyes of the All-holy One, who will stand to judge us? Must we not confess with trembling in our own case what the poet affirms quite universally, that "in the course of justice none of us should see salvation"?

Even-handed justice is no respecter of persons. With inflexible firmness it holds the scales exactly poised, leaning not to either side. Blind in as much as it knows no favoritism, it is not blind to the merits or demerits of each. Of these, on the contrary, it has a nice and infallible discernment, apportioning reward or punishment without bias, and strictly according to desert.

Happily for us the Heart of Jesus is also the "Abode of Love". For does not God abide within it as in His house or temple? And does not the Beloved Disciple more than once assure us that "God is love"? Fashioned, moreover, by the Divine Spirit, the Heart of Christ must needs be all instinct with love. For the Holy Ghost is the substantial love of the Father and the Son, and if by His indwelling in our cold and earthly hearts, the love of God is poured abroad in them so as wonderfully to inflame and uplift them, what must be the action of the Divine Spirit upon the adorable Heart of the Son of God from the moment of His setting forth upon His mission of love for the redemption of men? How He stirs and enkindles it! And how the Heart of Christ thus inflamed, urges Him on, with giant strides, toward the accomplishment of His work!

He can scarce await the allotted time; He is inwardly straitened until it arrives. His Heart is tortured with longing desires. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me", He says; "wherefore He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He hath sent Me to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the captives, and sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of reward." (St. Luke iv, 18, 19.)

WHEN our Divine Saviour came into the world, He was more than ready to make the supreme sacrifice for the sake of fallen man. He was eager to become a holocaust for the salvation of our race. And what shall we say of a love that would fain spend itself for those who were as yet not friends, but enemies? Would it not seem that we had here discovered a greater love than that

of which our Lord Himself pronounced the eulogy? No doubt, His words are fully verified where there is question of purely human love, but Divine love has gone to greater lengths, and "God, who is rich in mercy, for His exceeding charity wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together in Christ . . . and hath raised us up together . . . that He might show in the ages to come the abundant riches of His grace in His bounty towards us in Christ Jesus." (Eph. ii, 4-7.)

It is from the bosom of the Father of mercies that Christ, our Lord, came forth to give Himself as a victim for us. The Father and the Son have but one mind, one sentiment. Whatsoever things the Father doth, the Son doth in like manner. If it was an excess of love on the part of the Father to send His Only-begotten Son into the world to save the world, this same excess of love impels the Son to surrender His beloved soul into the hands of His enemies (Jer. xii, 7), that through His death they may have life. The Heart of Christ beats in unison with the love-throbs of the Divinity dwelling in Him, which is so mightily enamored of its frail and ungrateful creature, man.

Let then our debt to the Divine justice be as crushing as it may. Let our plight be as that of the wicked servant, who owed his master ten thousand talents. Of ourselves we may be hopelessly insolvent, but there is One who has paid for us every farthing of our debt; whose love has made Him sponsor for us to the full extent of our accountability.

In the Heart of Jesus justice and peace meet together in a holy kiss. For how much soever they may variance with seem to be at each other, the love that fills the Heart of Christ to overflowing at once satisfies the claims of justice by constraining it to take upon itself the chastisement of the guilty sinner, and, by thus effecting his reconciliation with his Maker, once more firmly sets his feet upon the path of peace.

Our Cover

OUR COVER for August is "Mater Salvatoris" (Mother of our Saviour), by Luca Ferrari, more commonly known as Reggio, from the town in which he was born, in 1603. Reggio was a pupil of Guido Reni. He died at Padua, in 1652.

Peter Paul Rubens, whose "Assumption" is reproduced as our frontispiece, was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, on June 28, 1577. He died at Antwerp, May 30, 1640.

Our four duographs are by Johannes Schraudolph, who was born at Obertsdorf, in Algäu, in 1808. He died at Munich, in 1879.

Our September Number

Our September number will be in harmony with the Eucharistic Congress spirit. Our cover will be the beautiful painting, from the Louvre Gallery, "The Virgin of the Host", by Jean Auguste Ingres, the French historical painter. Our frontispiece, "The Eucharistic Saviour", is an attractive, colorful painting by a talented and humble Religious of the Sacred Heart. Our duographs will be five pictures by that master illustrator, Doré.

Johannes Schraudolph

Our Lady and St. John

Our Lady's Death and Assumption

ST. JOHN, the beloved disciple of our Divine Lord, tells us in his Gospel that our Blessed Lady was confided to his care at the foot of the Cross. Our Lord said to him:

"Behold thy Mother!"

From that hour he took her to his own. Nothing further need be said. Our pious imagination can fill in the details of the years that followed, but we have no certain tradition of the length of time that elapsed before the death of our Lady or about the place or the circumstances. It is more commonly held that her death occurred in Jerusalem.

It is, however, believed by all Catholics that after her holy death the body of the Blessed Virgin was not allowed to undergo corruption, but was taken up, or assumed, into Heaven. In other words her resurrection anticipated the general resurrection on the last day. The Church celebrates the feast that commemorates this happy event on the fifteenth day of August.

Johannes Schraudolph

The Death of our Lady

The following considerations on this belief have been culled from the *Meditations and Devotions* of Cardinal Newman:

"As soon as we apprehend by faith the great fundamental truth that Mary is the Mother of God, other wonderful truths follow in its train; and one of these is that she was exempt from the ordinary lot of mortals, which is not only to die, but to become earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

"Die she must and die she did, as her Divine Son died, for He was man; but various reasons have approved themselves to holy writers, why, although her body was for a while separated from her soul, and consigned to the tomb, yet it did not remain there, but was speedily united to her soul again, and raised by our Lord to a new and eternal life of Heavenly glory. . . .

"By her Assumption is meant that not only her soul, but her body also, was taken up to Heaven upon her death, so that there was no long period of her sleeping in the grave, as is the case with others, even great Saints, who wait for the last day for the resurrection of their bodies.

"One reason for believing in our Lady's Assumption is that her Divine Son loved her too much to let her body remain in the grave. A second reason is this, that she was not only dear to our Lord as a mother is dear to

Johannes Schraudolph

The Burial of our Lady

a son, but also that she was so transcendently holy, so full, so overflowing with grace. Adam and Eve were created upright and sinless, and had a large measure of God's grace bestowed upon them; and, in consequence, their bodies would never have crumbled into dust, had they not sinned; upon which it was said to them, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return'. If Eve, the beautiful daughter of God, never would have become dust and ashes unless she had sinned, shall we not say that Mary, having never sinned, retained the gift which Eve by sinning lost? What had Mary done to forfeit the privilege given to our first parents in the beginning? Was her comeliness to be turned into corruption, and her fine gold to become dim, without reason assigned? Impossible. Therefore we believe that, though she died for a short hour, as did our Lord Himself, yet, like Him, and by His Almighty power, she was raised again from the grave. . . .

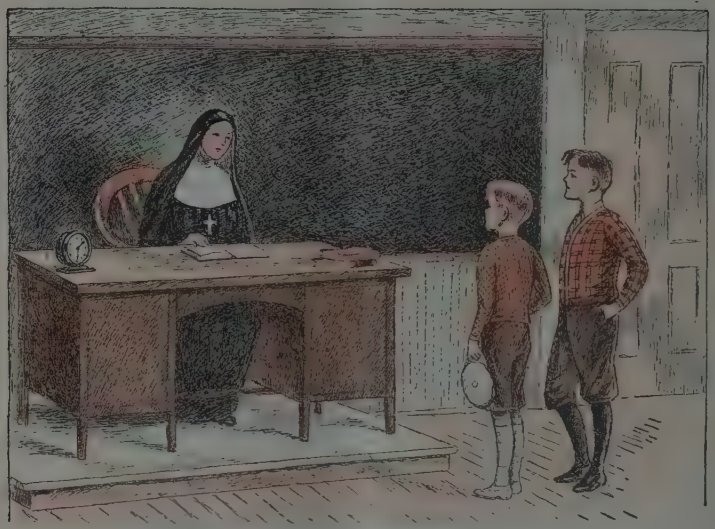
"Moreover, she is the Mystical, or hidden rose; for mystical means hidden. How is she now 'hidden' from us more than are other Saints? What means this singular appellation, which we apply to her specially? The answer to this question introduces us to a third reason for believing in the reunion of her sacred body to her soul, and its assumption into Heaven soon

Johannes Schraudolph

The Assumption of our Lady into Heaven

after her death, instead of its lingering in the grave until the general resurrection at the last day.

"It is this: if her body was not taken into Heaven, where is it? How comes it that it is hidden from us? Why do we not hear of her tomb as being here or there? Why are not pilgrimages made to it? Why are not relics producible of her, as of the Saints in general? Is it not even a natural instinct which makes us reverent towards the places where our dead are buried? We bury our great men honorably. St. Peter speaks of the sepulchre of David as known in his day, though he had died many hundred years before. . . . . Now, if there was any one who more than all would be preciously taken care of, it would be our Lady. Why then do we hear nothing of the Blessed Virgin's body and its separate relics? Why is she thus the hidden Rose? Is it conceivable that they who had been so reverent and careful of the bodies of the Saints and Martyrs should neglect her — her who was the Queen of Martyrs and the Queen of Saints, who was the very Mother of our Lord? It is impossible. Why then is she thus the hidden Rose? Plainly because that sacred body is in Heaven, not on earth."



JIMMY DID NOT LIKE SISTER COLUMBA'S METHODS

Mrs. Corey Meets Sister Columba

CHARLES J. MULLALY, S.J.

JIMMY COREY had come from school in a rage. Sister Columba had calmly instructed him and "Butch" Burke each to appear next morning with his mother. She had humiliated "Butch" and him before thirty-eight boys in her seventh grade class, when she met Jimmy's rebellious outbreak only with a silent smile. Jimmy knew that Sister Columba was one person in his little world whom he could not bully, could not frighten. He was white with anger and his young brain was meditating vengeance of a hundred kinds, but somehow it all seemed so futile.

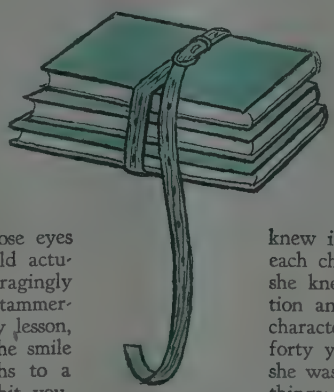
He could remember his first days in Sister Columba's class. She was so different from any teacher he had ever had. She never became excited, was never sarcastic. Somehow his plans to cause trouble seemed to go all wrong before they started. Yes, she had been, from the first so different from Miss Hicks who had tried to teach him the year before in the Pebley Select Private Grammar School. Miss Hicks snapped at you, got excited and shrieked and all that, and it was not long before class was just like a football game, with every one shouting and making as much noise as he could.

Jimmy did not like Sister Columba's methods. She stood so quietly at her classroom door, when the boys entered. Her eyes seemed to look straight through him and to read

every plan he had thought out the night before how to disturb her. If he even whispered to "Butch" Burke, those eyes turned quickly and flashed a look that made him feel very small and insignificant, as he stood silently at the right of his desk, waiting for the "Morning Offering" to be recited.

"Aw, if she would only get excited and yell at you the way Miss Hicks used to do, we could let her know that she isn't the boss of the room."

But Sister Columba never yelled, never got excited. If Jimmy tried to have some fun in class, she stopped talking or dropped her voice to a low tone and just looked at him, with that calm, flashing look, and he could hear the clock on her desk go "tick, tick, tick". Jimmy could not fathom it all, neither could "Butch" Burke, whose fistic prowess was known to every youngster in the class. "Butch" was not afraid of any one, except Sister Columba, and then it was her eyes that always knocked "Butch" out even before he could start to show he was not afraid of her. Those eyes were blue and could actually smile encouragingly when you were stammering out the memory lesson, but could change the smile in their blue depths to a flash that sort of hit you, quick-like, before you knew it and yet at those times, Sister Columba never spoke a word or shouted at you. It was then you could feel the silence in the room and hear the little clock as it ticked.



Jimmy and "Butch" had never heard the word *pedagogy*, but Sister Columba had. What was puzzling Jimmy was also puzzling Sister Columba: that here at least one of the principles of pedagogy seemed to work out true to form — she was securing silence in a room full of potential dynamite in the shape of these forty, restless boys. She was impressing silence by her own silent ways.

Jimmy Corey was in a rage, as he came from school. "Butch" and he had deliberately played truant, stayed away from morning classes and had gone swimming in Willow Creek, just to show Sister Columba that they were not afraid of her. They had sauntered into the class together with an air of bravado. Sister Columba did not even get excited. She had looked at them and had spoken so low and had made them feel so mean. Jimmy was angry because he had been powerless to get back at her, to show her that he was not afraid of her, and now he had to bring his mother tomorrow.

He did not know that he was the spoiled, pampered child of a foolish, doting mother. Sister Columba did not merely suspect it, she knew it. She had studied each child in her class and she knew well the disposition and personal traits of character of each of these forty young charges whom she was training for higher things; for each to realize that he was in life to save his immortal soul. Good citizenship and all that goes with it would come as a natural sequence, if she could bring home to her pupils that God and the value of the immortal soul were the first and most important lessons to be learned in life.

Sister Columba had met Mrs.

Corey several times. If she had thoughts about Mrs. Corey, she charitably kept them to herself. Miss Hicks, in the Pebley Select Private Grammar School, had rather decided thoughts about Mrs. Corey and the wilful, stubborn disposition of Jimmy Corey, and she had not concealed her thoughts.

"He is a spoiled, rowdyish child, and you should know it by now," Miss Hicks had snapped in no uncertain tones.

Mrs. Corey had risen in a state of indignation.

"I will take my child away from your crude association. You evidently do not know who James's father is. My husband is John Corey, the managing editor of *The Evening Express*."

Miss Hicks did not collapse at the impressive thrust. She rose to heights unsuspected by Mrs. Corey. Her retort was quick and stung her visitor to speechless astonishment.

"Children sometimes take after their mother, and this would seem to be another case to prove the fact."

That was how Jimmy Corey came to be in Sister Columba's class in St. Mary's school, and why he now found sympathy from his mother for his outraged feelings, because he was caught playing truant.

"AW, Sister Columba don't let you have any fun. She treats us like a pack of girls. 'Butch' and I didn't do anything but stay out of class. Why doesn't she punish us by standing us in front of the class where we can make faces at her. She don't know how to get discipline. She just looks at you, like you were a skunk or something, and, when you say 'I didn't do that', she won't argue with you. She just smiles and then you don't know what she is going to do. Sisters don't know how to teach boys, anyhow."

"It is because they don't know pedagogy," Mrs. Corey added contemptuously.

MR. John Corey did not prove to be as sympathetic as his wife had been. His life had been an uphill fight, from the days of childhood and of growing manhood, down on the South Side back of the freight yards. He could remember his own struggling, turbulent school days of more ancient, but none the less effective pedagogical methods, when the blackboard pointer had been used both to maintain discipline and to point out some complicated fraction on the old, cracked plaster wall, painted black. He was a man of keen mind and was recognized as such by his associates, and it was that keenness of mind that carried him up the ladder of success and had permitted him to buy a palatial home among the exclusive social group on Linden Avenue. John Corey had never been changed, as his wife had been, by his move to Linden Avenue. He had always been a man of sound judgment, though he still preserved much of the rugged exterior that dated back to school days on the old South Side. No one could say that John Corey could not hold his own either mentally or socially with his neighbors. Lately he had been worried. His conscience had been troubling him. Manlike, he had left the management of the home and of the children to his wife. Mrs. Corey had insisted that Jimmy should go to the Pebley Select Private Grammar School, when they had moved to Linden Avenue.

"What's the matter with the parochial school?" Mr. Corey had asked rather bluntly.

"Now, John, our child must be taught where modern pedagogy prevails. What do Sisters know of such?"

"A darn sight more than these young flapper teachers in Pebley

School, who are teaching with one eye and looking with the other for a husband or, if they are not that, then some dried up spinster, sour at life because she never found a husband."

"Jimmy is going to Pebley, to meet the children of only select families."

John Corey grunted his disapproval.

"BUTCH" AND HE HAD DELIBERATELY PLAYED TRUANT. . . . AND HAD GONE SWIMMING IN WILLOW CREEK

"Why not say he is going to meet fifty young social snobs, each one of whom has been sent there to meet forty-nine like himself? I don't like this thing. A Catholic parent has an obligation to look after the religious training of a child and you're trying to dodge that responsibility."

John Corey yielded only when his wife promised personally to give Jimmy the needed religious instruction; but even then he did not feel satisfied. It was with a sigh of relief that he heard of his wife's encounter with Miss Hicks and of the latter's lack of pedagogical methods and of Jimmy's withdrawal from the Pebley Select Private Grammar School.

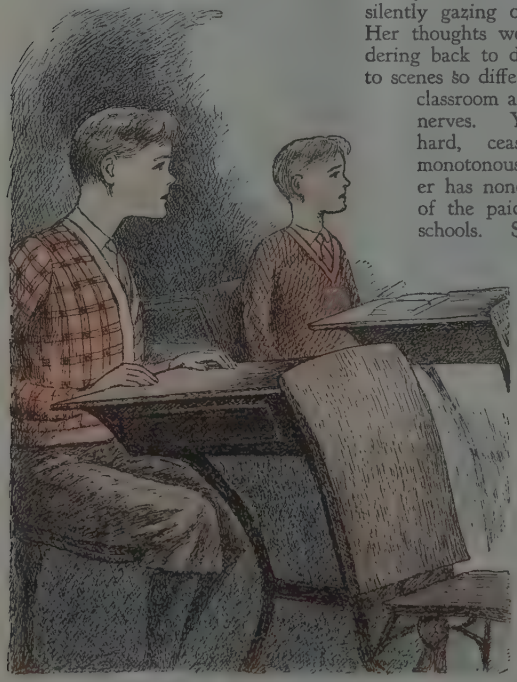
Jimmy had entered St. Mary's parochial school and now, to John Corey's disgust, he found Sister Columba's pedagogical methods being criticized by his wife. He was too keen-minded not to realize that Jimmy's teacher was trained in schoolwork. No one but the most skilful of teachers could hold forty restless boys in check, without rod or violence or frequent punishment, and keep them at their books. He was interested in this Sister Columba. If Jimmy was in trouble, then the boy must be to blame. He would see this thing to the end. He would not be like many foolish parents who send their children to the parochial school

and then believe their duty to God is ended. He knew from his catechism that God's first object in instituting the sacred state of marriage is that children might be brought into the world and educated for Heaven. That obligation of a spiritual training cannot be shifted to others. His common sense taught him that the cream of Catholic girlhood give up the material pleasures of the world and consecrate themselves to God, not to assume the responsibilities of parents, but to aid them in their duty to God. Catholic instinct taught him that if this Sister was assisting him and his wife to fulfil their obligation, she should receive assistance and thankfulness, and not carping criticism. Sister Columba would receive both as far as he was concerned, and if his wife failed in the first principles of common sense, it was time for him, as father of the family, to show his hand. He doubted if Mrs. Corey knew what pedagogy meant.

"Let's have no more talk about this case," he remarked firmly. "I will call upon Sister Columba. And you, young man, get down to your books or I'll give you the pedagogy that old Doctor Brooks gave us — a walloping."

* * *

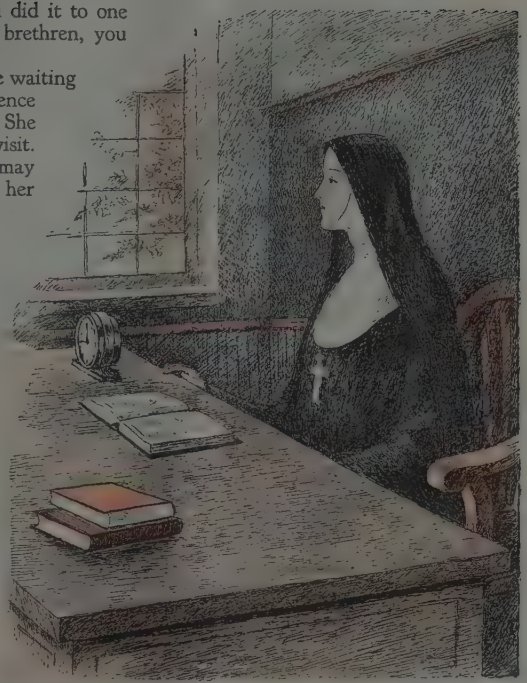
WEARIED and tired, Sister Columba had dismissed her class at three o'clock. There was a mist in her eyes. For some minutes she sat silently gazing out of the window. Her thoughts were far away, wandering back to days of comfort and to scenes so different from this bleak classroom and its strain on taut nerves. Yes, the work was hard, ceaselessly hard and monotonous. A religious teacher has none of the distractions of the paid teacher in outside schools. She is up at daybreak, then — ah, yes, then there is the consolation of her meditation, and Holy Mass, with Christ in Communion, to strengthen her for the long day's toil and strain. It is for Him, for love of Him she toils and for the salvation of souls dear to Him. Sister Columba smiled as she remembered the text of her morning meditation:



"SHE TREATS US LIKE A PACK OF GIRLS"

"As long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me."

Yes, He would be waiting for her in the silence of the chapel. She would pay Him a visit. Catholic parents may be ungrateful for her work, but He would understand and, at her request, would come spiritually, as He had come this morning Sacramentally, into her soul, to strengthen, to encourage and to cheer her until the *De Profundis* bell would ring that night and she would climb the steps to the little dormitory, there to fall asleep with the Name of Jesus on her lips.



HER EYES SEEMED TO LOOK STRAIGHT THROUGH HIM

The next morning at 8:30 A. M., John Corey stood in the little convent parlor with Mrs. Corey and Jimmy. Mrs. Corey was nervous and Jimmy was decidedly so. Mrs. Corey had her little speech all prepared. She would first impress this Sister Columba with her social importance, then she would make it clear that, if Sisters only knew pedagogy, they would understand her child.

The scrupulously neat room, with polished floor and simple furniture was impressive. John Corey knew that there were no servants in the little convent building. These gentle, hard-working Sisters, after their long hours in the classroom, had other duties to perform, spiritual duties and the care of their home. A deep respect for them was entering his soul. A beautiful picture of the Christ Child looked down upon that group awaiting Sister Columba. To him it typified the work of the Sisters, their care for the spiritual training of Catholic children. That face of the Christ Child made Mrs. Corey still more nervous.

There was a step in the corridor and a Sister stood in the doorway. She was young and the gentle, classical refinement of her features impressed the business manager of *The Evening Express*. Her eyes were what caught his attention, for they were smiling eyes of blue. When she

saw her visitors, her eyes seemed to change, the classical face took on a serious look, the shoulders straightened and there was a calmness, a dignity in the bearing of that figure that came not alone from convent training but from family breeding. It impressed this experienced man of the world. John Corey knew this Sister Columba was no ordinary young woman. Her poise was of the highest social class. The dignity of that poise struck him as familiar; the calm look of those blue eyes suddenly and unexpectedly brought back another face to him.

"Sister Columba, I have come——"

Mrs. Corey's voice was sharp and cutting, as it broke the silence; but her words were hushed by a commanding gesture from her husband.

"Sister Columba," and Jimmy's father was looking with astonishment into those calm, masterful eyes, "I would recognize you from your father, if I met you a thousand miles from here. You have his eyes, his dignity, his poise. I did not know that you were here."

Sister Columba's blue eyes softened; a mist seemed to come before them.

"Did you know him — my wonderful father?"

"Yes, and loved him. Your father, Judge Eldridge, befriended me as a boy, and today I am the business manager of the paper he owned and loved. I worked for him when you were a young girl, long before you took the highest honors at college and won your Master's degree in pedagogy."

John Corey looked at his wife who stood as though petrified.

"That was before your father dreamt that you would leave your luxurious home and all, to teach my unruly boy and thirty-nine others the path to Heaven."

Mrs. Corey's mouth was sagging; her eyes were bulging. She had often heard her husband speak of the intellectually and socially brilliant daughter of Judge Eldridge — and this remarkable young woman was Jimmy's teacher! She was speechless. It had been in connection with Grace Eldridge's high honors that she had first heard that awesome word *pedagogy*, and Jimmy's teacher held a degree as Master of the art, and yet she, a mere ignorant woman, had criticized this learned young nun.

"Sister, I wish to tell you that you will not have to punish my Jimmy and Edward, alias 'Butch' Burke. I will take care of Jimmy, and Mr. Burke is the foreman in my press-room and a lover of your father's memory. His hands are harder from toil than mine."

Sister Columba's eyes looked tenderly at Jimmy.

"For my father's memory do not ——"

"No, we will not kill them; but for his memory and your own sacrifices for God, you will know hereafter that there will be two parents who will realize their responsibility in assisting you to lead the souls of the young to God," and looking at Mrs. Corey he added: "by modern pedagogical methods."

A sacred obligation rests on Catholic parents to give their boys and girls a thorough Catholic education. All who can afford it should send their children to High School and College, and they should choose Catholic schools. Consult the list of schools and colleges in our advertising pages.

"For Thy Name's Sake, O Lord"

The sins of my youth and my ignorances do not remember. According to Thy mercy remember Thou me; for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord. . . . For Thy Name's sake, O Lord, Thou wilt pardon my sin; for it is great.

Psalm xxiv, 7, 11.

FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.

THERE is one way in which we can show our confidence in God, and show it most neededly. When we have been trying very hard to serve Him, it is not so hard for us to feel certain that He will be willing to listen to our prayers and will hearken to our cries. But when we have sinned grievously against His holy law, then we may find that it is very hard to have strong confidence that He will heed us if and when we cry. And that, too, is rather natural. When as children we had been impudent and rebellious, when we had stamped our wilful feet, then we were not so sure that mother or father would forgive.

THUS with our proneness to carry the ways of man with man over into the way of God with man, we find it hard to realize that God will most readily forgive us our sins, even when they have been heinous. Yet that is because we do not know God. Our sins are great and our ignorances many. But it is not because of any worth in us that we must ask of God their forgiveness. So to ask would be supremest folly. Our petty meannesses are no claim to kindness; our graver sins no motive for mercy; nor our ingratitude a reason for clemency. Not in the least. Is then our case hopeless, when we have sinned?

No, there are motives which will move even the outraged justice of God; there are claims we have on Him which He will not disavow. "According to Thy mercy remember Thou me." I ask God not to remember the times I have fallen, but to remember me according to His mercy. Not for the evil I have done nor for the bad that is in me, but for the sake of infinite holiness itself, I ask Him to "whiten me and cleanse my heart, that, cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb, I may enjoy eternal bliss." Yes, and once again with the Psalmist — "For Thy Name's sake, O Lord, Thou wilt pardon my sin: for it is great." Strange prayer — "*for it is great.*" That is no reason why it should be forgiven, but it is a reason why we ask it "for Thy Name's sake."

The greater our sin, the less our claim on God because of any worth of our own, but the greater our need to call upon His infinite mercy. "Abyss calleth upon abyss," yes, the abyss of our sinfulness calls upon the abyss of God's mercy and if only our cry will echo and reecho therein, the Heart of God will be stirred and we shall be cleansed of our sins and shall be washed white in the Blood of the Lamb.

O dear Lord, at times when I really try to serve You, I find it easy to come and ask forgiveness for my sins. And you know why I childishly find it easy. But when I have been grossly negligent in what I know You want, and when, far worse, I have sinned against Your law grievously, then it is I find it hard to cry for mercy. But let me not be foolish, Lord, but let me pray as the Psalmist did. Teach me to beg Your mercy; to call upon Your goodness; and to cry to You for pardon for Your own Name's sake

NAN COOPER was house-cleaning. Nan hated the task. Nevertheless she was pursuing it with relentless energy, for she was a thorough-going person with a strong sense of duty. Nan was in the attic, taking things out, looking them over, putting them away again. For all the years of her married life Nan had done this regularly every spring and fall, and would probably keep on doing it. She was that kind of person — but that's the story.

Nan took down a paper carton from the shelf. It was full of curtain fixtures, wooden rings, old wooden knobs, brackets and what not. Always had Nan taken them down, dusted them off.

"They might come in handy some day; you never can tell," Nan would say as she put them back.

There was her old, blue, silk suit.

"The *skirt* is good," she reflected, tentatively. "If I could match the color, I could get something for a top and make a dress like that one I saw last week."

So she folded it up and put it back in the trunk once more.

There was a pile of glass plates.

"I'll take them downstairs and wash them," she thought automatically. "If we ever give a big party, they will come in handy."

THERE was a chair which needed upholstering, a brass easel which *might* be turned into a bridge lamp, a muff that could be made into a choker — odds and ends that everybody packs away in an attic, if there is one to pack them in.

And, oh yes; there was a clock. Nan came to that last. It was of solid walnut and had belonged to her

great-uncle. When Nan was a child, she had always loved to go to Uncle John's house and listen to the tick of his clock. So Uncle John had left her the clock, when he died. But it was out of order, had been out of order for years; that was why it was in the attic. Nan meant to have it overhauled some day, as she meant to have the lamp made and the choker out of the muff — when she could spare the money.

"I wonder," Nan mused, "if the thing still ticks."

She shoved it over near the window. It was all she could do to manage it. She opened the glass door, reached in and gave the pendulum an energetic swing. It went. At least, it went for a while, for the space of time that Nan stood there looking at it. It was worth looking at. It was a curious clock unlike any that Nan had ever seen elsewhere. Set above its face, luminous against the dark wood of its case, was a motto done in bold, gilt letters to catch the eye. It caught Nan's now.

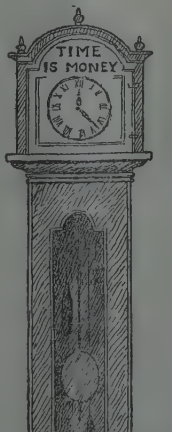
"Time," the motto announced, "is money". The sonorous ticking, started up for the first time in years, seemed to affirm it, reiterate it. "Time is money," it ticked, "*time* is money, time is *money*." Just like that, over and over again.

Nan had seen the clock, heard it all her life. But this was the first time she had ever been shut up in the attic with its solemn voice. The old clock seemed to know it and to take advantage of it. "Time," it admonished once more, "*is* money".

It was uncanny. Nan gave a start. It had taken her all the day to look the attic over, air things, pack them away properly, sweep the walls down and the floor and wash the windows. It was now four o'clock, St. Timothy's was striking the hour.

For the first time in Nan's life the glow of satisfaction which had always come to cheer her after such a siege, was lacking. For the first time in her eighteen years of orderly, systematic housekeeping she had a disquieting sense that what she had been doing was not worth doing. She looked around her, at the place made clean and tidy by the work of her hands, at the dusted boxes and trunks, full of things of no earthly use as they were.

"I wonder,"she said slowly to herself, "if it's worth while."



Just then the sun's rays fell across the clock and the motto, as if it saw one last chance to impress itself upon Nan's mind and did not mean to let it pass, leapt out at her with its "Time is money", while the pendulum ticked a last emphasis of the words and then fell still. In the dead silence Nan found herself doing a sum in arithmetic.

"Let's see," she calculated, rapidly. "I've been up here since nearly eight o'clock this morning, eight hours. At thirty cents an hour, and my time is certainly worth as much as the washerwoman's, I've spent two dollars and a half's worth of time up here. Doing what? Preserving a room full of *trash* from mice and moths!"

Nan closed and darkened the attic rather out

of sorts with herself. That night her husband came home to dinner in good spirits. As he had to go out on some business, he and she sat down without waiting for Dorothy.

"Nan," he said, when they were at table, "you remember my gathering some data for the Eagle Insurance; don't you? Well, they sent me a check for fifteen dollars today. It only took me four hours to get it together, too. I am going to get Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln* with some of it and give the rest to you and Dorothy."

SOMETHING inside of Nan, something she had not suspected the existence of, popped up like a little green devil out of a box. "Huh!" it exclaimed. "Fifteen dollars for *four* hours' work and you spent *eight* sorting trash. Fool!"

"What did you say?" George inquired anxiously.

Nan was always so enthusiastic about his getting the books he liked. She looked so — well, *funny*, now. Nan pulled herself together.

"Did I say anything? I did not mean to. At least, I meant to say how glad I am and all that."

Nan was talking abstractedly, her mind, in the meantime, doing a sum in proportion, eight hours is to four hours as two dollars and a half is to fifteen! The little green devil was spitting out his "Huh!'s" so energetically that Nan could hardly think for listening to him.

"You don't mind if I buy 'Lincoln', do you? Because if you do, if you want the whole fifteen for anything, I can wait," George told her generously.

Nan came to with a start.

"You old dear! Why, of course I don't mind. I am so glad you can get it, at last. I was thinking about something else; that's why I didn't say anything."

"About Dorothy, I bet!" George exclaimed. "Where do you suppose she is?"

"Don't get worked up, George. She's at Julie's. She'll drift in directly."

As it happened, Dorothy came in the door at that very moment.

"Where have you been? What time is this to be getting home from St. Catherine's? What kept you so long? Did you stop at the movies?"

George was so relieved to see her that he could not help fuming. Dorothy improved the time that it took her father to ask these questions by tossing off her coat and hat and sliding into her chair. She disposed of her obnoxious height by sitting on as much of her backbone as she could crumple up under her that way.

"Father!" she protested, when he came to a pause. "And you promised, last time I was late, to hear me out before you began to scold. 'Movies!' " she shrugged a skinny shoulder disdainfully. "I was putting in my time usefully at Julie's. Jule and I are making handkerchiefs."

Dorothy hated this accounting for every moment of her time away from home, as if she were a little girl.

"Handkerchiefs!" her father repeated, as if he found it hard to believe. "Who makes handkerchiefs in this day and generation?"

NAN felt it was time to come to Dorothy's rescue.

"Dot and Julie take absurd little pieces of chiffon and put bizarre things in their corners and do crazy things to their edges, silver scallops and such like, and call them handkerchiefs," she explained, her eyes twinkling.

"Well," Dorothy defended, "*girls* like them, even if older people do think they're silly. And we get fifty cents apiece for them. And we're going to donate the half of what we make to Sister Agnes for

books for the library and keep the rest for Christmas. There!"

By way of emphasis or proof Dot produced a sample from her sleeve and passed it over to her father. It was one she had spoiled. In his relief her father admired it extravagantly. When Dorothy was late he

That night, after George had gone and Dorothy was up in her room working away at Latin, Alice Medford dropped in unexpectedly. Alice and Nan were friends since their school-days. Alice had on a good-looking dress of blue and beige serge.

"My, you look nice!" Nan ex-

"I WONDER," NAN MUSED, "IF THE THING STILL TICKS"

was always afraid she was off somewhere learning to smoke.

"A nice, thrifty family," he remarked pleasantly. "Dot makes her own Christmas money; I pick up fifteen dollars extra," and he told his daughter about getting "Lincoln", at last.

The little green devil popped up unexpectedly again.

"Everybody," it seemed to sneer, "can put their spare time to use but you. You have more of it than either of them and you never picked up an extra dollar in your life. All *you* do is slave over your house!"

claimed, as she took her friend's hat and coat. "Got a new dress, I see."

"I'm glad you think so," Alice laughed. "This was my blue and beige cape; you remember it, I know. Margaret Zollers offered to rip it up and turn it into a dress; so I let her do it. Margaret has started up dressmaking since her husband died. Her friends ought to give her work."

"Well, she certainly made a good-looking dress out of it," Nan agreed, turning Alice around to inspect it. "If it had been *my* cape I would have tried to do it myself, and made a mess of it."

"That wouldn't have done Margaret any good," Alice said quietly. "Besides, in the time that I would have spent on it I got four school dresses out of the way for Mary. In addition to that I wore it to sewing at St. Vincent's this morning and got Margaret a customer, I hope."

"I would never have reasoned all that out," Nan responded. "I would just have worked and worked over the thing until I got it done, somehow."

"Go on, say what's in your mind," Alice laughed. "Say you don't see how I get time to go sew for the orphans, when I have three children of my own!"

"Well," Nan admitted, "I suppose I was thinking something like that. I never seem to get any time myself for anything but home duties."

"The trouble with you, Nancy, if you don't mind my telling you," Alice said anxiously, "is that you stay home *too* much. You don't get around enough among other women. You haven't the proper perspective on what we have to do nowadays to do our whole duty. You don't mind my saying this, do you? For instance, this thing about my dress. It's only a little thing, just an instance, but I wouldn't have thought of giving it to Margaret to do a year ago. Like you I would have tried to do it myself and spent time on it that I couldn't afford to spend. Since I've been trying to squeeze out time for the Alumnae activities I have found out that one can be extravagant with time, waste it doing things that other people ought to be paid to do, because they need the money. And all the time pat oneself on the back thinking how economical one is! It's a big question and I am just beginning to see light on it. To take my dress for an illustration once more, it cost me exactly what Margaret's time was worth, no more. Ten dollars, and it was cheap at that! I could not buy a dress like it for as much again. So, you see time is mon——"

"Don't say it," Nan laughed. "Everything has conspired, today, to rub in on me that time is money! First Uncle John's old clock up in the attic, then George and Dorothy and now, you."

"Well, it *is* money, you can't get away from it," Alice insisted. "And speaking of money, I came around to ask you if you want to give anything to St. Catherine's scholarship fund and if so how much and so on and so forth. I'm treasurer, you know, and I want to make as good a showing as possible for St. Catherine's, when I report at the conference."

NAN hesitated and Alice, sensing that it was not convenient, went on tactfully.

"It's purely voluntary, you know. But *I* feel and I know you feel that women like ourselves, with a Catholic education have a particular responsibility towards the scholarship fund. So if you find, upon thinking it over, that you *can* scrape up something for it I'll be mighty proud to put your name down." Alice paused a moment and then added, with a disarming smile: "I suppose you will put me out if on top of reading you a lecture and begging you for money I propose that you come to the conference with me Saturday morning? You've never gone, you know."

"Saturday!" Nan ejaculated. "Why, I always make cake on Saturday morning and go to market. I don't see how I could leave things on *Saturday*."

"Nan, you talk like a mid-Victorian. Can't leave things on Saturday! What's to prevent Dorothy from making cake for once? Isn't she seventeen? My twins have volunteered to straighten up and have lunch ready for their father when he gets home for the day at one, while

Mary is going to make the beds before she goes to her music lesson. All three of them are enthusiastic about helping out. It won't hurt the boys to get lunch ready for once. They're thirteen. It's good for children to have some responsibilities. Their father will take charge of them once he gets home."

"But I had intended doing some more house-cleaning Saturday, after I got in from market. I wanted to get at the bureau drawers, so that I could start in upstairs on Monday morning."

"Nan, I feel like shaking you! Bureau drawers, when it's a question of the Alumnae annual conference! I could say a lot, but all I am going to say is, come to the conference Saturday morning and find out how other women manage to squeeze out time to help and you will never again want to use up a morning doing something you could do in odd moments. Like bureau drawers!"

"NAN, I FEEL LIKE SHAKING YOU!"

Nan was ashamed to refuse after that. She left the house, Saturday morning, however, with a guilty feeling. True, she had written out the recipe for cup cake carefully, so that Dorothy would not have any trouble; she had made soup and pie the day before, so that there would be a good lunch for George when he got home; Dorothy herself was elated at the thought of being left in charge for the first time.

Habit, however, is powerful. Nan could not help feeling that she had no right to be walking along the street towards a hotel at nine o'clock on a Saturday morning intending to sit there, listening to speeches, until noon. There seemed to be something positively *lazy* about it.

Once the conference began, however, Nan's sense of guilt began to undergo a change — of location. It transferred itself to the years she had spent since she had graduated from St. Catherine's, years that she had lived exactly as if her education were a personal possession to be used only in the interest of herself and her husband and daughter. As the morning advanced she realized, had it forced on her, that what Alice had said was true. She had *not* had the right perspective about her life.

These other women with just as much to do at home and possibly more than she had ever had, found time to sew for the orphans, take parochial school children to clinics, do Braille work for the blind, Big Sister work, keep an eye on legislation that was inimical to morality and the interests of the Church, collect books for libraries, money for laboratories, so that their Catholic high schools could become accredited, money for scholarships and other funds, besides other activities, all necessary and useful. It was amazing.

It was the last speaker at the conference who brought Nan's feelings and thoughts to a focus. He was a priest, editor of a Catholic magazine widely known. He had organized the Big Sister movement and was asking for more volunteers in it.

"It will take your time, if you offer," he told the Alumnae. "Time and money; time more than money. Some of you have money. Give that. Some of you have time. Give that. You will get discouraged and fatigued, often and often. But I know of nothing more exhilarating than to be fatigued for Christ. When I ask you to offer yourselves for this work, I ask you to sacrifice yourselves, give up some of the things you like to do, that are not worth doing, after all, and do something worth while: help to save a fellow-woman's soul. Some of you have daughters of your own. Put them in the place where these girls stand, that I am asking you to help. Imagine, if you can, one of your own daughters with the first wrong step marked against her by society, homeless, friendless, penniless, even, sometimes, needing more than anything else in the world some woman to take her under her protection, advise her, save her to herself and society. Are you going to continue just to keep house beautifully, keep up with social duties, find time to put initials on your linens and embroidery on your clothes and find no time to save these young souls for Christ? Think, if it were your own daughter!"

HIS talk ended the morning session, which was a good thing as far as Nan's feelings were concerned. She could not have stood much more. She and Alice strolled out together towards the blue room where luncheon was to be served, greeting old acquaintances as they moved along. One of those that they ran into was Lucile Browne. Lucile had graduated with Alice and Nan and had been married in her graduating dress the next week, or graduated in her wedding dress, whichever way you want to put it. Lucile's eldest daughter, Lucy, was now about to be married, Lucile told them happily. She had married well herself, and was going to give her daughter an expensive wedding. After describing the arrangements and the dresses the bride and bridesmaids were to wear Lucile added:

"LUCY has one unsatisfied wish. I do not know how to get it fulfilled for her. She wants a wedding veil like one she read about, made of scraps of family lace sewed on the ends of the veil. Her grandmother Browne left her some beautiful pieces of lace and I have some left from my wedding dress, besides a handkerchief that Sue brought her from Paris. But I don't know how it's done, never saw a veil like that. Do you suppose they would do it at some convent or other. It sounds so silly that I am ashamed to go around asking. Maybe you can tell me somebody who would do it, Nancy. You always were interested in old things. I'd cheerfully pay twenty-five dollars to anybody who would undertake to do it."

"I'll do it for twenty-five dollars," Nan offered instantly. "I know how it's done. My great-aunt's wedding veil was made that way; it's up in my attic this minute, I can copy it. You cut things in two so both sides are alike, handkerchiefs, ruffles and things like that. And save the finest piece for the head. Tell Lucy to bring me all her lace, every single scrap of it, and we'll talk it over. If she is not afraid to have me cut it, I am not afraid to undertake it. When is the wedding?"

"Next month."

"Plenty of time, then."

"A bargain!" Mrs. Browne said

happily, as they parted to go to their respective tables. The moment they were alone Nan turned to Alice.

"Put me down for twenty dollars on your list, quick, so you can report that much more pledged this afternoon. I want the five for something else."

"You're a brick, Nan, to do that for the fund. How did you ever come to think of offering? I'd be scared to death to touch anybody's precious old lace."

"I guess I would, too, if I hadn't happened to examine Aunt Nancy's veil the other day when I was cleaning out the attic, the day you inveigled me into coming here."

"Well, are you sorry?" Alice demanded.

"Sorry? I'll tell you what. I've been sitting all morning feeling more like a slacker every minute. That last talk, Father Carter's, hit me in the eye. I just *have* to do something after that. This money that I am promising is the easiest part of it. I've promised to give time, too. I sneaked up the moment Father Carter was through and handed in my name. I'm done being just a beautiful housekeeper. I've got a new complex, thanks to you. And to Uncle John's clock," Nan added, after a moment. "Time is money, money that we can spend on just ourselves or give away."

Reparation to the Sacred Heart

M. D. Forrest, M.S.C.

JESUS has loved men passionately, has yearned to be loved in return, but, alas, His ardent love is unknown, unrequited, disappointed, despised, outraged. The sweet accents of the expression of His sorrow in the Garden of Olives seem to have been wafted down through the ages by the Angel of the Agony, and to linger still on this redeemed world, as the fragrant incense which floated around the golden monstrance lingers in the church long after Benediction has ceased.

The words addressed by our Saviour to St. Margaret Mary may be described as an echo of that plaintive cry which escaped His lips on the eve of His Passion. After sixteen centuries of Sacramental silence, during which His Sacred Heart had throbbed, beneath the Eucharistic species, with unceasing love for men and the ceaseless desire to be loved in return, our Redeemer could keep silence no longer; for men had continued, during all those ages, to forget and even trample upon His love, yea, to fling back in His face His very gifts of love. His burning love impelled Him to draw aside the mysterious veil that shrouded Him from our gaze, to break the long kept silence of the Eucharist, and to proclaim to us, through a humble, saintly nun, a wondrous message, not a threat of Divine justice, but a message of love, of complaining love, thus to draw unto Himself, by a last effort of His unquenchable charity, the hearts of wayward men.

TO St. Margaret Mary, whom He chose as the apostle of devotion to His Sacred Heart, our Lord appeared as she knelt in adoring love in the chapel of Paray-le-Monial. To her He showed His Heart enveloped in flames, surmounted by a cross, encircled with thorns, and pierced by a deep wound. As the saintly nun gazed in wonderment upon that mysterious vision, the God of the Eucharist thus addressed her:

"Behold this Heart that has loved men so much that It has exhausted Itself, while I receive, for the most part, nothing in return but the coldness, indifference, sacrilege, and contempt which they offer Me, especially in the Sacrament of My love. . . . That men are so ungrateful to Me pains Me more than all the sufferings of My Passion. If men would only requite My love for them, I would consider as nothing all that I have hitherto suffered, and would be willing to undergo still greater torments were that possible. But, alas, My love and My liberality find in them only cold and ungrateful hearts. And what pains Me more deeply is that amongst these are hearts consecrated to Me."

That is the burden of the plaintive message given us, through St. Margaret Mary, by our Sacramental Lord. Jesus then begged especially the love of reparation from faithful hearts.

Yes, it is in our power, through God's grace, to make reparation or compensation to our Saviour for the treatment He receives from cold, ungrateful, sinful men.

REPARATION! All that I have hitherto written has been for the single purpose of leading you on to that culminating act in devotion to the Sacred Heart. Reparation is the fairest flower that blossoms in the garden of this devotion; it is the brightest gem in the golden crown of this Heavenly practice; it is the most soothing beverage that we can offer our thirsting Redeemer.

Reparation means an increasing or intensifying of our love for Jesus. Love is denied Him by others; therefore we shall love Him all the more. We would wish to give our Saviour not only the love that we owe Him, but also the love that is refused Him by others. The fact that so many heedless souls fail to love Jesus forms, as it were, new fuel for our love, a new motive for love, and love arising from this motive is known as reparatory love or reparation.

OUR Lord is forgotten and neglected in the tabernacle; therefore we shall be all the more assiduous in visiting Him, to make compensation for that coldness. Jesus is neglected in the adorable Sacrifice; hence we shall frequently, daily if possible, assist at Holy Mass in order to repair that neglect. The sweet invitation of our Sacramental Lover to come and receive Him remains unheeded by many; for that reason we shall frequently, even daily, receive Him lovingly, thus to make amends for such indifference. In this cold world we shall offer our Saviour grateful, affectionate, compassionate hearts as an abiding resting-place.

In our room we shall place a picture of the Sacred Heart, and every morning we shall kneel before that image and fervently make the *Morning Offering* by which we offer the Heart of Jesus all our thoughts, words, actions, and sufferings of the day as so many expressions of loving atonement.

Not only as individuals, but as families also, shall we practise this sublime devotion. In every truly Catholic home a statue or a large picture of the Sacred Heart should be placed in a conspicuous place, and every night the entire family — father, mother, and children — should kneel before that image and silently consider for a few minutes what that sacred symbol teaches. The Heart will speak of our Saviour's limitless love for us; the flames will recall the intense ardor of that love; the cross will remind us that all our Lord's bitter suffering was undergone for our sake; the thorns will speak with silent eloquence of our own sins and the sins of others, which pierce the Heart of Jesus; that deep wound will

symbolize a deeper wound, the invisible wound inflicted upon the love of Jesus by the sinful ingratitude of men.

Having meditated briefly on these teachings of the image of the Sacred Heart, all the family, taking Mary as their model and uniting with her, will offer a fervent Act of Reparation, which one member of the family will read aloud from some approved prayer-book.

THE perfect model of loving reparation is the Mother of Sorrows at the foot of the Cross, enfolding in her arms the lifeless body of her Divine Son. Thirty-three years before the Virgin Mother clasped to her throbbing heart her newborn Babe; now the scene is changed: the sorrow-stricken Mother holds in her arms the mangled body of her crucified Son. At Bethlehem Mary gazed with rapture into the Divine eyes of her Child, who reciprocated her glance of love and thrilled her with ecstasy; now those eyes are closed in the sleep of death. On the first Christmas morning the Divine Babe threw His arms around His Maiden Mother; now those arms are stiff and unresponsive. At Bethlehem the Infant God pillowed His head on the immaculate breast of His Mother; now that head is covered with blood and dust and crowned with thorns, while it rests on the lap of the Mother of Sorrows. In the midnight cave Mary felt the very throbbings of the Heart of her Child-God; now that Heart has ceased to beat and has given up its last drop of blood.

What a contrast between Bethlehem and Calvary! And yet Calvary does but intensify Mary's already immeasurable love. See how fondly the Mother of God clasps that lifeless body; how tenderly she kisses that silent face, and wipes away the blood and dust that disfigure it; how gently and compassionately she removes the thorns which pierce that sacred head; how lovingly she dresses the deep, gaping wound in the side of Jesus. And oh, see how sweetly those tears trickle down her cheeks to fall upon the pale, upturned face of her Divine Son as so many eloquently silent expressions of a Mother's unselfish sympathy. O Mary, Virgin Mother of Sorrows, broken-hearted on the hill of Calvary, inspire the hearts of us, thy children, with the true spirit of reparation towards the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

"HOW beautiful is reparation," wrote Father Faber, "and what a mystery that God allows so high a work to creatures so poor as we! As if we could build up His ruined glory, and raise temples out of ruins, we who are what we know ourselves to be, something so much worse than those who know us best could for a moment suspect. Reparation! The very thing for which He Himself exists in the Blessed Sacrament; for, if it had not been necessary He should come in humiliation to redeem us, it had not perhaps been necessary He should have hidden Himself in this lowest depth of secret, silent love. What is so full of heart as reparation, or more full of joy, even while we mourn? What is redemption but reparation? What else was Mary's compassion? What else was the earthly occupation of the Sacred Heart? And is it not its occupation in Heavenly glory, as well as in the mysterious Host this very hour?"

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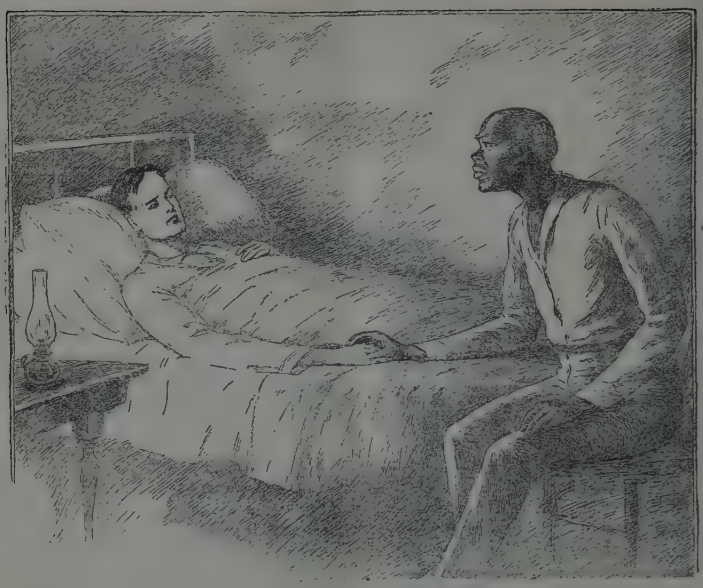


FELIX WAS STROKING HIS MASTER'S TREMBLING HAND

The Answer

VARA MACBETH JONES

A GRIM thought came to Arnold Hayden, as he lay in his bed in the big, immaculate hospital room the morning the staff of specialists met in final consultation. Now he knew exactly how the prisoner at the bar felt, while awaiting the jury's verdict that meant life or death to him. There must be the same gruelling period of waiting, just waiting, while a mocking pendulum of hope and fear swung off the agonizing moments.

He was alone. He had gotten rid of Miss Allen, his day "special", for the time being, by the flimsy excuse that he wanted to sleep. As for Felix, poor, old, black Felix, who had come to the hospital religiously every morning since his accident, he had not allowed him to linger. He preferred to face these tense hours in solitude, until he heard the verdict as to whether the surgeons would operate, which meant probable recovery, or whether he was to be definitely relegated to an invalid's chair, a broken, helpless thing.

And what that decision would be, he dared scarcely conjecture. His accident had been no trivial thing. His car had been completely demolished; his driver killed; his own injury had centered on a most vital spot, the spine. The medical men, from the beginning, had maintained their usual

non-committal manner. It would take some time to determine just what the outcome might be, they parried. His age, thirty-eight, was in his favor, most assuredly. And his constitution had always been superb. He must not worry.

SO there had followed the usual endless examinations and consultations, and tantalizing indefiniteness, and finally it had been decided to bring Doctor Brehm, the famous Viennese specialist who chanced to be in the States at the time, on from Rochester. The great man had come, and after weary months Arnold Hayden was to hear their final edict.

At the thought of all it implied, the man on the bed put a tense hand to his handsome, black head; his dark eyes grew sombre; the firm contour of his chin was suddenly shaken. But of course he was going to walk again. Of course! He had so much to live for!

He had told himself practically the same thing the very morning on which the accident had occurred. It had been his birthday; and, as though the fates were in their most propitious mood, that very same morning he had received the two letters that seemed to crown his years. Side by side they lay at his breakfast plate, where old Felix had carefully placed them. The one confirmed his appointment as second vice-president of the Sothern Trust Company; it bore the president, Myron Parker's own signature. The second, with its foreign postmark on heavily crested paper, told him that Marian Parker Leonard, his superior's daughter, had just been handed down her decree of divorce in Paris; and that they would be married, when she and her mother returned home.

Yes, those two letters meant much to Arnold Hayden: power, wealth, romance — everything he had ever dreamed of. He was a self-made man. Twenty years before he had come up to the big Southern city from the Eastern Shore, with a hundred dollars and old Felix, the remnant of his family's once vast possessions. His poverty had in no way been a detriment to his ambition, an ambition to conquer life that had absorbed him. Slowly but surely he steered his course toward his lodestar. He cultivated a talent for hard work and hard knocks. His charm of personality was backed by intelligence and perseverance.

Before long he became the protégé of Myron Parker, the "hardest-headed and hardest-hearted financier in the city", as many people labelled him. But to Arnold Hayden his employer stood without a flaw. He was a model; to serve him was a privilege; to become associated with him in an official capacity was indeed a veritable achievement.

And he achieved romance, too. Marian Parker Leonard had been, so it seemed to him from the very first, the embodiment of all his dreams. She was beautiful, cultured, fascinating — even when she was so far beyond him as the débutante daughter of the city's richest man and later, as bride of Dick Leonard, a young clubman of her own set. Nor did her interest and charm lessen in the throes of a separation from that husband, that later matured into divorce.

THERE had been a time when Richard Leonard, even if relegated to that limbo of forgotten mates, Paris, would have been an obstacle to Arnold Hayden's courtship, for Arnold's Faith had been the ancient one that recognizes no dissolution of marriage because of broken marriage vows. That Faith, however, had not been allowed to interfere with Arnold Hayden's progress, whether in affairs of business, or affairs of the heart. He looked upon it now as a foolish tissue of dogma and ritual that

had served him in an ignorant past. He had thought only for the glorious years ahead, for position, for power, for Marian.

Before an hour had elapsed after reading those two letters, had come the crash, with the long weeks of suspense and suffering, both mental and physical. It would have been unbearable, had it not been for the sympathy of his friends and business associates, he told himself more than once. Myron Parker had taken time to come in person to his bedside. The Sothern Trust Company had kept a basket by his bedside filled with American Beauties. And Marian had cabled that she was coming to him, as soon as the ship could bear her homeward.

Thus, he had held on, hoping, fearing. And this morning, in the tense stillness of the immaculate room he lay waiting for the doctor's verdict. When he began to feel that he could not stand the suspense any longer, there came a tapping at the door. His nerves went taut. The doctors, at last! He scarcely recognized his own voice, when he bade them enter.

"HAS MARIAN COME HOME?"

The door opened. Miss Allen was in the foreground; at her shoulder Doctor Brehm, and Doctor Crown; middle-aged, professional, efficient. His piercing gaze was on their faces. Somehow, so it seemed to him afterward, he knew from the first what they were going to tell him. They might be wrapped in the impassive mantle of their profession. But somehow he knew.

Of course they hedged. Doctor Brehm felt that — well — it might be better not to operate right now. There were certain complications involved. Later, perhaps! Time alone would tell. There had been wonderful things accomplished in just such cases. But he must be patient ——

Long before they had finished, Arnold Hayden's hopes lay in ruins about him. But quietly he took their verdict; quietly he bade them "Good-day". Miss Allen insisted on being sanely cheerful. She called his attention to the beautiful sunlight peeping through the window. She re-assorted his flowers. She assured him soothingly that she was going to bring him "a nice, nice lunch." And all the time he lay with his face to the wall. Nor did he turn it, when again there came a light tapping at his door. After a short silence the handle turned, and an old figure stood there, black of skin, grizzled of hair, benign of countenance. Apathetically Arnold Hayden met the gaze of old Felix, his faithful servitor through the years. The darky bent a sympathetic head over the white face on the pillow.

"I thought you had gone long ago," his master told him.

The negro shook his head.

"I hope you will excuse me, Mistuh Arnold," he apologized; "but knowin' the gen'nlemen doctuhs was meetin' about you, suh, I couldn't go, nohow. So I been waitin' in a li'l room the Miss Nurse said I could stay in — an' she promised to tell me when it was ovuh."

His master smiled a bit grimly.

"Well, you know the verdict, Felix ——"

The aged servant put out a fumbling, black hand; stroked the slender, white one.

"Yes, suh, Mistuh Arnold, the Miss Nurse told we what the Mistuh Doctuhs said. But please, suh don't let that hurt you so much. Remember, you still got Somebody to turn to that is mo' powerful than all the doctuhs in the world, suh."

The man on the bed did not answer. Emboldened, the old fellow went on:

"Why, suh, just think of the miracles yo' mother, the li'l Missus, used to tell about. There's the shrines ovuh the seas — and at home, too. I ain't never forgot how she used to say — 'Faith works miracles!' You still got your prayers, Mistuh Arnold ——"

But Arnold Hayden was no longer even listening to the crooning tones of his old servant. He had closed his eyes. He was facing his future. He was to be a helpless cripple, a useless clod, asked to pin his hopes to the doctors' nebulous "Time will tell"!

"I can't stand it!" he was telling himself frantically. "Oh, why had this thing to happen to me?"

IN the days that followed, that bitter cry broke more than once from the consciousness of Arnold Hayden, as he lay in the quiet of his apartment where they had taken him after he left the hospital. Old Felix had wanted him to go "back home" as he pathetically called it. But for the time being the master had been adamant. He still held on, pitifully clinging to the city, and city life, as he had known it. He had a desperate feeling that he must keep his fingers on the pulse of affairs. True, he had sent his resignation to the head of the Sothern Trust Company immediately after the doctor's verdict; but down in his heart he had a faint, hidden hope that his illness might be looked upon by them as a temporary thing. He, himself, even began to grasp at the professional mens' words: "Time can work wonders."

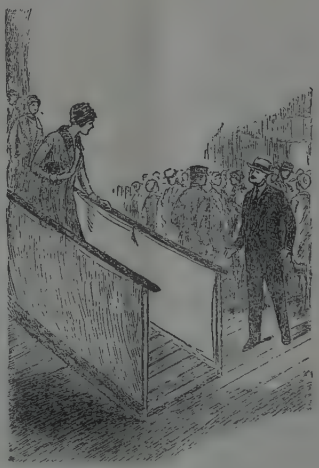
THEN there still was Marian. Nothing tangible could exist between them now. Still, she would be near him. The day he waited for Marian Parker's coming was almost as tensely nerve-racking as the day he waited for the specialist's decision. For hours and hours he had been ready. He had insisted on being placed in the new wheel-chair; he had his pipe beside him; an open book at his hand; he would not act the invalid. Finally there had come the soft echoes of the knocker. Old Felix ambled to the door. But the visitors were not Marian Parker and her mother. Myron Parker stood there. And again, as on that other dark day. Arnold Hayden sensed the purport of what was to follow.

"Has Marian come home?" he managed to question casually.

"My dear boy, she has," Marian Parker's father told him. "I met her at the boat. She wanted to come to you most urgently. But I persuaded her not to do so. This is a very, very painful moment for me, but we might as well face this situation frankly. It would not only be foolhardy for you and my daughter to consider yourselves bound in any way, while things are as they are; it is even better if for the time being you do not meet. I think you see the wisdom of this now. Later, perhaps!"

After that there was little to be said. Arnold Hayden was too numbed to know when his visitor left, too numbed to care when later there came a letter from the corporation kindly, but definitely, accepting his resignation from the board. The next week he allowed old Felix to have his way.

They went "home". But not to the big house on the Bay. Long before that had passed into the hands of strangers. It was to the remnant of the estate that was left the last of the Haydens, a tiny fishing-lodge far down on the inlet. It was a place of peace and quiet. Of beauty, too. The verdant foliage, the sandy sweep of shore, the rippling waters, the glistening sails against the horizon.



"I MET HER AT THE BOAT"

But there was none of this peace or beauty in the invalid's soul. Arnold Hayden never dreamed that mortal could have the capacity for the suffering he endured in the days that followed. Bitterness consumed him. Black rebellion held him. There came a day when he tried in a frenzy to master the sinister inertia that held him prisoner. For long hours he had been sitting silent in his chair, that chair that he hated. The stark reality of his helplessness had him in its unendurable grip. His harried gaze swept about him: the little, bare room of the lodge, the chair, his dangling, motionless limbs.

The agony of realization began to twist his features. Suddenly with frantic fingers he grasped the arms with powerful force and tried to raise himself. Whispers — "I want to walk! I want to walk!" — came between shuddering gasps as he strained and fought against the inexorable force that held him prisoner. Then a futile sob broke from his lips. Why, why, had this thing happened to him? He turned, to find poor, old Felix, with streaming eyes, staring at him from the doorway.

He had no one with him in these dark days but Felix. Nor did he want outsiders. It was his insistent command that no one in the surrounding countryside be told that he was at the lodge. If visitors came unawares, he refused to see them. His isolation was complete. His servant had pleaded but for one visitor. That was Father Logan, the pastor from St. Mary's, several miles beyond the inlet. But Arnold Hayden would not consent.

It was in the throes of his darkest mood that Arnold Hayden sat one evening on the porch of the lodge, staring across the bay. A full year had rolled around since his accident. Again it was his birthday. He wished that he might never live to see another. Then the thought came to him to end it all.

After the first acceptance of that thought, he began to plan quickly.

There were his sleeping powders. How easy it would be to take an overdose! And that very night!

He must get Felix out of the way. The old servant never left him save to row the five miles across the inlet to Mass at St. Mary's. During the last week, since a mission was going on there, he had attended a few of the evening sermons. He would prevail upon him to attend the mission this evening. But Felix seemed less inclined than ever to leave the lodge.

FINALLY, after the old darky had seen him safely in his bed, reading lamp and book at hand, everything made as comfortable for him as the tender, old, black hands could manage, Felix did leave him to himself. For a time after the servant's departure he lay motionless. Then he raised himself slowly and turned up the flame in the little reading-lamp. There was no hesitancy in his manner. With steady hand he partly filled a glass with water, secured the box of powders. Composedly he dropped the contents, one after another, into the water.

He raised the glass to his lips. And then, with startling clearness, out of the very air there suddenly came a voice, filling the room's emptiness:

"Sometimes the body, in its arrogance and strength and power, becomes a prison for the soul, stifles it in darkness, blinds it to the light, becomes a veritable tomb in which the spirit is finally destroyed. When this happens, at times our Heavenly Father, in His Divine wisdom, strikes down that body, so the soul may live ——"

Petrified, Arnold Hayden gave a gasp, and the glass went crashing to the floor. The next moment there was a hurried step, and old Felix came hobbling into the room. He had not left the lodge, despite the master's orders.

"Mistuh Arnold, please suh! Did it scare you, suh?" he begged.

The man on the bed was white, shaking.

"What? Who?" he questioned.

The colored man kept shaking an apologetic head.

"Oh, suh, maybe you will think me an ol' fool — but I only meant it for a li'l birthday surprise. It's a radio, suh, here in the hall right by your door. I brought it ovuh from town this morning."

Felix was stroking his master's trembling hand.

"You see, suh, ovuh at the mission they said last week how one of the priests was goin' to broadcast talks to the shut-ins and sick of the countryside every night. So I wanted you to hear him, suh — and I told him about you, and asked him if he won't please say something special like to help you bear your cross, suh."

The man on the bed did not answer. He was still pale and trembling. He still could hear those words:

"Sometimes the body, in its arrogance and strength and power, becomes a prison for the soul ——"

In a blinding flash there had come to him a revelation. Had not that been the way with him? Had not his spirit indeed been stifling under a load of worldly aims and ambitions? Had he not come to the point where, with his own hand, he was literally destroying his soul? Might it not be that God, in His Divine wisdom, had indeed forced his body to stand aside, so that his soul might live?

The old darky was patiently clearing away the broken glass.

"You ain't cross at me, Mistuh Arnold?" he begged. "Maybe, suh, I should a' told you — or fixed it for some other time?"

Arnold Hayden shook his head.

"No, I am not angry with you, Felix. And I think it came just at the right moment," he said quietly.

Interests of the Sacred Heart

The Pope's Encyclical We hope that all of our readers made sure to obtain copies of the Holy Father's beautiful Encyclical on the common obligation of all the faithful to make reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The abstract published in our July number from the reports in the secular press was laudably accurate. A translation of the whole Encyclical was sent out, together with the Act of Reparation, by the N. C. W. C. News Service and appeared in many diocesan weeklies before the Feast of the Sacred Heart. It was also reprinted in "The Catholic Mind", published by the America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Among the letters urging the priests to celebrate the Feast with great solemnity, the comment of the Archbishop of Baltimore was especially noteworthy. "In every line of that great document," His Grace writes, "there is felt a burning love for Jesus Christ, a profoundly sad realization of the evils of our day and of the growing neglect of the interests of the Divine Saviour of the world. It is a fervent appeal to all mankind to return to Christ; it is a call to His children throughout the world to intensify their love for Christ by consecrating themselves anew to His Sacred Heart and particularly by making acts of reparation for the sins and offences committed against the law and the love of the Son of God."

The Archbishop ordered the Encyclical to be read publicly in all the churches "with care and deliberation" and the Act of Reparation to be read after all the Masses on the Feast and at Benediction. The people were urged to receive Holy Communion on that day, as a tribute of reparation. Particular mention was made of reparation for American indifference to the Mexican persecution.

The Holy Hour Our Holy Father notes in his Encyclical that our Divine Lord recommended to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque two special practices of reparation, Holy Communion and the "Holy Hour". Both are familiar to all Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer. Every Communion of Reparation wins for them a Plenary Indulgence. Every week they may also gain a Plenary Indulgence for making the "Holy Hour". By mistake the translator of the Encyclical introduced the words "before the Blessed Sacrament " into the version sent out. These words are not in the original Latin of the Encyclical.

The "Holy Hour", as taught by our Lord is an exercise of reparation and can be made at home or in any suitable place. It is not a Eucharistic devotion. It is made privately between 2 p. m. on Thursday and Friday morning by spending an hour in any kind of prayer or pious exercise in union with our Lord in His Agony in the Garden. In League Centres where it is made publicly the Reverend Director has authority to assign any hour on any day of the week. Usually the permission is obtained from the Bishop to have the Blessed Sacrament exposed during this public hour. Thus it becomes also an hour of adoration and of special reparation to our Eucharistic Lord. But its relation with the Agony of our Lord ought always to be borne in mind.

The Shrine at Auriesville Forty miles west of Albany near a station on the West Shore Railroad is the site where the Jesuit Martyrs, Blessed Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and John Lalande were put to death. During the summer months Mass is said daily at the simple Shrine which has been erected under the invocation of our Lady of Martyrs. On almost every Sunday large bands of pilgrims come from the neighboring cities and even from such distant points as Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia. It is hoped that when the Martyrs are better known a worthy basilica will be erected on this sacred soil. The Shrine in the beautiful Mohawk valley is under the care of Father Francis X. A. Byrne, S.J., who will gladly give all information about the dates of pilgrimages and arrangements for accommodations near the Shrine. Address: Auriesville, Fultonville, P. O., New York.

Retreats for the Laity Opportunities for our layfolk, both men and women, to go away for a retreat of a few days are offered so abundantly near our larger cities today that it is impossible for us to list them. Men and women who wish to make such a retreat should consult the announcements in the diocesan weekly or write to the papers for information. Such a retreat has often been the turning-point in a man's life. From being sluggish Catholics they have become fervent and devoted, fired with love of the Sacred Heart and with zeal to extend Christ's Kingdom on earth. Some years ago a retreatant, on returning home said to his wife: "Now I have begun to be a Catholic. I never understood my religion before." We urge all of our readers to get into touch with some house of retreats and to take part in this movement that is so important a factor in developing the Catholic spirit. Every Council of the Knights of Columbus should offer its members the chance to make such a retreat.

Sacred Heart Devotion in Dutch East Indies On May 8 at Langgoer, on the Kei Islands a large outdoor statue of the Sacred Heart was blessed by Mgr. Aerts to commemorate the fact that twenty-five years ago the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart took over the spiritual care of the Eastern Islands of the Dutch Archipelago. Deputies from all the islands had gathered. The missions contain 25,000 Christians with 110 churches and chapels served by 27 priests, 25 lay Brothers and 17 Sisters. Progress has been retarded by the Government regulations, forbidding the work of two different churches within the same district.

Carmelites in China A new monastery of cloistered Carmelites has recently been opened in Central China. It is in the city of Kashing, in the interior of Chekiang. This is the second Carmelite convent in China. The first was opened at Zikawei near Shanghai in 1869. This first community contains French, English and Portuguese Sisters but a preponderance of Chinese.

New Irish Weekly During May there appeared in Dublin the first number of the "Standard", a new weekly newspaper, issued with a cordial God-speed from the members of the Irish hierarchy. The paper aims at "giving voice to Catholic opinion, defending Catholic interests, fostering Catholic culture and tradition and focussing the Catholic spirit of the lesser and the greater Ireland." The price per copy is twopence. No doubt many in the United States will subscribe for this new paper.

Irish Christian Brothers Honored According to an account in "The Tablet" (London, June 2) the Senate of the National University of Ireland decided towards the end of May to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) on two prominent educational workers in the ranks of the Christian Brothers of Ireland, Brother Patrick Jerome Hennessy and Brother John Aloysius O'Mahony. The former is Superior General of the Congregation. Both Brothers are brilliant men and linguists of a high order. All Ireland is pleased with the wisdom of the Senate's judgment.

Mission Exhibition On May 1, 1929, Exhibitions will open at Seville and at Barcelona, Spain. In connection with the latter it is planned to have an exhibit of Catholic missions that will be second only to the great Vatican exhibit in 1925. There will be a special Palace of Missions, under the care of a committee, organized by twenty-three Institutes of Regular and secular priests. The whole mission field will be represented, but especially where Spaniards are active. Their fields are in every part of the world, including Africa, China, India, the East Indies and Oceania. The exhibits from South America will be particularly interesting.

Sacred Heart Badges should be obtained from the Reverend Director or the Secretary of the parish or other Local Centre in which Associates are enrolled. Those who are near no Local Centre may obtain them from the National Office. Send five cents for each Badge.

Subscribers who have changed their addresses should send word immediately to THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Give both the old and the new address.

A sacred obligation rests on Catholic parents to give their boys and girls a thorough Catholic education. All who can afford it should send their children to High School and College, and they should choose Catholic schools. Consult the list of schools and colleges in our advertising pages.

Have You Read This?

During the past two years hundreds of letters addressed to us, failed to reach our office. On April 10, a Post Office employee was arrested charged with stealing our mail in transit. Why? Because some subscribers did not heed our warning never to put temptation in the way of Postal clerks and carriers by sending cash without registering the letter and demanding a return card. This is the third Postal employee arrested by the Government for stealing our mail. As theft of our mail injures our work seriously and causes disappointment to subscribers, we again urge all our readers to follow our instructions and to send cash only in a registered letter.

League Activities

NEW LEAGUE CENTRES.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	NEW LOCAL CENTRE.	DATE.
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Monica's ..... School	May 18, 1928.
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	St. Philip Neri's ..... "	May 18, 1928.
Covington	Covington, Ky.	St. Benedict's ..... "	May 20, 1928.
El Paso	El Paso, Tex.	St. Joseph's ..... "	May 22, 1928.
Indianapolis	Cambridge City, Ind.	St. Elizabeth's ..... Church	May 22, 1928.
La Crosse	Chippewa Falls, Wis.	St. Joseph's ..... Hospital	May 10, 1928.
Los Angeles & San Diego	Monterey Park, Cal.	St. Stephen's ..... Church	May 1, 1928.
Los Angeles & San Diego	Monterey Park, Cal.	St. Stephen's ..... School	May 1, 1928.
Manchester	Ashuelot, N. H.	St. Michael's ..... Church	May 22, 1928.
Milwaukee	Glenbeulah, Wis.	St. Fridoline's ..... "	May 10, 1928.
Newark	Delawanna, N. J.	St. Clare's ..... "	May 18, 1928.
Newark	Nutley, N. J.	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel ..... "	May 3, 1928.
New York	New York, N. Y.	Cathedral ..... High School	May 18, 1928.
Oregon City	Tigard, Ore.	St. Anthony's ..... Church	May 26, 1928.
Pittsburgh	Perrysville, Pa.	St. Vincent's ..... Home	May 10, 1928.
Rochester	Rochester, N. Y.	Most Holy Redeemer ..... Church	May 18, 1928.
St. Augustine	Jacksonville, Fla.	Holy Rosary ..... "	May 10, 1928.
St. Cloud	Greenwald, Minn.	St. Andrew's ..... "	May 25, 1928.
St. Paul	Minneapolis, Minn.	Notre Dame de Lourdes' ..... "	May 22, 1928.
St. Paul	Stewart, Minn.	St. Boniface's ..... "	May 18, 1928.
San Francisco	Menlo Park, Cal.	St. Patrick's ..... Seminary	May 26, 1928.
Tucson	Superior, Ariz.	St. Francis' ..... Church	May 9, 1928.
Wichita	Moline, Kans.	St. Mary's ..... School	May 10, 1928.

Total number of New Centres, 23: Churches, 13; Schools, 7; Seminary, 1; Home, 1; Hospital. 1.

NEW DIOCESAN DIRECTORS.

DIOCESE.	DIOCESAN DIRECTOR.	ADDRESS.
Buffalo	Rev. Francis X. Sindele, S.J.	Canisius College, Main & Jefferson Sts., Buffalo, New York.
Chicago	Rev. William H. Agnew, S.J.	815 West 19th Street, Chicago, Illinois.
El Paso	Rev. P. S. Cronin, S.J.	118 North Campbell Street, El Paso, Texas.
Philadelphia	Rev. William T. Tallon, S.J.	St. Joseph's High School, 18th and Thompson Sts., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
St. Louis	Rev. Patrick Burke, S.J.	3028 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	LOCAL CENTRE.	NO.
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. James' ..... Church	10
Baltimore	Washington, D.C.	St. Cecilia's ..... Academy	11
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. Augustine's ..... Church	38
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. Mary's ..... "	50
Boston	Cambridge, Mass.	St. Mary's ..... "	48
Boston	West Lynn, Mass.	Sacred Heart ..... "	50
Boston	Weston, Mass.	Weston ..... College	40
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Ignatius' ..... Church	115
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Leonard's ..... "	6
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Thomas Aquinas' ..... "	42
Buffalo	Dunkirk, N. Y.	St. Mary's ..... "	7
Burlington	Burlington, Vt.	Mount St. Mary's ..... Academy	12
Burlington	Montpelier, Vt.	St. Michael's ..... Convent	8
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Alphonsus' ..... Church	10
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Catherine's ..... High School	14
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Vincent's ..... Church	30
Chicago	Joliet, Ill.	St. Francis' ..... Academy	12
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Anne's ..... Church	10
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Boniface's ..... School	16
Cincinnati	Norwood, O.	St. Elizabeth's ..... Church	6
Cincinnati	Piqua, O.	St. Boniface's ..... "	12
Cincinnati	Springfield, O.	St. Bernard's ..... School	20

DIOCESE.	PLACE.	LOCAL CENTRE.	NO.
Cleveland	Canton, O.	St. John's ..... Church	1
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	St. Vincent de Paul's ..... "	8
Dallas	Dallas, Tex.	Holy Trinity ..... "	6
Denver	Denver, Colo.	Sacred Heart ..... "	15
Denver	Sterling, Colo.	St. Anthony's ..... "	1
Detroit	Nazareth, Mich.	Barbour ..... Hall	12
Detroit	Nazareth, Mich.	Nazareth ..... Academy	11
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia.	Visitation ..... Convent	26
Fort Wayne	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Immaculate Conception ..... Church	2
Fort Wayne	Notre Dame, Ind.	St. Mary's ..... College	37
Hartford	So. Manchester, Conn.	St. James' ..... Church	1
Indianapolis	West Terre Haute, Ind.	St. Leonard's ..... "	6
Los Angeles & San Diego	Alhambra, Cal.	Ramona ..... Convent	7
Los Angeles & San Diego	Santa Barbara, Cal.	Dolores ..... School	12
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	St. George's ..... Church	6
Louisville	Owensboro, Ky.	St. Stephen's ..... "	5
Louisville	St. Joseph, Ky.	St. Alphonsus' ..... "	9
Manchester	Manchester, N. H.	St. Anselm's ..... College	8
Marquette	Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	St. Mary's ..... Church	5
Milwaukee	Kenosha, Wis.	St. Thomas' ..... "	30
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis.	St. Patrick's ..... "	6
Mobile	Bessemer, Ala.	Mercy ..... Convent	4
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Joseph's ..... Church	33
Natchez	Jackson, Miss.	St. Joseph's ..... Academy	8
Newark	Jersey City, N. J.	All Saints' ..... Church	5
Newark	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Joseph's ..... "	60
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	Our Lady of the Holy Rosary ..... "	6
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	Sacred Heart ..... Academy	6
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Alphonsus' ..... Church	25
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Louis' ..... Cathedral	6
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Mary's ..... College	12
New Orleans	Plaquemine, La.	St. John the Evangelist ..... Church	5
New Orleans	Schriever, La.	St. Bridget's ..... "	4
New York	Mt. Hope, N. Y.	St. Clare's ..... Convent	12
New York	New York, N. Y.	Our Lady of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel.. Church	6
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Angela Merici's ..... "	10
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Francis Xavier's ..... "	38
New York	New Rochelle, N. Y.	New Rochelle ..... College	38
Ogdensburg	Potsdam, N. Y.	St. Mary's ..... Church	2
Peoria	Spring Valley, Ill.	Immaculate Conception ..... "	6
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Joseph's ..... "	75
Providence	Providence, R. I.	Sacred Heart ..... Academy	3
Richmond	Norfolk, Va.	Sacred Heart ..... Church	11
Rochester	Rochester, N. Y.	St. Andrews' ..... "	12
Rochester	Rochester, N. Y.	St. Mary's ..... "	24
Sacramento	Sacramento, Cal.	Blessed Sacrament ..... Cathedral	4
St. Joseph	St. Joseph, Mo.	Sacred Heart ..... Convent	6
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	Holy Rosary ..... Church	7
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	Our Lady of Sorrows' ..... "	12
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Anthony's ..... "	12
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Francis de Sales' ..... "	16
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	SS. Mary and Joseph's ..... "	25
San Francisco	San José, Cal.	St. Joseph's ..... "	12
Seattle	Seattle, Wash.	St. John's ..... "	8
Springfield in Illinois	Beardstown, Ill.	St. Alexius' ..... "	1
Springfield	Springfield, Mass.	Sacred Heart ..... "	10
Springfield	Worcester, Mass.	St. Peter's ..... "	10
Toledo	Adrian, O.	St. Nicholas' ..... "	3
Toledo	Delphos, O.	St. John's ..... "	1
Trenton	Atlantic City, N. J.	Holy Spirit ..... "	6
Trenton	Atlantic City, N.J.	St. Nicholas' ..... "	30
Wichita	Wichita, Kans.	St. Joseph's ..... "	12

Total number of Receptions, 84; Diplomas issued, 1,303.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

1.	Acts of Charity	3,458,917	11.	Masses heard	4,267,509
2.	Beads	3,396,785	12.	Mortifications	1,730,072
3.	Way of the Cross	3,450,702	13.	Works of Mercy	1,541,893
4.	Holy Communion	4,151,608	14.	Works of Zeal	2,841,609
5.	Spiritual Communion	3,127,416	15.	Prayers	5,299,716
6.	Examen of Conscience	2,071,302	16.	Kindly conversation	684,103
7.	Hours of Labor	671,016	17.	Suffering, Afflictions	3,675,809
8.	Hours of Silence	607,117	18.	Self-conquest	1,761,992
9.	Pious reading	525,109	19.	Visit to Blessed Sacrament	3,840,610
10.	Masses read	6,608	20.	Various good works	6,301,776

Total Good Works, 53,612,229.

Editor's Notes

THE father of the family was in a gloomy mood when he came to see me. I bade him be seated, sensing that he would not be slow in telling me the cause of his upset.

"Father, it is difficult nowadays to bring up children in the fear and love of God. I am almost heartbroken; I have discovered that my little girl, who is only sixteen, is too precocious and seems to have no sense of modesty. In her room I found books and magazines which are positively bad. I can understand how a silly little girl may hide away some love story, but when she reads and hides immoral books and magazines, I am frightened."

"Where did your young daughter get these books and magazines?" I inquired.

"She will not tell me. When I spoke severely to her, she answered that she was not a prude and had a right to know what life means."

"How often does the girl go to Confession and Holy Communion?"

"About once every three months," he answered.

"And how often do you and your wife go?"

"About as often as my daughter does. But, Father, I did not come to see you about my soul and my wife's soul, but to seek your advice in regard to my daughter."

"Your soul and your wife's soul have very much to do with the case, for in frequent Confession and Holy Communion lies the safeguard of holy purity. If you and your wife value the souls of your children, you should go every week to Holy Communion and teach them, by your example, each to lead a life close to God. Again, do you have in your home interesting Catholic novels and Catholic magazines and at least one Catholic weekly?"

"No; we read only the daily newspaper."

"What paper do you buy?"

He told me. It was a vulgar, sensational sheet, blazing forth the latest details of police and divorce court scandals. This was the only mental food the girl of sixteen found in her home. It is not strange that, deprived of the needed graces that come from frequent Confession and Holy Communion, she drifted to bad reading, especially as she found in her own home no wholesome reading, but only a vulgar and sensational newspaper.

FOUR men quietly sat down at a table in the little dining-room of the mountain inn. The screened windows looked out upon a vista of lake and mountains, gorgeously beautiful with the early changing hues of autumn. The nearby cottages were closed and boarded up, for here in the highlands the summer vacationists depart with the first week of September.

"I am glad you received my note," one of the four men remarked to the proprietor. "Now for a good dinner; we are as hungry as wolves."

A few minutes later, a waitress entered with a steaming platter of broiled chicken, temptingly garnished. As she placed it upon the table, one of the party looked quietly at his neighbor, a powerfully-built man.

"Bill, it looks as though you and I are out of luck. Chicken and Friday don't mix, do they? These two hungry 'left-footers' will have to eat chick-

en for four. Let's see if we can scrape up a few fried eggs."

Their two companions, father and son, looked at each other in surprise, then asked in unison:

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing wrong!" he replied good-naturedly. "We two husky eaters are Catholics and our Mother, the Church, would have us do some penance in our lives and practise mortification in honor of the Passion of our Saviour, and so she orders husky Bill and me and other Catholics to abstain from meat on Friday. So we are off the meat diet today."

Father and son were silent, but hours later when their two Catholic companions had left them, the young man remarked:

"Strong men, both, and I cannot but admire them for their cheerful acceptance of their religion."

Men who live up to their religion are always admired and it is such that bring others to know and to appreciate the Church. A coward not only disgraces himself, but leads souls far from the Church and God.

THE boy was eighteen, a natural athlete and intellectually bright. The honors of the class had been won by him; and his father and mother had glowed with honest pride, as they watched him receive prize after prize at the graduation exercises. The father was a worldly man and had his own plans for his son's future.

"Ask any gift you wish and, if it is within my means, I will give it to you."

"I want only one gift — your permission to go to the Novitiate."

The father looked at his son with a startled expression.

"You mean that you wish to be a religious and eventually to be a priest?"

"Yes, that is my wish."

"I cannot grant your request. You are changing my plans for you — my dreams, my hopes for your success in business."

"My first business, Dad, is the salvation of my soul and, then, to help others. What nobler business could I have?"

The father's face took on a look of determination.

"You are too young. If this time next year you have the same desire, I will grant the permission. Let us not discuss the question further."

A few days later the boy received the present of an expensive and beautiful automobile. The father smiled, as he saw the pleasure with which his gift was accepted.

"That automobile and liberal spending money will soon put the idea of a religious vocation out of his head," the father thought.

Months passed and no reference was made to the son's desire to embrace the religious life. Then, one evening after supper, the young man came unexpectedly to his father.

"You will recall that you made me a promise that if, after one year, I persisted in my desire to become a religious, you would give me permission to enter the Novitiate. I am taking you at your word and have applied to be admitted and now require only your consent."

For a moment the father was too surprised to answer. Then:

"I thought you were enjoying your car and money so well that the desire had left you."

"I enjoyed the car, Dad, and I admit that I shall miss it, but there are better things in life than automobiles and money."

A true Catholic parent will rejoice in the thought that a son or daughter wishes to embrace the religious life. Christ promises a hundredfold reward in this life and life everlasting to those who give up all for His sake. In the hundredfold reward will be blessings and graces upon parents who willingly give their children to God.

Our Question Box

Is any special blessing needed for beads used to obtain the Plenary Indulgence granted for reciting five decades before the Blessed Sacrament?

No. It is not necessary to use any beads at all to gain this Indulgence. It is granted for the recitation of five decades of the Rosary.

Must one meditate on the mysteries, if one wishes to gain the Plenary Indulgence for recitation of the five decades?

Certainly. If there is no meditation on the mysteries, it is not the Rosary. The meditation can be made whilst reciting the prayers or during a pause before or after each decade.

Must one kneel when reciting the beads before the Blessed Sacrament?

No. Kneeling is not prescribed. One may sit or stand.

Can this Indulgnce be gained by the pupils of an academy, if they recite the beads walking in the corridor of the convent?

No. Those who recite the beads must be in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, that means in the oratory or chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved.

Is it necessary to join the Apostleship of Prayer in order to make a special petition to the Sacred Heart?

Not at all. Our Lord grants many petitions made by people who know nothing of the Apostleship of Prayer. On the other hand, it is hard to understand how any Catholic would refrain from joining the League of the Sacred Heart, as the Apostleship of Prayer is usually called, when he knows that the Pope desires it and all that he has to do is to have his name registered and say every day the "Morning Offering". If the League is not established in the home parish or in some neighboring parish, one may write to the National Office.

Is there any objection to saying the "Our Father" alone without adding the "Hail Mary"?

No. It is said alone in every Holy Mass and frequently in the priest's canonical prayers. We presume that this question has arisen from the custom Catholics have of saying both prayers together, but it is altogether proper to say each separately.

Is it necessary to mention a mortal sin of the past life, every time one goes to Confession?

Of course not. Some people have no mortal sins to mention. Absolution can be given for venial sins. The reason why all are advised to add at the end of Confession some accusation of past sins is to insure matter for absolution and contrition. All that need be said is: "I accuse myself of all the sins of my life and especially for sins of disobedience or against charity." Even though there had been mortal sins in the past, they need not be referred to. Once confessed, they need never be mentioned again.

Are the children of half-sisters and half-brothers cousins and would they need a dispensation to marry?

Certainly. They descend from a common stock.

How long is it allowed to "keep company"?

No general rule can be assigned. The purpose of "keeping company" is that a man and a woman should have an opportunity of becoming well

enough acquainted to decide whether it would seem to be God's will that they should marry. It is usually supposed that a period of six months or a year is long enough. The Church approves of the dictate of common sense against hasty marriages. On the other hand there is danger of disappointment and even of sin in prolonged company-keeping. Young people have no right to begin keeping company unless they are in a position to marry within a reasonable time.

When two persons who went through a ceremony before a Justice of Peace are in later years married with the priest's blessing, should he give them a marriage certificate?

He will do so, if they request, just as in other marriages. It may happen that neighbors and acquaintances, not knowing the circumstances, think these persons were already properly married. It is not necessary that they should learn of the sin. Hence the priest might not volunteer to give a certificate after the real marriage.

Who is the patron Saint of printers?

St. Augustine (August 28) on account of his many works.

How old must a child be to join the League?

As soon as it has reached the age of reason, and can make the "Morning Offering", it can be asked to join and, if it consents, its name can be registered.

Is it wrong to pray to reduce in weight?

Of course not. One may pray for any temporal favor. Reduction of weight may mean much better health. Certainly one may pray for that.

May altarcloths be presented to the parish church?

Before making altarcloths, or purchasing them, for the parish church, it would be well to consult the pastor. The church may be already amply provided and those made may not be suitable. Persons who wish to make altar-linens should get into touch with some Altar and Tabernacle Society, from which they can obtain directions about making the linens desired. A booklet on this subject has been issued by "Our Sunday Visitor", Huntington, Indiana.

Is there always a full moon around Easter time?

Yes. Easter falls on the Sunday after the full moon, following the vernal equinox.

Did the Jews in the time of our Lord have family names?

No. Family names, as we use them now, began to be introduced about the twelfth century. The Jews adopted such names only in the eighteenth century.

Is there any book in English giving an account of all the Uniate Churches?

We know of none. Doctor Adrian Fortescue had planned such a work. He had published two books on the separated churches under the titles "The Orthodox Eastern Church" and "The Lesser Eastern Churches". He intended in a third book to give an account of all the corresponding Uniate Churches, but died before he had completed it. Since his death a volume has appeared "The Uniate Eastern Churches", but it contains only an introductory chapter on the Uniates in general and a study of the Byzantine Uniates. It was published by Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y., in 1923. The "Catholic Encyclopedia" contains much information on the various rites.

May an unbaptized baby be buried in a Catholic cemetery?

Usually a section of the cemetery is left unconsecrated, to provide for such burials.

May we pray to our deceased relatives, asking them to intercede for us?

Yes. It is the common teaching of theologians that the souls in Purga-

tory may pray for us. The damned cannot pray for us; but we should piously entertain the hope that our deceased relatives are either in Purgatory or in Heaven.

Has Father Eymard, the founder of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, been canonized?

Not yet. He was proclaimed Blessed in 1925.

If a non-Catholic, who desires to marry a Catholic girl, wishes to become a Catholic, ought he to be received and make his First Communion before the marriage?

By all means. He should be carefully instructed in the Catholic Faith. The marriage should be postponed until after his reception.

If a non-Catholic is baptized when unconscious, will his soul go to Heaven?

If he was never baptized and expressed a desire to be baptized before losing consciousness, the Baptism, will be valid and, as all his sins will be remitted, he will go straight to Heaven.

Is it praiseworthy to over-emphasize the mercy of God and say little of the terrible punishment of sin?

No, it is not. All, even the Saints, need to meditate on hell and all should pray for a profound fear of God; so that, if love should ever grow cold, at least the fear of the punishment will keep us from committing sin.

Why does the priest sometimes go down the altar-steps to the floor, when he is to wash his fingers?

This is prescribed when he says Holy Mass at an altar on which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. It is a mark of reverence.

Is it proper to say the Rosary or other chaplets during Mass?

The Church leaves those who attend Mass free to select any prayers they wish to say. It is, however, highly recommended to have a prayer-book or Missal and to follow the Mass, praying it with the priest.

Is there any payment to be made to join the League of the Sacred Heart?

No. At Centres where "Leaflets" are distributed, it is usual each year to make some small contribution to defray the expenses. But enrollment is absolutely free.

Why are there no phonograph records of Catholic songs?

There are some. Write to the dealers. There would be more, if Catholics wished to have them.

What is to be thought of the K. of C. oath that is circulated by anti-Catholic papers?

It is a forgery. No such oath is taken by the Knights of Columbus. This supposed oath was printed in the Congressional Record with a denial that it was ever taken. The dishonesty of those who circulate it is shown by the fact that now some of them quote the Congressional Record to prove that the oath is genuine. Both "Our Sunday Visitor" of Huntington, Indiana, and "The Tablet" of Brooklyn, N. Y., have offered a reward of $1,000 for proof that the Knights take this oath.

N.B.— It is impossible to answer all of the hundreds of questions that are sent in every month. Hence those that seem of more general interest are selected for answer. It is also impossible to answer questions by personal letter. To do this would keep a priest constantly occupied. Hence those who wish immediate or personal answers to questions should submit them to their pastors or confessors. If you wish your question to be considered, sign your name, give your address and write the question or questions on a separate sheet of paper, apart from any other business. Address your letter to "Our Question Box." Please do not enclose stamped, addressed envelopes.

Thanksgivings

Total Number of Thanksgivings for the Month: 3,561,274.

At the Very Last

Boston, Mass.—"A Badge of the Sacred Heart and a Miraculous Medal, as a petition for Divine aid, were placed on a woman about to die in a state of coma, following a shock. This woman had given up all practice of her religion for thirty-eight years. Fervent prayers were offered that consciousness might return. After forty-eight hours the patient awoke as if from a deep sleep, and was told about the Medal and Badge. When she showed every mark of gratitude and contrition, a priest was sent for, and her Confession was made in full possession of her senses. Shortly after, she lapsed into unconsciousness and died."

Priesthood Chosen

New York, N. Y.—"I promised the Sacred Heart an offering, if He would help a friend in the choice of a vocation and, if He would make clear for me which path I should follow. I have obtained the first grace; so I am enclosing the offering, and ask prayers that I may obtain the second. The friend I am praying for has decided to study for the priesthood."

Baby's Recovery

Rio de Janeiro, S. A. — "In March my family and I recited the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, in accordance with the instructions received with the lovely picture you sent us. Our baby had been ill for about six weeks. Not neglecting medical aid, we prayed fervently to the Sacred Heart to help him, and the day after the Consecration he commenced to show improvement, and has been quite well ever since, thanks to the Sacred Heart."

Conversion

Lincoln, Nebr. — "Three and a half years ago I expressed a fervent desire to become a Catholic, and promised the Sacred Heart that, if this wish were granted I would have it published. Last May I was received into the Catholic Church. Thanks be to God!"

Two Reformed

Wayland, N. Y. — "A brother who had not attended Mass or received the Sacraments in about sixty years was suddenly changed, and is now going to Mass daily and receiving Holy Communion frequently. Also a brother-in-law who had not been to Mass nor the Sacraments in thirty years was also suddenly changed. Praises and blessings to the Sacred Heart, our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and the Saints!"

A Pagan Heard

Bangkok, Siam.—"I hope you will publish this letter in your magazine. I am a pagan, but I have great love for and trust in the Sacred Heart. A month ago I was taken seriously ill. The doctor said I was ninety percent. gone. Being a subscriber to The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, I read of the wonders and favors granted by the Merciful Heart, so I started praying. I recovered and am now in robust health. At the same time my servant

was taken very ill. The doctor despaired of his life and we knew his end was not far off. I again prayed to the Sacred Heart and St. Teresa, and he is now getting plump and fat. May the Sacred Heart be better known and loved! As an act of gratitude I am wearing the Badge of the Sacred Heart on my hat."

Return to Church

Norwood, O. — "A girl had been reared a Catholic and had attended a convent boarding-school. After leaving school she went through a form of marriage ceremony before a minister. Eight years of bitter sorrow came to her. Prayers were offered and then a novena, and promise of publication and Mass. The following Christmas this girl received Holy Communion and was again in the Fold. Today she is a good Catholic and is very happy."

Mind Restored

Corpus Christi, Tex. — "Recently I was recuperating from an attack of the influenza in a Catholic hospital in Fort Worth, Texas. As I am a priest, one of the Sisters asked me to bless with a relic I had a young man, who had been accidently hit on the head by a boy while playing. The young man had been taken to the hospital after the accident and after some days was discharged as well. About two weeks later, while at work, he went out of his mind and had to be taken back to the hospital. He was so violent that he had to be put in a straightjacket and tied down in bed. It was in this condition that I saw him for the first time. During lucid intervals he would cry out that he was dying; he said that everything was dark before him. He said 'Good-by' to his heartbroken mother and sisters, thinking that the end was near. Realizing that he was in a critical condition I told the Sisters to call the chaplain immediately to anoint him. A bone specialist was called in for consultation, and he held out no hope whatever of recovery. Hearing this, I promised the Sacred Heart of Jesus that if he got well and was saved to his mother I would publish it. I am happy to fulfil my promise."

Conversion

Saugerties, N. Y.—"I was a Protestant, though my husband was a Catholic. We have two sons who were baptized Catholics. The younger one became very ill and had to be taken to a hospital. Before going I pinned a Badge of the Sacred Heart on him as a petition for Divine aid, and while there said a prayer to our Lady of Victory. Several doctors gave up hope of his recovery. Through Divine aid I decided to become converted, and almost immediately my son began to recover. He should have had another operation before leaving the hospital, but was too weak, having already gone under two, and he seems to be almost entirely cured without it. We all attend church regularly."

Reform

Detroit, Mich.—"For months I had been falling into bad habits and company. I prayed earnestly to the Sacred Heart and His Blessed Mother for help, and promised publication. Many thanks to the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Mother I have been able to avoid both company and habits by meeting and associating with good company."

Sister's Recovery

Marietta, O.—"Although I am not a Catholic, I have relatives who are. My sister was going to have an operation and I was worried about it. My aunt explained the novena prayers to me and gave me a Badge of the Sa-

cred Heart to wear, as a petition for Divine aid. I also promised publication. My sister recovered in a shorter time than we expected."

Catholic Marriage

St. Louis, Mo.—"Six years ago I decided to marry a man against the wishes of my parents. We went through a form of ceremony before a Justice of the Peace. My baby was baptized by a non-Catholic minister. My husband had a very sick spell which no one thought he would get over. I pinned a medal of the Sacred Heart on him, as a petition for Divine aid, promising publication, if he would get well enough to be married before a priest. We are now married, and have had the baby rebaptized conditionally by the priest."

GENERAL FAVORS

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others, the Badge or Promoter's Cross was used as a petition for Divine help; for others, the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

Alabama.—Two recoveries, situation, operation avoided, return to Sacraments, safe delivery, reconciliation, normal temperature.

Alaska.—Conversion.

Arizona.—Two recoveries, situation, position retained, protection during storm, election won, engagement, relief from scruples, brother's success, frequent Communion.

Arkansas.—Recovery, situation, life spared, sleep secured, Communion received.

Bermuda.—Land sold.

British East Africa.—Wife's recovery, transfer obtained.

British Guiana.—Two recoveries, situation, operation avoided.

British Honduras.—Four recoveries, life spared, saved from prison.

British West Indies.—Home saved.

California. — Twenty-one recoveries, ten situations, four successful operations, safe delivery, successful examinations, saved from prison, loan secured, store sold, safe journey, letters received, Sacraments received after twenty years, bungalow rented, preservation from contagion, successful recital, lawsuit avoided, article found, preservation from double tragedy.

Canada.—Eight recoveries, four situations, successful operation, peace in home, contentment, safe journey, hotel leased, quarrel avoided, eye cured, Catholic marriage.

China.—Situation.

Colorado.—Two safe deliveries, situation, position retained, apartment rented, articles found, property sold, difficulty avoided, sight saved, article returned, lawsuit avoided, exempt from examination, safe return, hand healed.

Connecticut. — Fourteen recoveries, four successful examinations, two operations avoided, two safe deliveries, situation, article found, conversion, letter received, throat healed, life spared, position retained, house rented, relief from nervousness, teeth extracted, intemperance overcome, preservation from illness, Catholic friend.

Cuba. — Sacraments received after many years.

Delaware. — Five recoveries, operation avoided, position retained, negative X-ray.

District of Columbia.—Recovery, operation avoided, successful examinations, Sacraments received after nine years, finger healed.

Florida.—Three recoveries, three situations, safe delivery, successful examination, position retained, salary increased, protection during storm, conversion.

Georgia.—Child's recovery.

Idaho.—Successful examinations.

Illinois.—Forty-two recoveries, eight successful operations, seventeen situations, five successful examinations, four safe deliveries, four operations avoided, protection during storm, at-

tendance at Catholic school, habit overcome, reconciliation, hemorrhage stopped, property sold, article found, saved from prison, scholarship won, Easter duty made, Sacraments received after twenty-five years, preservation from contagion, lawsuit won, money received, favorable diagnosis, safe investment, safe trip, salary increased, trouble averted, friendship retained, relief from pain.

India.—Successful examination, preservation from illness, eyes cured, tenant secured.

Indiana. — Twenty recoveries, two safe deliveries, two operations avoided, situation, successful operation, agreement reached, article found, better position secured, apartment rented, hemorrhage stopped, home saved, relief from scruples, frequent Communion, no serious results.

Iowa.—Eighteen recoveries, five situations, three successful operations, two safe deliveries, operation avoided, successful examination, Easter duty made, trouble averted, lawsuit avoided, marriage rectified, difficulties overcome, debt paid, safe trip, exempt from examinations, hearing restored, successful play, money secured, tooth extracted, reconciliation, preservation from contagion, conversion, relief from pain, quarrel avoided, happy marriage, Confession, child baptized.

Ireland. — Recovery, difficulties satisfactorily adjusted.

Kansas. — Thirteen recoveries, four situations, two successful operations, two successful examinations, safe delivery, trouble avoided, school obtained, hand saved, undesirable company-keeping stopped, intemperance overcome, preservation from illness, contest won, lawsuit settled, residence near church.

Kentucky. — Eleven recoveries, six situations, two successful operations, safe delivery, operation avoided, apartment rented, financial aid, friend's return, automobile sold, false report corrected, position retained, debt paid, property sold, gambling stopped, relief from scruples, foot healed, undesirable friendship discontinued, satisfactory settlement, innocence proven, money found.

Louisiana. — Ten recoveries, three successful operations, four safe deliveries, situation, husband and wife reunited, protection during storm, right food for baby, preservation from illness, article found, property sold, letter received, trouble avoided, return to Sacraments after thirty years, intemperance overcome, conversion, relief from nervousness, favorable X-ray, teeth extracted, safe trip, rooms rented, able to talk and hear, successful recitation, successful entertainment.

Maine.—Situation, funds raised.

Malta. — Conversion at sight of death.

Maryland. — Three recoveries, successful operation, favorable diagnosis, conversion, reunion of relatives before death, financial aid secured, preservation from illness.

Massachusetts.—Twenty-eight recoveries, eleven situations, five successful examinations, three operations avoided, two successful operations, protection during storm, safe return, tooth saved, article found, irritation relieved, loan secured, favorable X-ray, foreclosure prevented, aid in illness, return to the Sacraments, salary increased, rooms rented, relief from pain, intemperance overcome, position retained, Easter duty made, claim settled, debt paid, able to walk, scandal averted, foot healed.

Michigan. — Twenty-five recoveries, nine situations, four safe deliveries, two operations avoided, two successful examinations, favorable diagnosis, safe return, attendance at Catholic school, property sold, saved from prison, relief from scruples, stolen car returned, apartments rented, friend's return, eyes cured, house bought, safe journey, relief from worry, saved from drowning, lawsuit dropped, will settled.

Minnesota.—Fourteen recoveries, six situations, three operations avoided,

two safe deliveries, two successful operations, two successful examinations, return to Sacraments, promotion, trouble averted, land sold, rosary found, Catholic friend, property saved, safe journey, article found, undesirable friendship discontinued, estate settled, preservation from illness, protection from cyclone, parcel received, favorable diagnosis, sight saved, Catholic marriage, mortgage renewed, not convicted, preservation from accident.

Mississippi. — Four recoveries, three successful operations, situation, operation avoided, successful examination, property sold, home secured, return to Sacraments.

Missouri.—Fifteen recoveries, nine situations, three operations avoided, two safe deliveries, two successful operations, husband and wife reunited, return to Sacraments after thirty-five years, farm sold, lawsuit avoided, article found, relief from scruples, safe journey, residence near Church and school, preservation from contagion, safe return, protection during tornado, conversion, reconciliation.

Montana.—Three situations, safe delivery, business sold, first payment made on property.

Nebraska.—Ten recoveries, eighteen successful examinations, three situations, two operations avoided, two successful operations, article found, favorable diagnosis, return to Sacraments, Catholic marriage, preservation from contagion, debts paid.

Newfoundland.—Situation.

New Hampshire.—Three recoveries, two situations, successful operation, undesirable company avoided, letter received, friendship renewed, preservation from illness, life spared, settlement made.

New Jersey.—Twelve recoveries, six situations, four successful operations, three successful examinations, return to Sacraments after thirty-five years, two safe deliveries, disgrace avoided, protection during storm, preservation from illness, favorable diagnosis, Easter duty made, lawsuit avoided, happy death, safe return, position retained, happy marriage, mail received, mortgage extended.

New Mexico. — Recovery, situation, attendance at college.

New York. — Sixty-one recoveries, twenty-nine situations, sixteen successful examinations, eleven safe deliveries, seven successful operations, seven operations avoided, friendship renewed, eyes healed, articles found, position retained, preservation from contagion, conversion, trouble averted, property sold, intemperance overcome, Catholic friend, return to Sacraments, contract received, able to walk, escaped life sentence, Easter duty made, mind restored, hearing restored, property sold, reconciliation, negative X-ray, lawsuit avoided, amputation avoided, house sold.

North Carolina. — Trouble averted, successful entertainments.

North Dakota. — Three recoveries, scandal avoided, successful play, hemorrhage stopped, safe return.

Ohio.—Thirty-three recoveries, eight situations, eight safe deliveries, five operations avoided, three successful operations, three successful examinations, position retained, protection during storm, preservation from contagion, negative X-ray, Easter duty made, peace of mind, relief from worry, trouble averted, home saved, safe journey, return to Sacraments after forty years, scandal avoided, teeth extracted, husband and wife reunited, fire located, sight regained, conversion, able to walk.

Oklahoma.—Three recoveries, financial aid, saved from prison, return to Sacraments after twelve years, hearing restored, safe journey, letter received, peace in family.

Oregon.—Recovery, three situations, crop saved, sleep secured.

Pennsylvania.—Forty-three recoveries, twenty-two situations, eight successful operations, six successful examinations, five safe deliveries, three

operations avoided, return to Sacraments after fourteen years, position retained, bills paid, lawsuit settled, Easter duty made, crime averted, undesirable company-keeping stopped, peace in family, articles found, financial aid, saved from prison, friendship renewed, salary increased, favorable weather, reconciliation, preservation from illness, safe return, reputation cleared, contest won, ulcer healed, protection during storms, mind restored, conversion, apartment rented, tooth extracted.

Philippine Islands. — Three recoveries, peace of mind, brother's return.

Rhode Island.—Six recoveries, situation, operation avoided, building rented, life spared, money received, son's return, tenant secured, protection during storm.

South Carolina.—Recovery, successful operation, impediment in speech corrected.

South Dakota. — Four recoveries, successful operation, successful examination, mind restored, successful recital, preservation from contagion, protection during storm, temptations overcome, relief from worry, successful graduation.

Straits Settlements.—Recovery.

Tennessee. — Eight recoveries, two situations, successful operation, preservation from contagion, protection during storms, articles found, lawsuit avoided, reconciliation.

Texas.—Three recoveries, successful examination, letter received, able to walk, hearing improved, preservation from contagion, lawsuit withdrawn, protection during storm, lancing avoided, lawsuit won.

Vermont.—Two recoveries, successful operation, successful examination, peace of mind, protection from flood, peace in family, business increased, preservation from illness.

Virginia.—Two recoveries, reconciliation, car sold.

Washington.—Three recoveries, safe delivery, situation, successful examination, article found, financial aid, business sold, ranch sold, favorable weather, protection during night, safe return, books balanced.

West Virginia.—Recovery, return to Sacraments, article found, conversion, marriage rectified, last Sacraments received.

Wisconsin.—Twenty-eight recoveries, six situations, six successful operations, four safe deliveries, two operations avoided, successful examination, preservation from illness, relief from worry, trouble averted, financial aid, articles found, land sold, eyes improved, apartment rented, friendship renewed, favorable weather, salary increased, nervousness overcome, teeth extracted, notoriety avoided, position retained, sight saved, farm sold, return to the Sacraments, conversion.

Wyoming.—Situation, article found.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters, Associates and readers, for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

All Thanksgivings must be sent to the Thanksgiving Department, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Write in a separate letter on one side of the paper stating the special favor received and give the name of the sender, the town and State. The names of senders will never be published, but if the names are not given no attention will be paid to the Thanksgiving. Thanksgivings contained in letters about other business will not be recorded. If no particular favor is mentioned, or expressions are used such as "a great favor," "a spiritual favor," "a temporal favor," "the granting of a wish," the Thanksgiving is included in the general Thanksgiving at the end. The work of preparing letters of Thanksgiving for publication is very burdensome; so we ask all to follow the rules. Promise of publication is fulfilled by sending the letter to our office. So many letters are now received that it is not possible to record them all.

Some Good Books

The Life and Work of Blessed Robert Francis Cardinal Bellarmine, S.J. (1542-1621). By Father James Brodrick, S.J. Two volumes. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. $10.50. Postage 25 cents.

These two beautiful volumes contain a remarkable biography of a remarkable man, one of the greatest theologians in the history of the Catholic Church, whom Pope Pius XI beatified in 1923, and whom we hope that we shall soon be allowed to honor as a canonized Saint. In a short notice of this kind we cannot hope to do justice to the scholarly character of this excellent biography.

A touching introduction from the pen of His Eminence, Cardinal Ehrle, pays tribute to the utter sincerity of his fellow-Jesuit and fellow-Cardinal. Having once grasped in its fulness the principle and foundation set by St. Ignatius in his "Spiritual Exercises", Robert Bellarmine gave his life and all his forces to the entire fulfilment of God's holy will.

No priest or ecclesiastical student, who can read English, should fail to study this work. Religious communities will welcome it as a notable contribution to the history of the Church at an important epoch and will enjoy it as table-reading, interspersed as it is with anecdotes, illustrating the good humor and simplicity of this great scholar. From the time he came to Rome to teach at the age of thirty-four, after seven years of brilliant work in Louvain, Father Bellarmine was engaged in almost every affair of importance that came before the Holy See.

These handsome volumes with their striking and informative illustrations will be an ornament to every library. Though the theological questions discussed may seem at times above the range of the ordinary layman, we hope that there are many educated Catholics, especially among our lawyers and public men, who will master the principles of government expounded by Bellarmine. And we do not doubt that after reading this life they will turn to the works of Bellamine himself. Both author and publishers deserve our heartiest congratulations.

Readings in First Corinthians. Church Beginnings in Greece. By Father C. Lattey, S.J. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. $1.75.

We welcome in this book a most refreshing novelty in the exposition of St. Paul's Epistles in English. For the greater number of our Catholics, and even, we venture to say, of our priests, the difficulties that beset the reading of St. Paul stifle any enthusiasm. Few read the New Testament with ease in the original Greek, and both the Latin and our current English versions bristle with obscurities. Father Lattey who is New Testament professor at Heythrop College, the Jesuit scholasticate in England, is also one of the editors of "The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures". Volume III of the New Testament, containing St. Paul's Epistles to the Churches, was completed some eight years ago. Part II of this Volume contains the First Epistle to the Corinthians. It can be purchased separately. This translation has been made directly from the Greek and casts a flood of light on St. Paul's teaching.

In the present book, the first we hope of a long series of similar commentaries, Father Lattey presents a set of papers, written in simple, dignified language, that will be most helpful in our efforts to grasp the mind of St. Paul. It should be used in connection with the Westminster Version and we can promise any priest, Religious, or serious-minded man or woman a delightful surprise and a stimulating spiritual experience, if they will but give a little time to such study of St. Paul. Copies should be available for all Religious, both men and women.

The Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, 1656-1680. By Ellen H. Walworth. $2.00.

Copies of this new reprint of the life of the holy Indian maiden, whom we hope one day to see honored on the altars of the Church may be obtained from the Shrine at Auriesville, Fultonville, P. O., New York. It ought to be made known to all of our Catholic schools.

The Catholic Church and the Citizen. By the Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D. (The Calvert Series.) The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. $1.00.

No one will question the timeliness of this book, especially in the United States, where so many grotesque misunderstandings prevail about the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the State and the principles by which Catholics must be guided in regard to their duties as citizens. Dr. Ryan discusses the citizen and the State, the basis of authority in different governments, conflicting loyalties, the binding force of civil law, the duties of the public official and the private citizen, patriotism and nationalism, and the rights of the citizen. The author shows plainly that underlying the opposition to sound teaching about citizenship is the pagan idea of the omnipotent State, that is not bound to reverence any rights of the individual or the family. Such an attitude towards government is in flat contradiction to the American doctrine of inalienable rights. This book will provide helpful reading on the General Intention recommended to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer this month. True patriotism recognizes first of all God's rights and never violates justice or charity.

The "America" Book of Verse. Edited by the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J. The America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Many of our readers, we know, are subscribers to the weekly review, "America", edited by the Jesuit Fathers in New York. Many others ought to be. Only during the past three or four years have poems been welcomed rather than tolerated in its pages. With a desire to emphasize the high quality of the verse that has appeared and to preserve it in a way that will be more highly appreciated Father Talbot has prepared this anthology for those who love good poetry.

The Catholic Church and the Bible. By the Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P. (The Calvert Series). The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. $1.00.

Subjects, about which inquiries are constantly made, are treated in this addition to the excellent series of volumes edited by Mr. Hilaire Belloc under the general title, "The Calvert Series." Father Pope has gathered within its pages information that it would be hard to get elsewhere. The small compass of the volume has made it impossible to give extended treatment of the many topics, but what is given is clear and interesting. Bible-reading in the early Church, evidences of widespread knowledge of the Bible, the use of the Bible in England before the Reformation, the Church's condemnation of certain translations, the attitude of the Councils of Trent and

the Vatican towards the Scriptures, and the Church's defence of the Bible are among the headings discussed. There is room still in our Catholic literature for a book that will give in an easily intelligible form a full history of the Church's relations with the Bible. May it soon appear! Meanwhile we commend Father Pope's volume to all our readers.

A remarkably good number of "The Catholic World", was issued for June, 1928. Articles by Kathleen Norris, Fathers Joseph McSorley and Bertrand Conway, Messrs. Richard Reid and Michael Williams place the magazine on as high a level of interest as can be found in the United States. It is greatly to be regretted that our Catholics do not show their appreciation by subscribing in larger numbers. We think this is partly due to the fact that they do not know it. Every family of culture should have this magazine. Send forty cents for a sample copy to 411 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

Obituary

The Rev. Thomas J. Barrett, S.J., New York, N. Y.
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The Rev. William H. Grant, S.T.L., Ayer, Mass.
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Kind reader, pray for their souls and for the souls of all the faithful departed.
* Promoter † Local Director

To join the Apostleship of Prayer apply to the Reverend Director or to a Promoter in a Local Centre. Your name will be registered on your promise to make the Morning Offering. If there is no Centre in your vicinity, write to 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

Sacred Heart Badges should be obtained from the Reverend Director or the Secretary of the parish or other Local Centre in which Associates are enrolled. Those who are near no Local Centre may obtain them from the National Office. Send five cents for each Badge.

Subscribers who have changed their addresses should send word immediately to THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Give both the old and the new address.

Calendar of Monthly Intentions

AUGUST, 1928

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for true patriotism.

The Calendar of Feasts and Patrons includes also the virtue to be practised each day by our Associates and the petitions for which our Associates desire the members of the League to pray. These petitions are sent to us each month by Secretaries of Local League Centres. Teachers in our schools will find the virtue marked for each day useful in the training of children.

DAYS.		FEASTS AND PATRONS.	VIRTUES.	PETITIONS.
1	W.	St. Peter in Chains. — The Seven Machabees, MM.	Mutual prayer.	3,561,274 for thanksgivings.
2	Th.	St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bp. D. F. H.H.	Prudence.	3,480,916 for the afflicted.
3	F.	**First Friday.** — Finding of St. Stephen's Relics. 1st D.	Fervor.	3,499,809 for the sick and infirm.
4	S.	St. Dominic, C. F. Pr.	Devotion to the Rosary.	3,470,103 for dead Associates.
5	S.	**10th after Pentecost.** — Our Lady of the Snow.	Generosity.	920,778 for Local Centres.
6	M.	Transfiguration of our Lord.	Hope.	693,895 for Directors.
7	T.	St. Cajetan, C. F.	Zeal.	525,106 for Promoters.
8	W.	SS. Cyriacus and Comp., MM.	Compassion.	4,417,618 for the departed.
9	Th.	Vigil.—St. John Baptist Vianney, C. —St. Romanus, M. H.H.	Modesty.	533,109 for perseverance.
10	F.	St. Lawrence, M.	Cheerfulness.	534,673 for the young.
11	S.	SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, MM.	Faith.	532,791 for First Communions.
12	S.	**11th after Pentecost.**—St. Clare, V.	Spirit of poverty.	639,016 for parents.
13	M.	SS. Hippolytus and Cassian, MM.	Order.	747,008 for families.
14	T.	Vigil.—Fast Day.—St. Eusebius, C.	Hatred of heresy.	788,216 for reconciliations.
15	W.	**Assumption of the B. V. M.**—(Day of obligation.) A.I.	Joy with our Lady.	4,061,403 for work, means.
16	Th.	St. Joachim, Father of B. V. M. — St. Roch, C. H.H.	Care of the sick.	473,210 for the clergy.
17	F.	St. Hyacinth, C.—St. Mamas, M.	Spirit of prayer.	533,229 for religious.
18	S.	St. Agapitus, M.—St. Helen, W.	Spiritual pilgrimages.	545,108 for seminarists, novices.
19	S.	**12th after Pentecost.**—St. Louis, Bp. C. C.R.	Hope.	703,267 for vocations.
20	M.	St. Bernard, Ab. D.	Love of our Lady.	730,995 for parishes.
21	T.	St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W. F. Pr.	Quiet of mind.	594,108 for schools.
22	W.	SS. Timothy and Comp., MM.	Courage.	543,267 for superiors.
23	Th.	Vigil.—St. Philip Benizi, C. H.H.	Frankness.	573,896 for missions, retreats.
24	F.	St. Bartholomew, Ap. A.I.	Guilelessness.	774,110 for societies, works.
25	S.	St. Louis, K. C.	Amiability.	897,102 for conversions.
26	S.	**13th after Pentecost.**—St. Zephyrinus, P. M.	Truth prevails.	3,560,176 for sinners.
27	M.	St. Joseph Calasanctius, C. F.	Training of youth.	1,089,742 for the intemperate.
28	T.	St. Augustine, Bp. D.	Reparation.	4,016,891 for spiritual favors.
29	W.	Beheading of St. John the Baptist.	Resoluteness.	4,372,117 for temporal favors.
30	Th.	St. Rose of Lima, V. H.H.	Purity.	5,998,608 for special, various.
31	F.	St. Raymond Nonnatus, C.	Love for Mary.	For "Messenger" readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCE.—Ap.—Apostleship; D. Degree; Pr.—Promoters; C. R.—Communion of Reparation; H. H.—Holy Hour; A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence.

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Address inquiries to the Rev. Superior either at
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or
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are requested to communicate with the
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41 Butler Street Brooklyn, New York

YOUR VOCATION

may be decided by reading the **1928 Annual Review of the Mission Helpers,** now ready for distribution; interesting accounts of these **SISTERS as Catechists, Parish Visitors, General Missionaries** working for the glory of the **Sacred Heart** among the white and colored in the **Home Missions** and in **Porto Rico.** Send 12 cents.
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Would You Know?

Entering a Convent.

THE convent chapel had been beautiful in the warm glow of the summer sunshine and the ceremony of six Sisters taking the Religious habit had been most impressive. These young women had come to the altar-rail, dressed as brides for their spiritual marriage to Christ, their Spouse. After expressing their desire to belong to Christ alone, they left the chapel and then returned garbed in the simple robes of their Religious Congregation.

When the impressive ceremony was finished, Father White had come to the front porch of the convent which overlooked the silverlike waters of the Hudson. He was greeted warmly by a group of parents and friends of the six young novices. Soon some one asked:

"How long a time, Father, did these six young ladies spend as postulants?"

Father White is always willing to answer, when questioned on Catholic subjects.

"The postulancy," he replied, "in a Religious Congregation of women lasts six months. As a Religious vocation consists of the desire and the necessary qualifications, both spiritual and physical, to carry out the desire, the postulancy is a probation before the aspirant is permitted to wear the distinctive dress or habit of the Congregation and to begin the training known as the noviceship.

"The noviceship is a period of special spiritual training preparatory to taking the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The novice-

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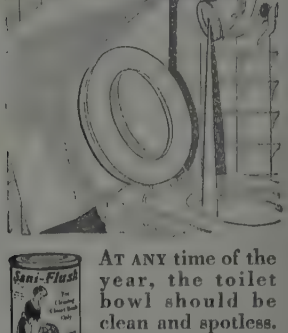

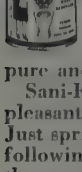

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ship must last at least one full and uninterrupted year; during this time the novice is taught a love of prayer, a close union with God and to practise those special virtues which the Religious life demands of its members. At the end of this training, the novice makes her temporary profession and takes her first vows binding for a period of three years. The perpetual profession, or the taking of the vows for life, under the general law comes at the end of these three years, unless one is under twenty-one years of age. However, in some Institutes or Congregations, the Sisters do not take perpetual vows, but renew their temporary vows at prescribed periods."

"Just what are the vows, Father?" a young woman asked timidly.

"The vow of poverty is the promise made to God to abstain from exercising the right of ownership without the Superior's permission. The vow of chastity is a promise made to God to abstain from all acts, even internal, that are contrary to this virtue. The vow of obedience is a promise made to God to obey the commands of Superiors, contained explicitly or implicitly in the constitutions."

The young woman asked rather quickly:

"Does the Institute or Congregation acquire ownership of a girl's property when she enters?"

"No; the Institute does not acquire ownership of the property of its members. While a dowry is required for entrance, this varies from a small sum in the case of teaching and nursing Sisters to a necessarily larger amount in the case of nuns who have no means of support. As to the property of nuns and Sisters, the laws of the Church are clear. A novice is forbidden under pain of invalidity to renounce any property or to make a gift of her possessions. Religious women of simple vows retain the ownership of what they possessed before they made their profession and are forbidden to deprive themselves of their property during their lifetime. The simple vow of poverty merely

(Continued on page 93)

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OUR EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS NUMBER

THAT our readers may enter into the true spirit of the Twenty-ninth International Eucharistic Congress to be held at Sydney, Australia, September 6 to September 9, we shall publish a *Eucharistic Congress* number. In honor of our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, under whose auspices the Congress will in a special way be dedicated, our September number will have a special cover design, reproducing the beautiful painting by JEAN AUGUSTE INGRES, "The Virgin of the Host". A copy of this picture was secured from Paris, where the original is in the Louvre Gallery. Our frontispiece is a work of love by a talented and humble Religious of the Sacred Heart who refuses to allow her name to be published. "The Eucharistic Saviour" is a colorful and devotional painting, symbolical of the Sacrifice of Calvary and of the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass. We know that this September number will please our readers.

Our aim in publishing THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART is to bring devotion to the Sacred Heart into every Catholic home. Will you help us to spread this beautiful devotion by putting THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART into more of our Catholic homes?

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City..... **State**.....

As a gift for myself I select.....

Notice on the Third and Back Covers the choice of souvenirs which may be selected for securing five, ten or more subscriptions.

Would You Know?

(Continued from page 90)

promises to abstain from exercising the right of ownership without the Superior's permission. In Institutes where all property must be renounced within two months before the solemn profession, the nun or Sister is perfectly free in the choice of a beneficiary."

"You say 'nun or Sister'. Is there any difference between a nun and a Sister?" the young lady inquired.

"While the words 'nun' and 'Sister' are generally used synonymously, in the strict canonical sense there is a difference. A nun is a member of a religious institute of women who, by virtue of their constitution, should take solemn vows. Thus the Carmelites, Benedictines, Poor Clares, Visitandines and others whose constitutions prescribe solemn vows are nuns. The term 'Sister' designates those having simple vows. They usually are engaged in active works, like teaching and nursing."

"Why do you distinguish between simple and solemn vows?"

"Because a solemn vow is one which is invested by the Church with special force and stability, together with certain legal effects. Thus after taking the solemn vow of poverty, a Religious cannot own any property in his or her own personal right. Again, one who has taken a solemn vow of chastity is incapable of contracting a valid marriage by the law of the Church. A simple vow of chastity renders marriage unlawful but not invalid, except the simple vow made in the Society of Jesus. One who has taken simple vows may be dismissed more easily, and in this case, but not in that of the solemn vows, the obligation of the vows is removed by dismissal."

"May a married woman become a Religious?" a young bride laughingly asked, looking teasingly at her husband.

"No; a married person cannot be admitted without special permission of the Holy See. Marriage is one of the impediments to entrance. To prevent your asking what are the other im-

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How to Spread the League

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Should Men Join the League?

There is a greater reason for them to do so than any one else. This is explained briefly in a special folder made up for distribution among the men. Our Catholic women are urged to procure a supply for distribution among the men. The price of a dozen is 10¢; 100 may be obtained for 40¢; 1,000 for $3.50.

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Folders to Obtain Promoters, 40¢ per 100.
Communion of Reparation Leaflets, 30¢ per 100.
First Friday Services (for choir) 10¢ each.
Morning Offering Cards, 30¢ per 100.
Promises of Our Lord, 30¢ per 100.
Act of Consecration with Litany, 40¢ per 100.
Novena of the Sacred Heart, 20¢ per 100.
Small Intention Blanks, 15¢ per 100.
Leaflets for Consecration of Families, 25¢ per 100.

For Information in Detail

Procure a copy of the Handbook of the Apostleship of Prayer. It explains all about the League, its practices and advantages, spiritual benefits and Indulgences. Single copies, 12¢; $1.18 per dozen.

A Prayer Book for League Members

It contains devotions for the First Friday evenings; a form of ceremony for Promoters' receptions; Novena; Mass of the Sacred Heart; morning, noon and night devotions and other prayers. 40¢ a copy.

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to the
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APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER
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pediments, I will tell you that no one can be admitted who, having been a Catholic, joined a non-Catholic sect; or who has not completed her fifteenth year; or who seeks entrance under compulsion, or through grave fear, or fraud; or is still bound by Religious profession or who was once bound by religious vows. Those on whom a punishment is impending because of some grave crime, or who are liable to be accused of grave crime, may not be admitted. Likewise, Superiors cannot accept any candidate burdened with debts which cannot be paid; or any young woman whose father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, is in sore need; or any one so involved in secular business that the Institute may fear future lawsuits and troubles. In all of which you will see the Church protects both the individual and the fair name of our Sisterhoods."

Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.

The League

The Mission Intention.

FOR some months our readers have noticed a special Mission Intention placed after the explanation of the General Intention of the month. Many undoubtedly wonder why a second Intention is given. On December 3, 1927, the Reverend Delegate Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer announced that the Holy Father would recommend each month to the prayers of the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart a special Intention concerning some phase of the Church's missionary activity. Our Holy Father, in referring to our Associates, says: "We rely on their prayers and We need them."

The Apostleship of Prayer was founded at Vals, France, by Father Francis Xavier Gautrelet, S.J., with the object of helping the missions by prayer. It was perfected by Father Ramière, S.J., who called the association the Apostleship of the Heart of

Jesus. Hence, our League is an apostleship to cultivate the apostolic spirit and to aid in the salvation of souls.

It was natural for the Holy Father to emphasize this phase of the League by recommending each month a Mission Intention. St. Paul says in his first Epistle to Timothy (ii, 1-6): "I desire therefore, first of all, that supplication, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all men . . . For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God, our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a redemption for all."

Each Associate of the Apostleship of Prayer can share in God's Divine privilege of giving life to souls by sanctifying grace, and of giving back sanctifying grace to souls when they have lost it. St. Paul teaches us that, by prayer, we share in this power of saving the souls of men. Our Saviour also tells us: "Amen, amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you". (St. John xvi, 23). There are millions of human beings who are still without the light of Faith and who can be helped by our prayers. There are thousands of zealous priests and nuns working in the mission fields who depend upon our prayers for the success of their work. Do we pray for the missions? Do we add the Mission Intention to the "Morning Offering"?

In saying the "Morning Offering", either in our own words or in the words given at the end of the General Intention, let us always add this second petition for the missions. We say "for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart". We know that the salvation of souls is dear to the Sacred Heart "who will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth". Let this thought spur us on to remember the Mission Intention recommended each month by our Holy Father.

Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.,
National Director,
Apostleship of Prayer.

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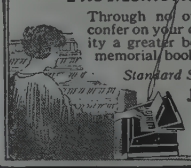

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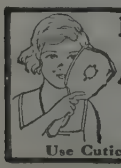

Catholic Defence

Misrepresentations.

IN THE July number we told our readers of the false report published on April 29 by "The World" of New York, about which protest was entered by "The Tablet" of Brooklyn, N. Y. Up to the time of our writing on May 18, no retractation had appeared. On May 23, however, "The World" published a statement under the heading, "Story of Spanish Nuns' Killing was Falsehood", announcing that "the story is said to be without foundation". It ends the statement with the following paragraph:

"'The World' regrets that its columns should have been used for the publication of such an inaccuracy".

"Inaccuracy" is certainly a mild epithet to apply to a lying statement about women whose lives are consecrated to God. One good result of this experience on the part of "The World" should be to put our newspaper editors on their guard against the publication of such outrageous stories.

From London, England, comes the news that a full apology in court has been made by the editor of "The Nineteenth Century and After", a prominent review, for publishing a libel on the Bishop of Oran in Algeria. An apology will appear in the magazine; the publishers will pay the cost of the court proceedings and will give a sum of money to a French charity to be named by the Bishop. How did this come about?

A certain Anglican clergyman published in November what "The Tablet" of London, England, styled "a malicious and libellous article" against the Holy See and the Church in France. When he was denounced by Cardinal Bourne, what purported to be an answer from the Anglican clergyman appeared in the January number of the review and the Cardinal had this to say:

"I charge this clergyman of the Established Church with spreading false witness against the Apostolic See and against these my brethren of the Sacred College — whom I know well and he knows not at all — who, because they are foreigners not residing in England, cannot easily find in English justice legal protection against such cowardly attacks made safely from a distance."

One special libel was the statement that the Bishop of Oran "misappropriated public funds, moneys paid over to him for the maintenance of the clergy". When the case was introduced the editors and publishers obtained a ruling preventing the Catholic review, "The Tablet", from further comment on the matter for fear of prejudicing the court. Yet when the case was brought before the Justice, they made no defence; they apologized for the libel and withdrew the statement. "They did not say for a moment that now or at any time the Bishop had done anything inconsistent with the honor and dignity of his high position."

Such occurrences should be sufficient to warn readers to suspend their judgment, when foreign correspondents make accusations against the Catholic clergy or Catholic Bishops.

A third incident, brought to our notice, refers to a former member of the Society of Jesus in Vienna. One of our readers saw a report in a Western newspaper, stating that this Father had given up the priesthood and was now residing in Munich and asked if this were true. We wrote in answer that we had no information about the case, but hazarded the guess that what had really taken place was that the Father in question had ceased to be a member of the Society of Jesus, that this severance of his connection with the Society could be done honorably and lawfully, especially as this Father had not yet been advanced to the final vows in the Society. We advised that judgment be suspended until further information came to light.

Our guess turned out to be correct.

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In June the N. C. W. C. News Service of Washington, D.C., sent to our Catholic papers a letter written by the priest himself in answer to a request for information. The truth had already been stated on May 5 in a Vienna newspaper, yet no denial of the story, as far as we have seen, appeared in the American press.

This priest explains that after full consideration before God and after consultation with the Superiors of the Order he decided to ask to be released from his Jesuit vows of poverty and obedience. Through the mediation of Cardinal Piffl of Vienna he was accepted by Bishop Schreiber of Meissen and with his Bishop's approval he is studying in Munich.

"The report", he writes, "that I am a private citizen is, of course, incorrect. I celebrate Mass daily in the parish church of Bogenhausen and assist the pastor in preaching and general parish work. If I do not do anything beyond this, in the line of priestly activity, it is because of my poor health and my intention of writing a long philosophical work. After this work is completed, I shall be at the disposal of the Bishop of Saxony.

"That is the truth and I wish you would broadcast this story in contradiction of the stories in the secular press. If you publish these facts, even my enemies will realize that I am in no sense a basis for attacks or criticisms of the Church. I have always been true to the Church and, with the help of God, I hope to remain true as far as my poor powers will permit."

We feel sure that it is not necessary to emphasize the lessons to be drawn from these cases. When Catholics read in the papers accounts that seem to throw discredit on their fellow-Catholics in other countries, they should not be disquieted. It can be taken for granted in every case that even if there may be some basis for the story, the details are greatly distorted. When the truth is ascertained, those responsible for spreading the libel should be held strictly to account, as in the cases we have cited.

John Corbett, S.J.